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Collier's

JANUARY 24, 1948

TEN CENTS

THIS WILL TAX YOUR CREDULITY
BY
LEON HENDERSON

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ICEMAN...
HOCKEY GENIUS
BY TRE

Hurst
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24, 19

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No Deposit Bottle

you don't take it back

Now, you don't have to take empties back! After you've enjoyed your beer, just discard the bottle. Shorter (saves refrigerator space)! Yet it holds the same amount of beer you're used to getting! Look for this economical bottle next time you buy beer. It's marked "No Deposit, No Return." (*P.S. Quart sizes, too.*)

Ask for your favorite beer or ale in Duraglas 1-WAY bottles

TRADE MARK REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

Owens-Illinois Glass Company, Toledo 1, Ohio

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Polar expedition? Five-year-old Amanda and three-year-old "Bobo" are dressed warmly enough for one! And because, like every model, Frances knows the importance of a sparkling smile, she's no less careful in protecting her children's teeth and gums. Sensitive gums, among adults, often herald their warning with a tinge of "pink" on your tooth brush—a sign to *see your dentist right away*. Let *him* decide whether yours is a case for "the helpful stimulation of Ipana and gentle gum massage."

How would you type this Model Mother?

Follow your dentist's advice about gum massage. Correct massage is important to the health of your gums and the beauty of your smile—so important, in fact, that 9 out of 10 dentists recommend it regularly or in special cases, according to a recent national survey! *Help your dentist guard your smile of beauty.*

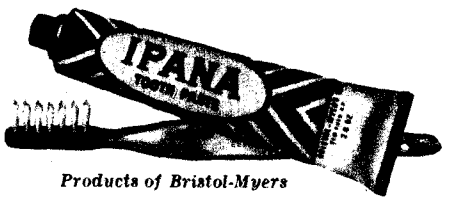
Photographers see Frances Nalle's natural charm, sparkling smile, call her the ideal "Young Mother"

NEW YORK'S modeling circles know Mrs. Frances Nalle Crider as the perfect "Young Mother" type of model. And she is: she has two adorable youngsters of her own. She has the dazzling smile that's so important to *any* kind of modeling job . . . *naturally*.

"Model" mother that she is, lovely, green-eyed Mrs. Crider has taught Amanda and "Bobo" to safeguard *their* smiles by following her own prized dental routine: *Regular brushing with Ipana Tooth Paste, then gentle gum massage*.

For Frances, like so many successful models, makes it her business to know what thousands of schools and dentists stress—that healthy gums are important to sparkling teeth and a radiant smile.

"Bobo" does all the work and Frances and Amanda have all the fun, judging by those two big smiles. Two big *model* smiles, for the Criders use Ipana—the tooth paste dentists recommend and use 2 to 1 over any other, as shown by a recently completed nationwide survey.



Products of Bristol-Myers

P.S. For correct brushing, use the DOUBLE DUTY Tooth Brush with the *twist* in the handle. 1,000 dentists helped design it!

IPANA TOOTH PASTE for your Smile of Beauty

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We've had
Motorola
equipment in our
squad cars for years

That's why the radio
in my own car is a
Motorola

I figured that the men who engineered our dependable 2-way police radio should build a swell auto radio, so I bought a Motorola for my own car. It's even better than I expected—brings in stations clear and sharp no matter where or how fast I drive. And *tone*—why, it's like listening to the big console in my living room. I'm having my Motorola transferred to my new car when it comes—seems I just can't wear it out.

BE CONVINCED—Get a demonstration from your nearest Motorola dealer. He's listed in your classified directory.

Motorola
AUTO RADIO

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COLLIER'S

January 24, 1948

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THE WEEK'S MAIL

CIVIL WAR! SOUTHWEST IN REVOLT!

SIRS: After looking over your Collier's (All-Yankee) (All-America) team (Dec. 13th) I came to the conclusion that a better one could be picked out of a fish bowl.
B. C. ROCHELLE, Houston, Texas

. . . I turned to the All-America Football Team, to see who else besides Doak Walker of SMU made it. To my surprise Walker was not in the line-up. Walker can pass, punt, call plays, block; on defense, he is a wizard; he can run; his footwork is like that of an exquisite dancer.
BOB GUTHRIE, Fort Worth, Texas

. . . Texans deeply resent Grantland Rice's remark "Walker is unquestionably a great back—but lacks experience in first-flight competition." Doesn't Mr. Rice consider Santa Clara, Missouri, Oklahoma A & M, UCLA, Rice, Texas A & M, Arkansas, Baylor and Texas Christian first-flight competition? ROY SCUDDAY, Victoria, Texas

. . . Mr. Rice says, "Walker is a great back but he is a sophomore." Nuts!
W. F. FARRELL, Dallas, Texas

. . . The great Doak Walker—better than a seraph in a Knute Rockne dream!
VERNER J. TREES, Dallas, Texas

. . . I am not canceling my subscription *this* time. W. C. MILLER, Dallas, Texas

. . . We here in Texas didn't appreciate your leaving blond Bobby Layne and "Mustang" Doak Walker off your mythical team.
MILTON FOSTER, Port Arthur, Texas

. . . You boycott Walker, we boycott Collier's. A. CHILSON, Dallas, Texas

. . . Who broke the collegiate record for passes caught—Swiacki?? No, it was Poole—of Mississippi. Who was the greatest ground-and-air gainer in the nation? Lujack? Minisi? Evans? Chappuis? Walker? Layne? No, it was Conerly—of Mississippi! In ten games Conerly rushed and passed (133 out of 232) 1,783 yards! Conerly—the greatest collegiate football player in the world today—ought to be the unanimous choice on all teams.

Gentlemen, I may sound rabid, but I am not. I suggest that you issue an apology (and a corrected All-America team) in your earliest issue.
M. B. ABERNATHY, Clarksdale, Miss.

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KANSAS

What you can do about YOUR HEART

♥ has a normal heart

Most people have. Your heart started beating before you were born, and in a normal day pumps about 11 tons of blood.

When you are relaxed your heart works about one third of the time and rests about two thirds. When you are active your heart works harder and rests less.

Overweight also makes your heart work harder.

That's why it's important for most people in the middle and later years of life to avoid excessive physical effort and to keep their weight down at least to normal.

When you learn to "take it easy" you are helping your heart.

♥ abused his heart

Here was a successful businessman who repeatedly overexerted himself at work and play. By age 48 he had developed high blood pressure, and complained of occasional pains around the heart.

His doctor advised him, among other things, to get more rest and cut down his week-end activities. But he continued to overexert himself.

At age 52, he suffered a heart attack. The extra strains he had placed upon his weakened heart had so damaged it that he became a "cardiac cripple." He had *not* helped his heart.

♥ helped his heart

This man, a doctor, had a heart attack at age 55. After recovering he returned to his practice, but cut down his working hours and the number of patients he would treat.

He took time for a daily rest. He developed several hobbies which kept him happy and busy in leisure hours but did not put a strain on his heart. At 65 he retired completely from his practice.

By thus helping his heart—by knowing how to live within its limitations—he was able to enjoy many interesting and useful years of life after retirement.

While there is much less heart trouble in youth and early middle age than there used to be, more and more people are now living to reach the later years when there is a higher death rate from heart ailments.

By learning as you grow older to stop before you're overtired, by knowing how to relax, by having periodic medical examinations, and, above all, by following your doctor's advice—you can help avoid heart trouble, or lessen the effect if it should strike. Medical science has developed potent drugs and skilled techniques to help keep you and your heart healthy.

Research on diseases of the heart is increasing. To aid in this work, 151 Life Insurance Companies support the Life Insurance Medical Research Fund which makes grants for special studies in heart disease. To learn more about helping your heart, send for Metropolitan's free booklet, 28-C, "Your Heart."

TO VETERANS—IF YOU HAVE NATIONAL SERVICE LIFE INSURANCE—KEEP IT!

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Please send me a copy of your booklet, 28-C, entitled, "Your Heart."

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he's going places...
he's got P.A.*
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Pipe Appeal is that distinctly masculine appearance of the man who smokes a pipe! And to get joy and comfort from their pipes, thousands and thousands of men fill them with Prince Albert Smoking Tobacco!
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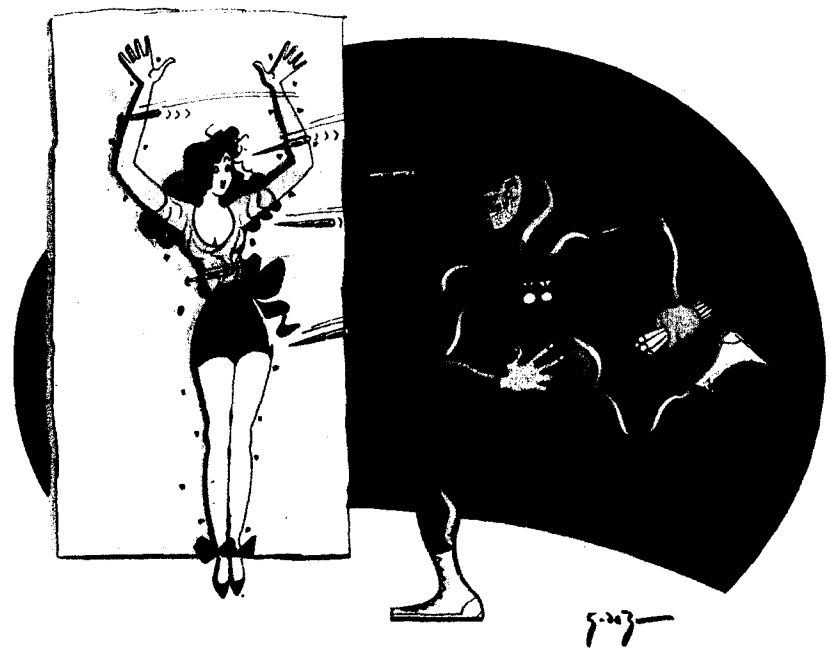
KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD



GEORGE DE ZAYAS

BY FRELING FOSTER

Among the stunts staged by a British actor is one in which he, while roller-skating 15 feet away, fires a bullet through a cigarette as two girls hold it between their lips. In another act, he has a girl stand with upraised arms against a board and attempts to outline her body with thrown knifes, hurling as many as six at a time.—*By A. W. Robertson, London, England.*

The largest sum of money ever involved in a single case under a workmen's compensation law was that paid by a California corporation to an employee whose legs became paralyzed as a result of a fall from a streetcar. Between November, 1930, when the accident occurred, and August, 1947, when the man died, his compensation indemnity and medical treatment cost the company a total of $105,472.—*By Paul Scharrenberg, San Francisco, Calif.*

A new type of fire escape consists of a small motor truck having gear wheels in front that mesh with a toothed rack on a vertical steel beam mounted permanently on the side of the building. When thus connected, the truck travels up and down the wall like an elevator and can carry, besides its operator, eight persons at a time, four each on the platforms that extend out to the nearest right and left windows.

An unusual custom prevails among the Apa Tanis, a tribe of 20,000 living in an isolated section of the Himalayas. When two men are engaged in a personal quarrel, such as over a debt or a woman, they are allowed to kidnap members of each other's family and imprison them in a private stockade until a settlement is reached.

Nails are now made in more than 1,200 different forms, the majority being designed for a specific purpose such as the leakproof roof nail. The smallest is the 3-16ths-inch escutcheon pin weighing 1-6,000th of an ounce, while the largest is the 15-inch boat spike weighing 26 ounces, or 156,000 times heavier.

The only boxing match that was won without a single blow being struck was a bout in 1943 in Bristol, England, between two American soldiers, Louis Fetters and Carmine Milone. At the gong starting the first round, Milone rushed toward Fetters so fast that, in leading with a haymaker, he lost his balance, fell, struck his head on a ring post, was knocked unconscious and counted out.

A person who shoots himself and has a firm hold on the revolver the instant he dies may immediately undergo a cadaveric spasm, which will cause his fingers to stiffen and continue their tenacious grip on the weapon while the rest of his body is completely limp. This phenomenon, the cause of which is not known, is often confused with *rigor mortis*, which does not set in and reach the hands for at least two hours after death.

An odd incident resulting from the partition of India was a hunger strike staged by the 20 elephants owned by the Maharaja of Patiala. After their Moslem mahouts (keeper-drivers) had fled this Hindu-Sikh state, the elephants refused food and water until the monarch, in order to save their lives, sent out a small regiment to bring back these men, upon whose return the animals recovered at once. —*By J. Stanko, Ankara, Turkey.*

Recent tests have proved that radar beams can burst and set aflame wire and foil-filled photo flash bulbs within a radius of nearly 250 feet. Thus, as these bulbs constitute a fire hazard aboard planes, they are now barred from this type of transportation.

Of the some 50 different makes of automatic record changers used today in American phonographs, only one turns the records over.

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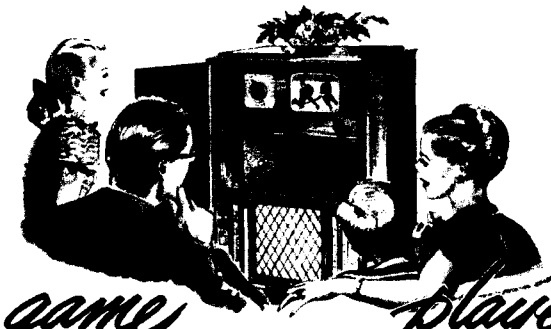

Every game played right in your living room!

The closest seat at any show is your favorite armchair at home—in front of a G-E television set. Relaxed in solid comfort, you and your friends enjoy the greatest spectacles—sports—news—drama . . . as never before.

Big, sharp, easy-to-watch pictures place you right at the point of action. Exclusive General Electric advancements like the G-E automatic clarifier bring you every motion, every expression, in ***natural clarity.*** G-E electronic television is the product of 20 years of pioneering research. Today, only General Electric produces and operates all types of television units—studio equipment, transmitters, and micro-wave relays for television networks, as well as home television receivers. For the truly big advantages in television, look first to G. E.

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TELEVISION

A tense moment with the New York Rangers on Madison Square Garden's ice

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Now...you can easily have beautiful floors that brighten with wear!

Self-Polishing Simoniz gives you lovelier floors with LESS CARE!

If you want "easy-to-care-for" floors there's only one answer: Self-Polishing Simoniz! No rubbing or buffing—it dries to a brilliant, long-wearing shine by itself . . . gives you the same lasting beauty that makes SIMONIZ so famous for cars! Just spread Self-Polishing Simoniz on with a cloth or mop applicator. Then watch colors blossom to sparkling life . . . floors become brighter with wear! Then, too—dirt and spilled things wipe up easily with only a damp cloth. Buy the larger, economy size of Self-Polishing Simoniz—today! THE SIMONIZ COMPANY, CHICAGO 16, ILL.

self-polishing SIMONIZ
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gives floors longer lasting beauty!

THE WEEK'S WORK

Grandma Adela Rogers St. Johns and grandprogeny

FOR a long time, Adela Rogers St. Johns brooded about career women, before she got around to The Third Monkey, our provocative new serial on p. 22. A career woman herself, Mrs. St. Johns has never believed in careers, excepting in cases where a woman is Lily Pons, Helen Hayes, Mme. Curie or George Sand. "Due to the fact I have the constitution of an ox, and require little sleep, I have managed a career, a family and a home, as have many other women.

"But what has bothered me," she confesses, "is the younger woman who makes a choice between home-husband-family and a pretty ordinary career. Having carried this objection around with me for quite a few years, picking up bits and pieces here and there, seeing various Career Girls and How They Grew, watching divorce and juvenile delinquency, I was simmering with a novel all the time. Then my favorite comic writer, Bugs Baer, crystallized the whole thing when he wrote one day 'Nothing funnier has happened since the third monkey tried to get in the Ark.' Read the serial and see why."

Sometimes tagged dean of American newspaperwomen, the doughty Mrs. St. Johns is a home-grown Californian. She has covered world news beats and written innumerable stories, novels and motion pix. A grandma several times over, two sons and a daughter are in the writing business. Oldest boy, William St. Johns, was killed with the RCAF in 1943.

Grandma, kids and grandkids live in the old-time California style in a matriarch setup overlooking Los Angeles and called The Hill, complete with pools, chickens and patios. Open house on Sunday draws Los Angeles newspapermen, movie folks. Thursday nights are for the young folks.

Right now Mrs. St. Johns is with M-G-M and also trying to raise lilacs in California by packing their feet on ice from time to time. Her most successful novel was A Free Soul, the Lost Weekend of the Turbulent Twenties. She's never had the nerve to fill out and return a blank sent her by Who's Who.

LEST there be cries of "Copycat!" we have affidavits to prove that the similarity between the titles of Will White's hilarious The Hippopotamus and a Girl Named Sheilagh, on p. 11, and Tennessee Williams' new Broadway play, A Streetcar Named Desire, is purely coincidental. However, I have named my own typewriter Joe, and am at work on Joe on a few opera possibly to be vogueishly entitled The Knife Had Twins Named Rusty and Howard, and A Powerhouse Named Mrs. Glottz. Unless, of course, Joe protests against parallelism.

LEON HENDERSON, whom you may recall as having had something or other to do with something or other called the OPA, admits he's always found taxation an exciting subject. The relation of taxes to business activity has been his particular dish, and when he predicted the recession of '37 for the Messrs. Hopkins and F.D.R., F.D.R. thereafter let him in on private previews of New Deal tax proposals. He would therefore naturally swap ideas with Mr. Beardsley Ruml about the CED tax and budget plan, and then write the down-to-earth article on p. 18, publicizing its many features: This Will Tax Your Credulity.

Otherwise Mr. Henderson has lately been mixing business with pleasure. Not long ago he seized the cameras of two pic-snappers trying to snap Mr. Henderson doing the samba in Brazil. "Informally, I'm one of the best damned rumba dancers for my age and weight in these parts. I learned the easy way, with Cuban and Puerto Rican partners where the rumba is hot." He's also inordinately proud of the fact that after having been placed first in '46 on Cholly Knickerbocker's list of the 10 Worst Dressed Men in the World, he failed to get even dishonorable mention in '47.

To combat the current dollar shortage, Mr. Henderson is in the economic advice business. He's chief economist for the Research Institute of America, and right now is experting two anti-trust suits, one for the gov't, one ag'in it. "Which should argue for my impartiality," he says. "I'm also head of an int'l trade organization, chairman of the Executive Committee of ADA (the non-Communist liberal organization), and I've been debating inflation controls with Stassen and Pappy O'Daniel on radio forums. I'm a busy man."

This week's cover: Big Red Riding Hood. For those who would a-woo-wooing go, Mr. Hurst illustrates a popular folk tale for grownups. . . .

TED SHANE

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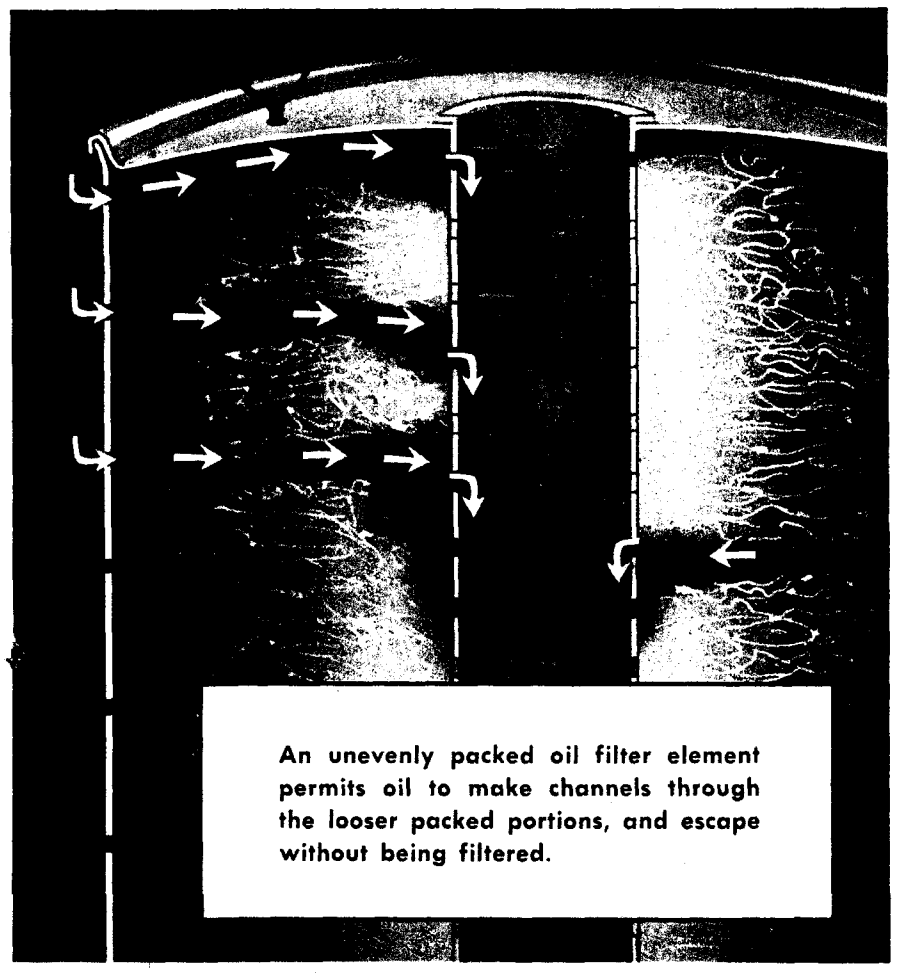
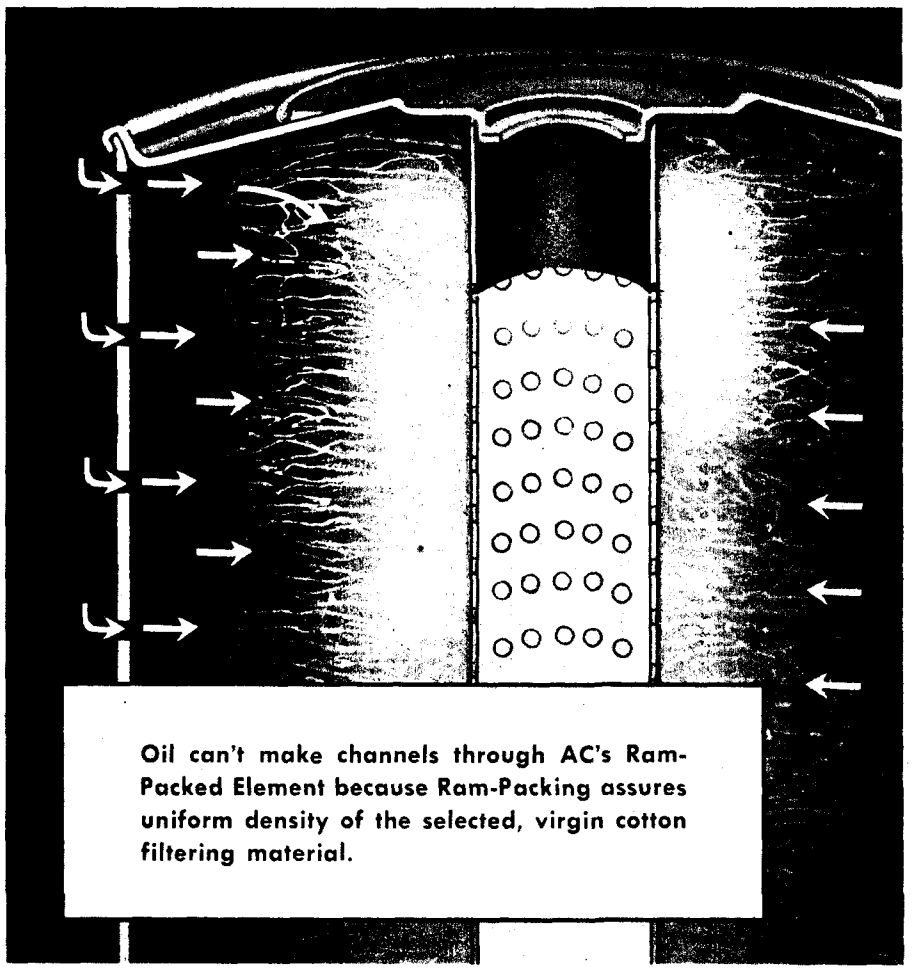
AC "5-Star Quality" Oil Filter Elements Keep Engine Oil Cleaner . . . LONGER



An unevenly packed oil filter element permits oil to make channels through the looser packed portions, and escape without being filtered.



Oil can't make channels through AC's Ram-Packed Element because Ram-Packing assures uniform density of the selected, virgin cotton filtering material.

Why take a chance on incomplete filtration of your engine oil? The remarkable new "5-Star Quality" AC Oil Filter and Element keep your oil thoroughly *clean*. That assures you—*longer*—of clean and free piston rings and valve stems, slower carbon formation, and better gas and oil economy.

There's a "5-Star Quality" AC Oil Filter for nearly all makes of engines,—and a "5-Star Quality" AC Replacement Element for nearly all makes of filters. See your AC Oil Filter Service Man, today.

Buy where you see this sign

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Leaving Los Angeles on the Santa Fe

SUPER CHIEF

This famous train — a favorite among movie stars, top executives and other transcontinental travelers, has been powered since its birth in 1936 with General Motors Diesel locomotives on its 39¾-hour run between Chicago and Los Angeles. Also powered by GM Diesels are these other Santa Fe trains: The Chief, El Capitan, Kansas Cityan, Chicagoan Tulsan, Golden Gate, San Diegan and Grand Canyon.

Pleasure Unlimited!

From the moment you leave the workaday world and step into a modern streamlined train, you need never have a dull minute. Your trip can be as gay and exciting as you want it to be.

Of course the finer lounge cars on today's trains, the marvelous observation cars and domes, and other luxuries and conveniences hitherto associated only with exclusive clubs and modern hotels — these did not happen all at once.

They began when General Motors pioneered the first Diesel-powered passenger locomotive 14 years ago — and developed as this new and modern power was adopted by more and more railroads.

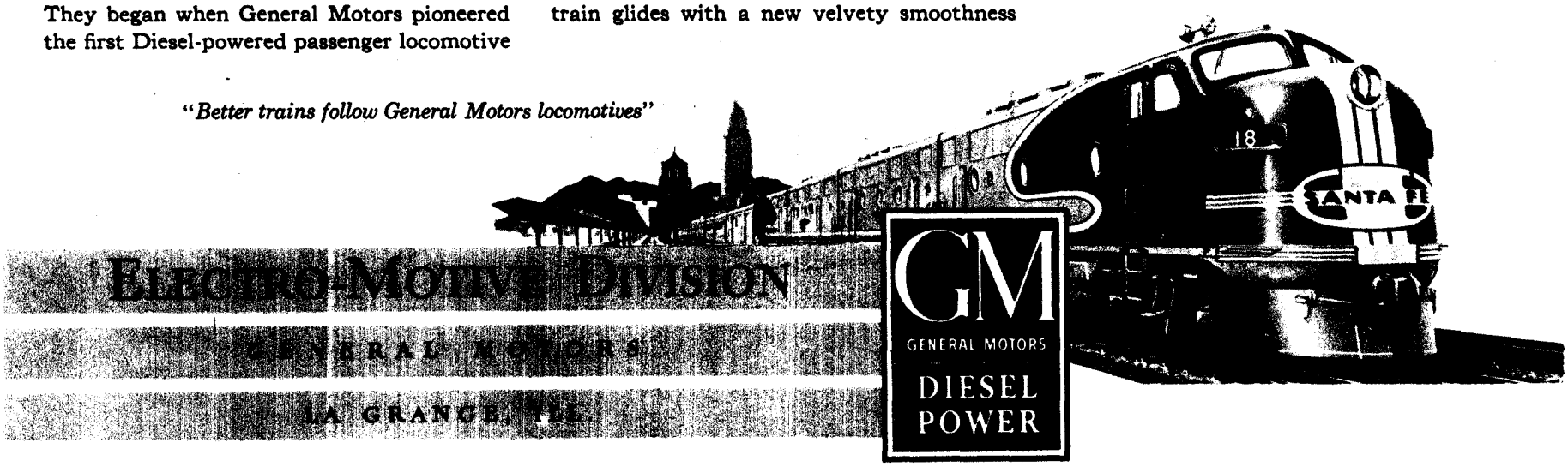
As a consequence, more than 150 name trains on 21 railroads are now headed by General Motors locomotives—and these are by far the majority of the top trains in the United States.

Railroad men know what these better locomotives mean in terms of faster trains; *on-time* schedules, and substantial operating economies.

You realize all this as your Diesel-powered train glides with a new velvety smoothness over the rails — with no jolts or jerks at starting and stopping — and no smoke or cinders to mar the cleanliness of your trip.

Don't think for a moment, however, that progress stops here. Good railroading is a series of never-ending developments. You can look to the railroads for even finer trains in the future — and to General Motors for even better locomotives to head the better trains of tomorrow.

"Better trains follow General Motors locomotives"



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DIESEL POWER

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THE HIPPOPOTAMUS AND A GIRL NAMED

SHEILAGH

BY WILLIAM CHAPMAN WHITE

Comedy in Hollywood—presenting a frustrated starlet and a reluctant pachyderm

THE two tables in the commissary building on the National Films lot were separated by a floor, thirty years, and about as many million dollars.

At the center table in the producers' dining room upstairs, Al Morse, head of the studio, was lunching with three assistants. At fifty, Al had thirty years of picture making behind him and the same number of millions. In the crowded first-floor dining room, where actors, writers, and part-time help ate, Bunny Foster of the talent office had one guest. Her name was Sheilagh Orton, a blonde with an odd but lovely face and more than her share of everything that looks nice on a screen. She was twenty; she had been on the lot not quite thirty hours; and she did not have more than thirty dollars to her name.

Upstairs, Al Morse was saying, "We got to think about that next and last picture in the Bullman in the Jungle series. We got to find some animal for the top thrill, one that's never been used before, but we've used every animal there is." He was busily eating a second bowl of chicken soup and stopped for large mouthfuls between sentences. "Thinking about that keeps me awake day and night. Lions, emus,

"Your screen test was out of the next world, baby," Bunny said, looking at Sheilagh

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chimpanzees—I bet there isn't an animal left in southern California that couldn't join the Screen Actors' Guild from being in Bullman pictures."...

Downstairs Bunny was doing the talking, looking deep into Sheilagh's blue eyes, a trick he'd learned forty starlets ago. "Your screen test was out of the next world, baby. So, you got your contract—six months with options for seven years. Seven years from now, if you're smart, you'll be drawing three grand a week. But it's all up to you."

Sheilagh still had the look of a lovely girl waking up to a dream and finding nothing gone but the sleep. After dreaming this scene for years she could say all the lines from memory. "Will the studio really give me a chance to show what I've got?"

"Plenty," Bunny grinned. "But it's all up to you."

UPSTAIRS Al had ordered a mixed grill and as he went through it he was still talking animals. "Even Noah couldn't name an animal we haven't featured with Bullman. After all, we've made nineteen of the damn' things."

Downstairs Sheilagh, floating along on golden clouds, scarcely touched her salad. "I don't expect big roles at first," she said, "but I'm versatile."

"Why, of course you are! Your career's right in your hands, baby. Fifty starlets a year come on this lot and forty-eight go off at the end of six months, no options picked up. Just two make good. Just two! And if you ask me why, I'll tell you why."

"Why?" Sheilagh asked with just the right amount of voice and round blue eyes.

"But just name me an animal for a topper," Al said, one floor up. "Maybe the last Bullman epic didn't do so good at the box office, but we still have him under contract for one more, so we got to make it." He stopped for a moment to tell the waitress, "Bring me apple pie à la mode."

"Why?" Bunny repeated downstairs. "Forty-eight out of fifty starlets won't listen to advice, that's why. So what happens to them? Jobs, sitting around in café scenes and out of focus at that, or as dress extras, or posing for fashion and publicity shots. Never a chance at a part. Six months go by—no one on the lot ever heard of them, so out they go. But the two smart kids out of fifty who listen to an old trouper like me"—Bunny was twenty-eight—"they get on."

"Yaks and dromedaries," Al mumbled as he tackled the pie and ice cream, "and wild rhinoceroses, I've thought of them all. I even thought of moving the jungles to a North Pole background and using polar bears or making a kind of prehistoric flash back and using all those animals with bones."

"Forty-eight brokenhearted kids!" Bunny was working to his climax. "And all because they won't listen to good advice." He stopped long enough to let that register, then asked softly, "So—how about dinner with me at my place tonight?"

Sheilagh raised her eyebrows automatically. She had played this scene a thousand times in imagination, but always with the head of the studio, not with a boy child from the talent office. "I'm sorry, I can't have dinner with you," she said regretfully. She paused long enough to let that register then added, "I'm having dinner with my husband. In fact, I cook it for him."

Bunny frowned. "I heard you were married but I didn't think you were really working at it."

"Very hard." There was sudden fire in Sheilagh's eyes. "Don's in his last year at medical school and he's just the husband I always wanted."

Bunny was annoyed at the careless way she had spoiled his lunch. "If you want to put your marriage ahead of studio business, that's up to you."

"Is having dinner with you studio business?"

"I wouldn't say that exactly," Bunny retreated slightly, "although I was going to give you a lot of hints for getting on."

Upstairs Al was finishing his dessert and coming to a climax. "So, name me an animal. We got to get that picture started." He signaled the waitress. "Another pie à la mode."

"Al, the way you eat, you won't need a new animal," one of his assistants said. "You'll be able to act as a housebroken hippopotamus and follow Bullman around."

"My doctor," another assistant spoke up, "says it isn't the food you eat that counts, it's the proteins, starches and fats."

Al paid no attention to that. He announced that he was thinking; no one interrupted him. "A housebroken hippo. Say, we never did use a hippo for a house pet. That'd be a cute angle. Bullman could ride and wrestle him." He looked happy for the first time, then glanced around the room rather startled, as if seeking the answer before he asked the question, "But where the hell do I find a pet hippo quick?"

Downstairs Bunny was ending the lunch quickly. For all the lunches that paid off there had to be one now and then that flopped. He said, "I got to be running along."

"I've enjoyed it," Sheilagh said politely, and, appealing to his better instincts, as every ingénue should, "You're so kind to want to help me."

"Yeah," Bunny agreed modestly. "Well, I'll be seeing you around."

LATE that afternoon in Al Morse's bungalow in Producers' Row, his secretary told him, "I'm sorry, Mr. Morse, but I've called every zoo west of Chicago. None of them have any pet hippopotamuses and all of them say even if they had they wouldn't let them come to Hollywood."

Al heard that without panic. "Get me Joe Morgan on the phone." Joe was the Eastern vice-president. "It's eight o'clock in New York now, so he's probably at home." When the call came through Al said, "Joe, I want you to find me a pet hippopotamus right away."

Joe protested mildly. "Al, I'm giving a dinner party—"

"Find me a tame hippo at once, I said."

Joe hesitated, doubtless reviewing the fact that Al Morse was in a position to discharge him. "Sure, Al," he said finally. "Where do I look for one?"

"Find out where they hang out. Call the zoos, wire the circuses. Order one and ship it. It's as easy as that. G'by."

At the same time Sheilagh Orton was standing in the little kitchen of a small court bungalow just below Sunset Boulevard. The kitchen was as frilly as any ever shown on a screen, and Sheilagh's gingham apron—an ingénue always wore a gingham apron in the kitchen—blended nicely with the furnishings.

When her husband came in he was at once smothered in arms, gingham and blond hair. "Everything's perfect! Contract's signed—six months at $150 per week and in seven years $3,000 and, darling, I love you so much and everything's the way I always dreamed it would be." Then she stopped for breath.

"I don't believe any of it," Don said, gently letting her down to the floor again.

"It's true, every word, particularly that I love you," Sheilagh said, "and I could hardly wait all day to tell you."

She bubbled on through dinner, and afterward she insisted that they drive out to the beach in their ancient roadster and look at the ocean. At midnight they were still sitting and dreaming.

Not far away, at midnight, Al Morse was in his beach house playing gin rummy with an assistant when his phone rang. It was Joe Morgan, from New York, and he sounded tired. He had found one circus that had a tame hippopotamus, but he came high—more than five thousand dollars.

"The hell with price," Al said. "Is he at liberty? Can he fly out?"

The vice-president suggested that one of the few things that could not be done in pictures was flying a hippopotamus.

"Then ship him fast express," Al said briskly. "Mark him perishable, this side up."

AT THE end of Sheilagh's second week in the studio she'd seen lots of cameras, but none of them recorded motion. They had taken stills of her in bathing suits, lounging pajamas, nightdresses, and evening clothes—with both the New Look and the Same Old Peek. She had been snapped from a bird's-eye view, a worm's-eye view, and a wolf's-eye view. She had been photographed in new cars and beside a dozen swimming pools. And when she came home at night, tired out, she explained to Don, "This is how an acting career starts, they keep telling me. Pictures for publicity."

At the same time Al was sitting in his office, talking to New York. "I can't understand one thing," he said. "Where's that hippo? What's he doing, working his way out here?"

The vice-president explained that the hippo had caught a cold and could not be shipped at once but would be along shortly.

"He better be," Al snapped. "He's holding up a whole production single-footed."

Four weeks later, Sheilagh walked slowly up the studio's main street one warm afternoon. There was no smile on her face and the look in her eyes was at times vague and desperate, at times hot and angry. On the stages past which she walked companies were busily shooting pictures, but Sheilagh might as well have been alone on a small boat off San Diego for all the interest anyone around the studio showed in her. Each day she checked into the talent office for an assignment. Each day she got it: posing. Once again she remembered what Bunny Foster, who worked with talent, had said: "We hire 'em and they sit around for six months, then out! That's pictures!"

"Hiya!"

Sheilagh looked up from the hot asphalt. It was a novelty to have anyone speak to her. Bunny Foster, resplendent in a red and yellow coat, was coming toward her.

"You still around, angel?" he asked pleasantly.

Sheilagh managed a smile, but it did take a bit of managing. "You forget, I have a contract."

"Oh, yeah, I forgot. Six months, isn't it? How about coming in the commissary for a drink?"

As they sat over sodas, Bunny asked, "Well, how's it going?"

"The regular posing routine," Sheilagh said starchily. "But I'm eager to do whatever the studio wants."

"Oh, sure," Bunny agreed with a funny smile. "Say, I heard of a part coming up that you could do. In Love's Embers."

Sheilagh knew that a good ingénue showed surprise only in moderation, but her voice slipped a little as she said, "I thought they'd already cast that."

"Ingénue got sick," Bunny said carelessly. "The part would fit you—"

"Don't I know it!"

"Joe Wills, the producer, was just asking me at lunch if I knew anyone on the lot who could play it."

"Did you tell him about me?" Her voice fluttered. She had known that part ever since it appeared on Broadway two years before. She had played it at the Pasadena Playhouse. She had rehearsed it over and over in the solitude of her living room. "Look, I'd give anything—"

Bunny looked at her narrowly. "Now you're being smart. Say, are you busy this evening?"

"I'm not doing anything special—" The words blurted out before she could stop them, but she recovered herself quickly. "Nothing, except having dinner with my husband. He and I could join you later in the evening." And while Bunny almost choked over his soda Sheilagh continued, "Won't you, please, mention me for that part?"

"Oh, sure, sure," Bunny said, "if I get another chance." He finished his drink and took the check. "I'll call you."

THERE was a story conference in Al Morse's office. Two writers who had waited a month for an appointment were just beginning to explain their ideas to him when the phone interrupted them. "Sorry," Al said, shooting up from his desk, "gotta get to the back lot quick."

"But, Al, we waited four weeks for this!"

"Say, be sensible! How many times do I get a chance to see a hippopotamus arrive on the lot?" And Al hurried off, the writers following close behind.

In one corner of the lot stood a large, ventilated crate, surrounded by workmen. No one was particularly eager to open the case and nothing had been done. Al took charge at once. He went close to the case and listened. "I can't hear anything. He doesn't sound ferocious or wild. In fact, he sounds dead. What are you scared of?"

"Maybe he's the kind of hippo that just broods," one writer said.

"Get a cage and back it up against the case," Al ordered. "Pull the end of the box off, slam the cage door shut, and everybody get set to run."

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Sheilagh had been photographed in every sort of revealing pseudo jungle attire against plaster of Paris palms, hand-painted ferns, and homemade water holes. And only the hippopotamus was happy

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Joe Martin, Speaker of the House of Representatives, is a politician's politician, who will do a favor for an enemy almost as quickly as for a friend. His party regularity has won him consideration for the Presidency in '48

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THE G.O.P.'S OFF-STAGE PROMPTER

BY FRANK GERVASI

EVEN Democrats marvel at and admire the party discipline achieved by Speaker Joseph William Martin, Jr., in the House of Representatives. Joe's Democratic predecessor, big, bald Sam Rayburn, never attained it with his majority. Rayburn was bedeviled principally by the incompatibility between Southern and Northern Democrats, but also by absenteeism. Once as Rayburn raised his gavel to call for a vote on a vital issue he scanned the House, saw the solid ranks of Republicans seated there and noted the gaps on the Democratic side.

"Hell," he was heard to mutter, "we can't vote! They've got us outnumbered."

Absenteeism wasn't one of Martin's problems when he was minority boss and isn't likely to be one now that the gavel is in his own competent, pudgy hands. Joe has often physically blocked an aisle to prevent a Republican from running out on a record vote.

"A policy," Martin says, "isn't worth the paper it's written on if it doesn't become law and it can't become law unless votes make it so."

As for the split between Blue and Gray Democrats—well, that's a distinct pleasure for a political tactician of Martin's skill.

"Joe," as one G.O.P. field officer put it, "just rides through them like a tank through infantry."

As a matter of fact, Martin gets the kind of joy out of political maneuvering that any man gets from a thing he does extremely well. Back in 1904, at an age when most young men wonder which girl they will marry, Martin turned twenty and married politics. He successfully managed a friend's campaign for office in North Attleboro, Massachusetts. Thereafter any other activity seemed pretty dull, and this son of a Yankee blacksmith, who was also a graduate newsboy, semipro ballplayer and newspaperman, has diligently and happily plied his trade ever since. He has climbed the ladder of Republican party conformity until today at sixty-three he is not only Speaker of the House, but also heir to the Presidency and a dark-horse candidate for that job in the 1948 G.O.P. race.

Joe, known by his full name only to the publishers of Who's Who and the Congressional Directory, has been defeated in an election only once in his political life, a possibly prophetic fact. Joe had served twice in each house of the state legislature, had been a delegate to a Republican National Convention, a Harding-Coolidge elector and had become a power in Massachusetts politics. In 1923 he was beaten by one William Greene in the primaries to determine the Republican candidate to Congress from the Bay State's 14th district.

But fate rectified what might have been an irreparable setback to Joe's career. Greene died soon after he was nominated. The district's politicos picked Martin to replace Greene on the ticket, and the same Republican flood which carried Cal Coolidge into the White House in 1924 deposited Joe in the House of Representatives.

Martin's constituents have sent him back to every Congress since, often enough for Joe to have become as much a part of the Capitol scene as the statues under the rotunda. Last year the House of the 80th Congress elected him Speaker, a singular honor for a politician at any time but one which, at a time when the nation is without a Vice-President, could move him from his bachelor's quarters in the Hay Adams House into the White House.

The new Act of Succession bestows the Presidency on the Speaker as the highest ranking elected member of the government in the event of the deaths of the President and Vice-President. Formerly the Secretary of State and members of the Cabinet inherited the Presidency. But Martin may become President by design rather than accident.

"I am *not* a candidate," he has said on this subject with more candor than most politicians, "and I do not *expect* to be a candidate but the man doesn't live who doesn't *want* to be President of the United States."

Whatever his personal Presidential ambitions, his closest House associates put Martin at the top of the list of possible candidates if the probables like Robert Taft, Thomas Dewey or Harold Stassen should fail to make the grade at the Republican convention in Philadelphia next June.

"Let's say," an important House colleague of Martin explained, "that the convention is deadlocked. The delegates can't decide on Taft, Dewey or Stassen after two or three ballots. Yes, it's possible that the boys would start whooping it up at that point for General Eisenhower. But more likely they will want a regular, a man known and trusted by the party. Joe Martin is such a man. He's Republican down to his square toes."

Whether he runs or not Joe Martin will play a major role in the Presidential drama of 1948. He will not be as visible as some of the confessed aspirants to the star part in the G.O.P. show. Martin prefers the wings and the prompter's box to the spotlight.

But you may be certain that Martin will help to write the policy lines to be spoken by the star. Not because Joe is a professional writer. His written prose is often no more eloquent or grammatical than his spoken words. He is apt to say "follied up" for "followed up" and "perswayant" for "pursuant." But when G.O.P. policy is made, Martin is invariably there to assist in its making. He may not be one of his party's statesmen. He is, however, one of its most skillful political strategists and tacticians.

To Martin rather than to any other Republican leader the party owes its thanks for having kept its House members solidly in line on major issues, such as tax revision, labor legislation and the Red hunt.

Martin knows how to subdue potential dissidents. Recently handsome young John Davis Lodge, newly hatched congressman from Connecticut, was reported doubtful as to whether he could go along with his party's tax reduction program in view of impending big expenditures for help to Europe. Martin sent the energetic Charley Halleck of Indiana, his successor as floor leader, to have a word with the freshman. Charley returned to Martin dubious. Martin buttonholed Lodge in a House cloakroom. Lodge voted *for* the bill.

The Value of Party Unity

The difference between party discipline and lack of it is the difference, any politician will tell you, between accomplishment and failure both in the enactment of legislation and at the polls. What the Republican Congress managed to accomplish toward economy in government, balancing the budget, revising the laws governing labor-management relations, exposing corruption in high places and, less successfully, in uncovering Reds in the governmental machinery, was achieved through party unity. Its efforts, including the prodigious but vain one to cut taxes, will constitute the Republican record to be held up before the electorate in '48. If it's what the voters wanted, the Republicans will win.

Martin, for his part, is sure that what his Congress did in 1947 corresponded to the will of the majority of the people. He can be wrong about the people of 47 other states, but not about those of Massachusetts or, more particularly, about the 300,000 heterogeneous inhabitants of his home district. Martin covers his district as painstakingly as a good reporter covers his beat and to the same end—to know what's going on. He has never forgotten what most politicians never learn or quickly forget when they come to Washington. It is that to be an effective public servant and consistently win elections, a congressman or senator must gauge his constituents' views as accurately as a barometer measures air pressures.

To keep posted on what's going on in his district, Joe maintains a staff of ground listeners, pulse feelers and opinion analysts. Their headquarters is in North Attleboro's (population 11,000) Evening Chronicle (circulation 3,500) which Martin bought with $1,000 of his own and $9,000 borrowed from folks with faith in his future. Every year when most congressmen buzz off to fish or hunt between sessions Joe returns to his district to learn what he should do about prices, taxes, Europe or the Reds.

It would be outright exaggeration to say that Joe knows all of his 300,000 constituents of Scotch, Irish, Portuguese, Italian and Polish extraction. But he does know sizable thousands of them by name, the sound of their voices, the hitch of their britches or horizon of their hatbrims. He knows how they earn their living, who's married to whom, how they voted in previous elections and how they are likely to vote in the next.

The voters all know him. In North Attleboro, certainly, those who know him well enough to "Howdy, Joe" him include the whole population. There, he was born on the wrong side of Elm Street and there he now maintains a big, white house for his eighty-four-year-old mother.

Martin, on his between-session and "vacation" tours, visits every city, town, village and hamlet, holding court in town halls, on courthouse steps and around post-office stoves. He listens to people's grievances and advice. When he has finished, Joe knows what township wants a new bridge, school or slab of highway and which postmaster thinks he needs a new postal scale.

"And I probably know," Joe bragged after his last visit with his voters, "whether he needs it or not."

Martin's touch with his constituents —he calls them his "friends and neighbors"—doesn't end when he relinquishes their hands after a shake. He personally answers as many of their letters as a 12- to 14-hour working day permits. He receives an average of 200 letters daily.

What Martin reads most attentively when he begins work at 8:30 every morning is his staff's analysis of the contents of his mail. Such drudgery is an inseparable part of politics, which he regards as "an instrument for serving the people" rather than, as defined by Webster, a "science of government."

His meticulous attention to the needs of his voters is one of Joe's principal assets as a politician. His friendliness is another. Martin, a black-haired and chunky figure with blue eyes set in a broad, smile-creased face, and a cowlick that drips engagingly down over his forehead, is as plain as a darning egg and as friendly as a cocker spaniel.

From his Scotch father he inherited the prudence in financial matters which he reflects in his concern for economy in government. But from his Irish mother he received a gift for forming and encouraging friendships. He has almost as many friends among his Democratic opponents as among his Republican colleagues. One of his closest, although often his political

(Continued on page 28)

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY GEORGE KARGER

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SATAN HAD ANOTHER NAME

BY CHARLES B. CHILD

The cradle of civilization held more than the secret of Noah and his people. It held the key to a killing

INSPECTOR CHAFIK of the Criminal Investigation Department of the Iraqi police stepped from his car at the foot of the great mound of Tel-Herar on the plains of Mosul. He carefully corrected the angle of his *sidarah*, adjusted his neat polka-dot tie and said in a dry voice to the police sergeant who accompanied him, "This is a very suitable background for a corpse."

It was a drab, flat land, arched by a vast sky, buttressed at one side by a range of gray hills. The shadows of clouds rolled in ghostly waves over the emptiness, and the voice of the wind was the keen of homeless gods for temples and worshipers long buried under the dust heap of history. The scene was repeated in Chafik's eyes, for they, too, were colorless and touched by passing shadows.

The mound which broke the monotony of the plain was artificial. Centuries of winds had heaped earth over the decomposing bones of a city so old that its very name was forgotten. Rain and sunshine had added a ragged cloak of grass and a few trees. Wandering tribes had built fortified villages on the heights, but each in turn had fallen—through war or neglect—and mingled with the earlier dust.

But Tel-Herar, normally the home of kite hawks and jackals, had been invaded by the pickaxes and shovels of the archaeologists. No work, however, was going on at the moment, and the approaches to the camp were guarded by troopers of the *liwa* police.

"A brooding atmosphere," Chafik said, distastefully fingering his clothes, which were crumpled by the night journey from Baghdad. "It is of course to be expected, for there are many dead here. I trust you are not seeing ghosts, my dear Abdullah?"

The gaunt sergeant raised his hands in a shielding gesture. "May God the Compassionate defend me," he said, "but I have already heard the tramp of invisible armies—"

"Let them remain invisible. A ghost is not a fact, and as we of the police deal only in facts you would embarrass me by seeing Alexander the Greek marching against Darius the Persian." The Inspector bent to light a cigarette and hide a smile. "Furthermore," he added gravely, "we are concerned with the more recently dead, and unfortunately the corpse has the complication of foreign nationality."

Sergeant Abdullah replied, "Sir, to me a corpse has no nationality."

"Your reproof is justified," Chafik said. "But I am sure if a coolie had died here instead of a Swiss gentleman the investigation would have been left to the local police, and you and I would not be detached from the comforts of Baghdad."

The Inspector turned to greet a burly man hurrying down the path from the camp, whom he recognized as the district officer in charge of the investigation. They met with polite words, the curved fingers of their right hands hovering near their foreheads in graceful salaams, but Chafik did not fail to notice the compressed lips of his colleague, nor the fact that he shortened the ceremonious greetings by two phrases.

"I trust you will approve of my preliminary investigations," the officer said stiffly.

Chafik answered, "My dear Mr. Pashati, you are the representative of the governor. I am only a consultant from C.I.D. headquarters. Therefore it is you who have the authority to approve or disapprove of what I do."

"Then I will give you the facts," Pashati said, glancing doubtfully at Sergeant Abdullah who was struggling with a cough. "As you have been informed, the dead man was Mr. Emile Burnand, a Swiss appointed by the Department of Antiquities to excavate Tel-Herar. He is said to have had a brilliant career—"

"A very brilliant one. Although a stranger to Iraq he has written many books on our history. Young. Enthusiastic. He would have gone far."

"His assistant is Mr. Martin Gower—"

Inspector Chafik extracted a reference card from the filing cabinet of his brain. "English," he announced. "Born London, 1889. A resident of Iraq and a former curator of the Royal Museum. Conducted excavations at Hit, Sinjar, and also Ukhaider. Has a weakness for gin." He paused and then added, "As the desert thirsts for water so does the English liver for gin."

PASHATI said, "I see no connection between his liver and this case. Mr. Gower very properly ordered a search for his chief when he failed to return to the camp last night. The body was found on the slopes of Tel-Herar. Mr. Burnand had been shot. The bullet came from a pistol of three-eight caliber and was fired at such close range that the skin of the forehead was marked by the discharge. Mr. Burnand's own weapon was still in its holster, so undoubtably we deal with murder."

"We can also say he did not fear his assailant because he allowed him to approach so near."

"Obviously he knew him, Inspector—"

"Probably, not obviously. We are on the border line of theory and fact . . . Why did Mr. Burnand leave the camp?"

"He was looking for his dog. His body was lying within a few yards of it."

Chafik rolled an unlighted cigarette between finger and thumb. "You do not give motion to the animal. Therefore I gather it was also dead."

Pashati said indifferently, "Its throat was cut."

"Was it a savage dog?"

"I did not ask. It was a Kurdish mountain dog. As I see it, Mr. Burnand caught the man who killed his pet and during an argument the unknown drew a gun and shot him."

"If I carried a knife and a gun and wished to destroy a mountain dog, which has the fangs of a lion, I would use the gun," Chafik said. He shrugged. "What action has been taken?"

"I have searched the camp and collected all thirty-eights. Unfortunately they are common because many were stolen from the British troops during the war. I found three such weapons and sent them to Mosul together with the bullet extracted from the dead man, and I now await the report of the ballistics expert."

"Excellent! . . . I am in possession of all details?"

Pashati said, "I have covered the ground fully. You would not be interested in the thefts."

Gower held the knife as Chafik translated the inscription on it: "'In the name of the Prophet, kill'"

Chafik answered a little sharply, "I am interested in everything. What has been stolen?"

"The only important item was a relic unearthed during the excavations. Mr. Gower describes it as a plaque of lapis lazuli. It was stolen from Mr. Burnand's tent, and I had previously investigated this theft. The other losses were among the men and concern amulets and beads, the peculiarity being that all were of a blue color."

"That is indeed peculiar—"

"It means nothing to me. I only mention it because Mr. Gower pointed out the coincidence."

Chafik was silent. Shadows darkened his eyes

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and he turned his head and looked at the hills which bordered the plain. Behind them in faint outline, half clouds and half peaks, were the gigantic mountains of Kurdistan. "The color blue," said the little man in the involuntary voice of a sleepwalker, "has a certain significance in this part of the world." He opened a new packet of Ghazi cigarettes and offered one to his colleague.

"What was the name of the Swiss gentleman's dog?" he asked.

"The dog? The dog's name? Inspector Chafik, I do not understand you."

"Sometimes I fail to understand myself, so I do apologize," Chafik said. "And now with your permission—"

"You wish to see the body?"

"The corpse," said Chafik, bowing his sleek head in respect to the dead, "is an established fact. We seek that which is hidden. Let us therefore view the living."

They went to the tent of the dead man's assistant. Mr. Martin Gower sat at a table examining fragments of pottery from the ruins of Tel-Herar. He was a small, wiry man who made an attempt to hide his age behind the façade of a youthfully clipped mustache and a careful arrangement of his thinning hair. But his faded blue eyes and yellowish skin showed that the vampire sun of the Near East had emptied him of vitality.

As Chafik shook hands and felt the too-emphatic pressure of the Englishman's fingers, he thought: He is a husk animated by fear of the falling years—and was moved by pity to say, "Forgive me for disturbing your important *(Continued on page 30)*

"The man Terek confessed to killing the dog"

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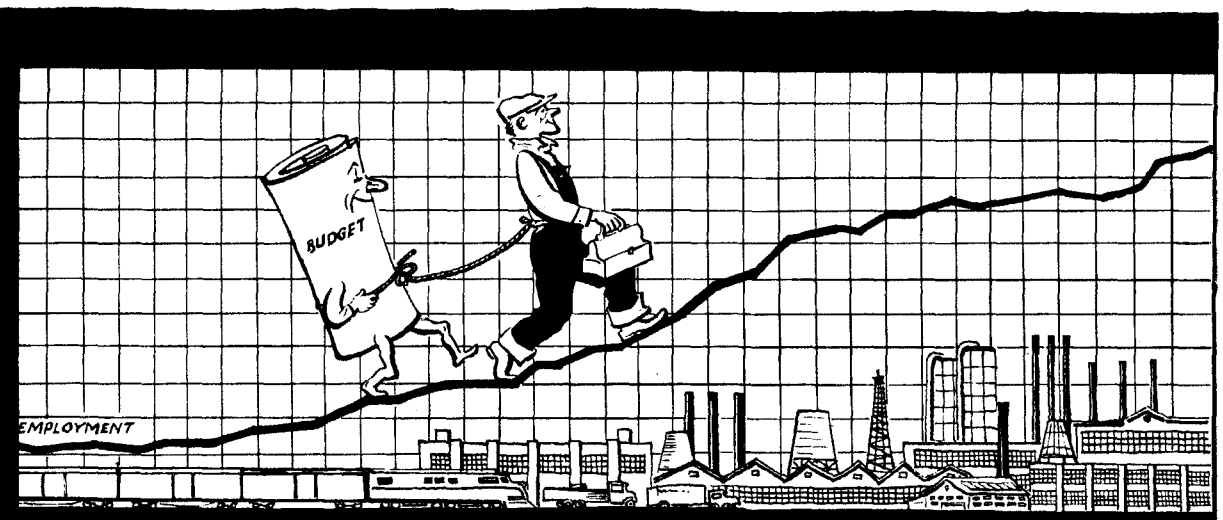
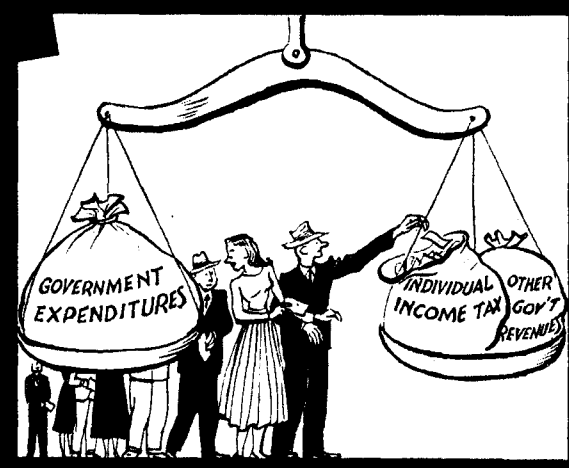
THIS WILL TAX YOUR CREDULITY

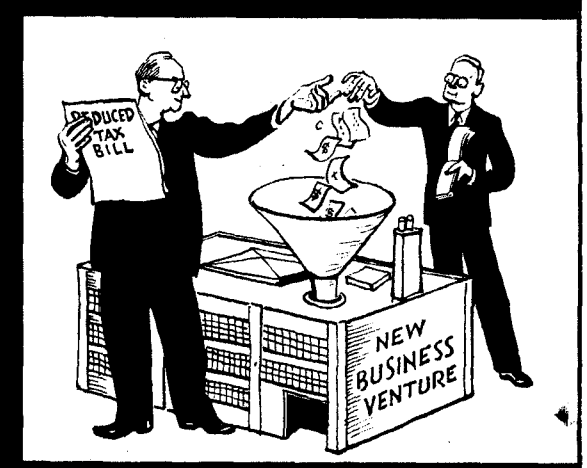
BY LEON HENDERSON



TIE THE FEDERAL BUDGET TO A NATIONAL INCOME BASED ON A 96% EMPLOYMENT RATE.



KEEP PERSONAL INCOME TAX RATES HIGH ENOUGH TO PRODUCE 50% OF THE GOVERNMENT'S REVENUES.



ADJUST TAX RATES TO ENCOURAGE INDIVIDUAL INITIATIVE AND INVESTMENT IN NEW BUSINESS.

A group of businessmen called the Committee for Economic Development is offering a long-range tax program that will help business, balance the budget, reduce the national debt and still cut taxes

A GROUP of businessmen working as the Committee for Economic Development has come forward with a bag full of tricks that older-timers in the business will probably have to see to believe. In a report on taxes and the budget the CED proposes to lighten the levy for both the businessman and the consumer, balance the budget, whittle down the national debt and set up guards against the incursions of both inflation and depression.

The plan is not just simply a beautiful grab bag of special privileges for people of property, the vote-huckstering cries of certain persons and groups notwithstanding. It is designed to promote stability, government economy and debt reduction without attempting the impossible job of forecasting business fluctuations.

The key is this:

Set tax rates to balance the budget and provide a surplus for debt retirement at an agreed high level of employment and national income. Having set these rates, let them alone unless there is some major change in national policy or condition of national life.

The CED proposal suggests repeal of most sales, excise and nuisance taxes, which reduce consumer purchases more than any other taxes. It recommends expansion of unemployment compensation and old-age pensions. It would reward effort and risk on the part of business managers in the form of certain tax relief measures.

The whole idea is based on the long-term rates. Government income would not necessarily be constant, since it would increase during good times in direct proportion to the national income and decrease when taxpayers begin to lose their jobs or get pay cuts. But government expenditures for year-to-year operation would remain steady. In good years it would develop a surplus and in bad spend it. The spending would to a large degree make up the currency that is always in short supply during periods of deflation, and would thus operate as a compensating factor, in readiness for any emergency.

With fixed rates to plan on for an indefinite period, business would then be in a better position to gauge use of its financial resources and anticipated profits. The CED would have rates adjusted so that the managers of business, and professional men, would be encouraged to put much of that money into new ventures, promoting the general health of the nation's economy.

In this program, which was prepared by the Research and Policy Committee of the CED, it is not proposed that a long-term revenue program be enacted now, although it does have some tax proposals for the current session of Congress. The tax reductions it is recommending for some time in the 1950s presupposes a reduction in expenditures by the government that cannot be achieved in a single year, and growth in national income that can only be realized in a period of several years.

Lower Taxes Without Inflation

But the CED feels it is important that careful plans be made in Congress as soon as possible. Our economy needs a tax reduction just as fast as is possible without serious inflationary consequences. A start was made in that direction with the passage two years ago of the Legislative Reorganization Act. This law recognizes the need for a distinct Congressional fiscal program.

Of course it is not possible to know now how much taxation will be required to operate the federal government for whatever year would be selected for the start of the program. But in its proposal the CED has detailed conditions that it considers would be both likely and ideal.

Its guessing is largely based on the present rate in the growth of the nation's productivity and population, and on a fair estimate of what the price level will be. Assume then that the program would start between 1950 and 1960 and that, in the year which the committee refers to as 195X, the national income is figured at $220,000,000,000.

The estimate would be $15,000,000,000 more than the present rate of $205,000,000,000. The committee does not think this an unreasonable prediction. The present rate of productivity and population increase would bring the national income to $235,000,000,000 by 1951 if the present price level were maintained. But the report makes allowances for some narrowing of profit margins and decline in prices of farm products, reducing the price level.

The proposed system should have the best possible conditions under which to start, since its main job would be to maintain those conditions. These should include a price level that

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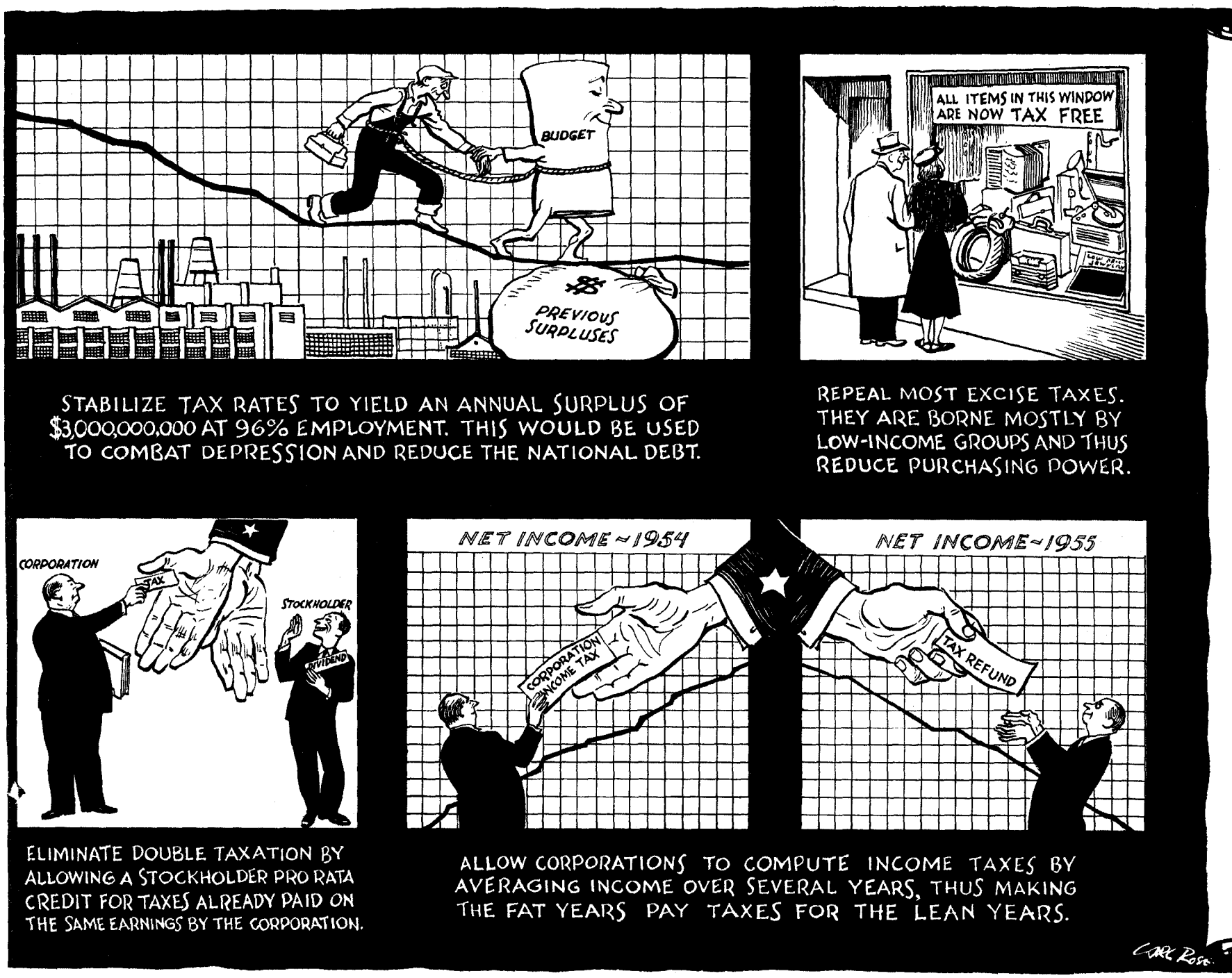
BUDGET
PREVIOUS SURPLUSES
STABILIZE TAX RATES TO YIELD AN ANNUAL SURPLUS OF $3,000,000,000 AT 96% EMPLOYMENT. THIS WOULD BE USED TO COMBAT DEPRESSION AND REDUCE THE NATIONAL DEBT.
ALL ITEMS IN THIS WINDOW ARE NOW TAX FREE
REPEAL MOST EXCISE TAXES. THEY ARE BORNE MOSTLY BY LOW-INCOME GROUPS AND THUS REDUCE PURCHASING POWER.
CORPORATION
TAX
STOCKHOLDER
DIVIDEND
ELIMINATE DOUBLE TAXATION BY ALLOWING A STOCKHOLDER PRO RATA CREDIT FOR TAXES ALREADY PAID ON THE SAME EARNINGS BY THE CORPORATION.
NET INCOME ~ 1954
CORPORATION INCOME TAX
NET INCOME ~ 1955
TAX REFUND
ALLOW CORPORATIONS TO COMPUTE INCOME TAXES BY AVERAGING INCOME OVER SEVERAL YEARS, THUS MAKING THE FAT YEARS PAY TAXES FOR THE LEAN YEARS.
CARL ROSE

is seven per cent below what it was for the third quarter in 1947, and an employment level of 96 per cent. This would mean that four per cent of the labor force would be out of work.

With the national income at $220,000,000,000 and the proper price and employment conditions in effect, the CED would then set tax rates at a level that would bring $33,000,000,000 to the federal government. This would be $12,000,000,000 less than the estimated total take in the present fiscal year—$45,000,000,000.

The cost of government operation in 195X should only be $30,000,000,000, which leaves a surplus of $3,000,000,000. The surplus for the first year under the new plan would be kept on hand, ready to pour back into the country at the first appearance of deflationary pressures. The surplus for each succeeding year would probably be used chiefly for retirement of the national debt, although the committee is not explicit on this point.

A considerable cut in the three main tax categories would be involved in the plan. Individual income taxes would bring in $16,200,000,000 instead of the $20,500,000,000 being collected under the present law. Corporation profits taxes would amount to $5,500,000,000 instead of $8,500,000,000, and excise taxes to $4,500,000,000 instead of $7,200,000,000.

It should be explained here that the recommendations of the CED are based on the consolidated-cash budget rather than the administrative budget. The administrative budget is a composite of various accounting statements on the financial relations and transactions between government agencies. The consolidated-cash budget, which is used in the President's economic reports, is confined to what the government actually takes in and pays out in the fiscal year. Business organizations and non-governmental groups concerned with the impact of federal finance upon the economy have turned increasingly to the picture the consolidated-cash budget gives.

The CED emphasizes that its blueprint would incorporate new instruments of national policy. It feels that one of the chief benefits of the new plan would be taking the guesswork out of tax lawmaking, and cutting down the constant handling of the matter by office-seeking lawmakers who are prone to sail with the political rather than the economic winds.

It is refreshing to find that members of this committee recognize and accept not only that the tax take of the government will continue high from here out, but that a selection can be made of those tax sources that will best produce and maintain employment over a long period. They do not contend, as do some businessmen, that every dollar spent by the federal government is nothing but sheer waste. They kiss goodby to the old idea that taxes ought to be raised for "revenue" only and not for social and economic betterment of the nation.

General Welfare Comes First

The CED is composed of well over a hundred of the nation's liveliest businessmen who think, for instance, that price control was abandoned too soon and who, because they are primarily interested in the general welfare, are now studying the Marshall Plan and management of the national debt.

It's "unbusinesslike" for a business outfit to recommend eliminating taxes on consumption. That is, if we are to judge by the pattern of other tax theories put forward by the National Association of Manufacturers and similar groups. The NAM program for tax revision gets pretty specific when it is considering how the tax burden might be shifted away from the members of business, but when it gets around to the direct taxes on sales to the customers of business, the NAM grows a bit vague, and talks only about adjustment in order to diminish discrimination among classes of goods.

The CED boys know as well as the NAM boys that when the housewife pays a sales tax on something, there's no one to whom to pass it on. Since such a tax is hidden most of the time, the sticking of the housewife is supposed to be painless. But the CED knows that most of taxation on sales is borne by low-income persons, who have to spend most of their income to live. Such taxes reduce buying.

This market is probably broader than is generally thought. If the excise tax, intended to be paid ultimately by the consumer, is actually put on as a tax on the transportation of the commodity, then all along the line the percentage of markup is being added by manufacturers, wholesalers and retailers. So when Mrs. Housewife pays the tax she is paying the original amount which the government got, and an unknown extra amount in the price which got tacked on en route.

(Continued on page 79)

DRAWINGS BY CARL ROSE

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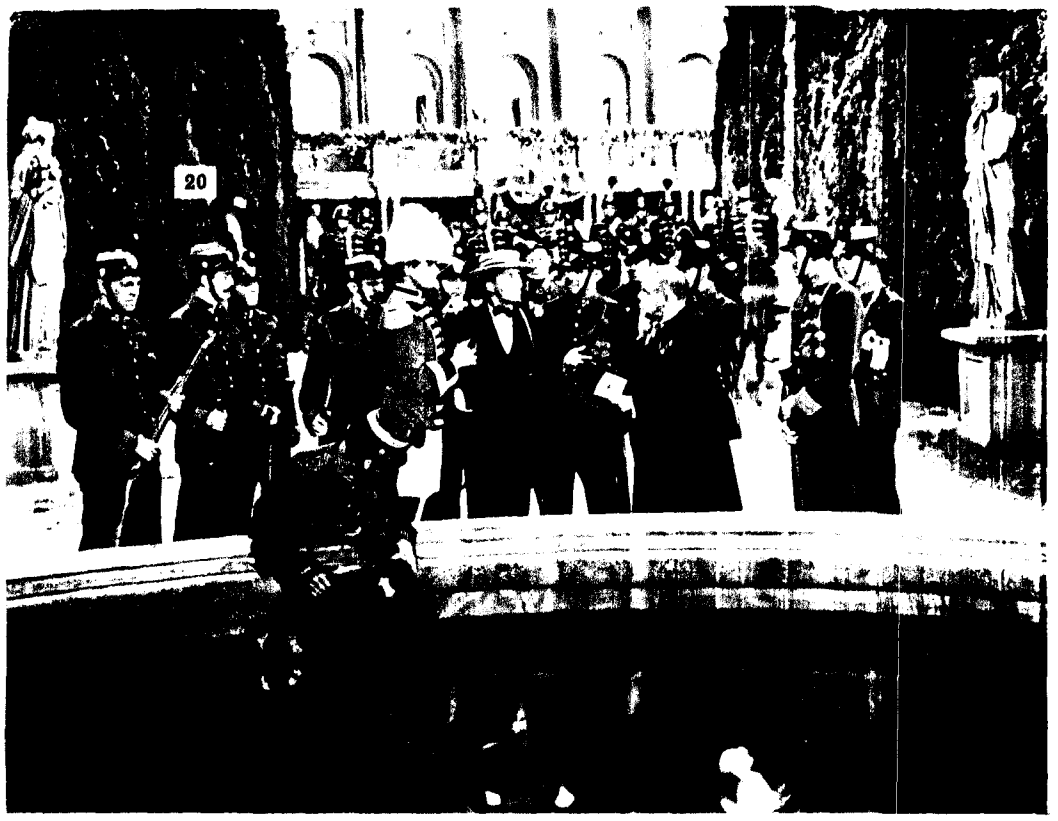
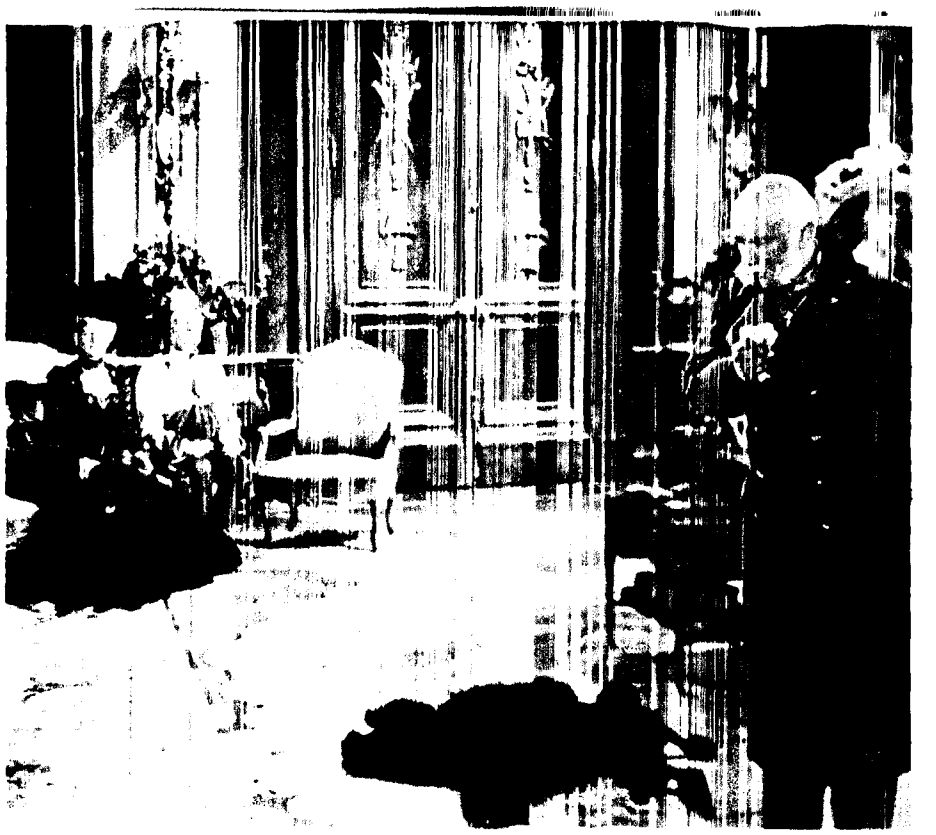


1. Salesman Bing Crosby gets his comeuppance at the hands of Austrian gendarmes —they throw his infernal machine, a 1910 phonograph, into the palace pool



2. The aristocratic pooch Scheherazade feigns indifference as the countess (Joan Fontaine) and her bankrupt father plot a royal canine match for her

3. "We didn't mean it," Crosby assures the countess after his mongrel, Buttons, is disentangled from the snootiest poodle in Austria. A royal hunt is about to begin

4. Love blooms in the Tirol—but Crosby, phonograph drummer, is in disgrace. The blare of his machine scared a deer the emperor was about to shoot

5. "Your mother and father—was their home life congenial?" the psychiatric-minded veterinarian asks the royal pooch. The pup moans, dreaming of Buttons

6. Oh, the shame of it—white mongrel pups born to a purebred poodle. Joan Fontaine is the only one who can smile—she is bedazzled by love

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THE EMPEROR WALTZ

Bing goes Johann Strauss —with improving flourishes

THE doctor bends over the delicate, nervous, pedigreed black poodle named Scheherazade, a mighty, mighty unhappy little puppy dog—lovesick, she is, at the moment.

"It is important," the doctor says, "that the patient speak anything in her mind, anything at all. We need the complete stream of consciousness."

As the pup's royal owners flutter around solicitously, the doctor admonishes them to stand back.

"Please," he says, "this is a very serious case. Indubitably a psychoneurosis, sometimes also referred to as a neuropsychosis.

"Now," he says, turning back to the pup, "now I must ask for your earliest recollections. Your father and mother—was their home life congenial?"

The pup moans.

The doctor says, "In other words, you were the witness of ugly scenes? Your father used to bark at your mother? Think! Remember! Was it because your father took the bone away from your mother? Remember!"

The pup moans again.

This touching scene gives you a clue to the sort of movie The Emperor Waltz is. Only, how can cold words convey the moving quality of the love calls Bing Crosby yodels against a Tirolean background from which the echo comes back in a lovely female voice?

Crosby is a brash American, intent on selling a newfangled contraption called the phonograph to the Emperor of Austria. The year is 1910.

There's a girl in the piece (surprise, surprise). Her name is Johanna Augusta Franziska, Countess von Stolzenberg-Stolzenberg, of Stolzenberg-Stolzenberg Strasse, Vienna. But you will recognize her, in spite of her *décolletage,* as Joan Fontaine. Crosby, the bold creature, just calls her "Honey Countess," and this makes her very, very lovesick, like the pup.

As the plot works out, the royal pooch gets together with an unpedigreed American canine (name of Buttons)—the trade-mark dog in "His Master's Voice," and Crosby gets together with, etc. . . .

This is the species of *whimsey* with which Hollywood can and often does put its foot in it. But not this time. With Charles Brackett and Billy Wilder as co-authors, and, respectively, producer and director, everything is carefree, Technicolored, tuneful and utterly unsignificant. A. P.

7. The Emperor Waltz swings through a happy evening in Vienna, and Crosby crashes the gate to win two royal boons—love for himself, life for the mongrel pups

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THE THIRD MONKEY

BY ADELA ROGERS ST. JOHNS

CONTINUING THE STORY OF A GIRL WHO WAS IN LOVE WITH MONEY

The Story:

The seemingly contented married life of young DINK and JULIE IVES in postwar southern California is rudely shattered when Julie is offered a job selling securities in New York by MRS. LOIS HITCHCOCK, a representative of the brokerage house of Mitchell, Ryan & Metlock.

Julie, who is as ambitious as she is charming, decides that the opportunity—for making money, for living the good, gay life—is too overwhelming to turn down. Dink, a sports columnist for a Los Angeles newspaper, objects, contending that Julie's first duty is to her husband and her small daughter, TOBY. Coolly insisting that her life is hers to do with as she pleases, Julie starts divorce proceedings and arranges to leave Toby with LIZ BEHANNA, Julie's widowed mother. Mrs. Behanna is pleased to have the child, but pained at her daughter's decision.

Hurt and bitter, Dink checks in at his office and is assigned a new photographer—a slim young girl—named MEGAN JONES, to whom he transfers his resentment against career women.

Shortly afterward, Julie's interlocutory decree is granted. As she makes arrangements to leave, Julie finds herself troubled by an image from one of Dink's favorite anecdotes. The story concerns the attempt of two female monkeys to climb aboard Noah's ark at the last possible moment: one, of course, was thrown off and left floating on a piece of driftwood. . . .

II

UP UNTIL that minute, 3:51 P.M. by the clock on the wall of the airport waiting room, Dink Ives had simply not believed it. Divorce, with all its failures and betrayals, its broken vows and sordid selfishness and cheap comedy, was familiar enough in the city room where he worked. Other people, though. Not Dink and Julie Ives.

His mind played him ugly tricks in those days: He kept seeing Julie in her wedding dress, little and fair and virginal. So that even after she had been to a lawyer, Dink had been sure she would come to her senses.

But she hadn't.

One day the city editor came over and said, "Your wife got her interlocutory, Dink."

Dink didn't stop typing; he tilted his head back so that cigarette smoke drifted across his face like a curtain, and said absently, "She did, huh?"

It still had no more reality than death in a murder mystery.

Leaving Toby at her grandmother's, waving to the two square figures, one big and one little, had been a nightmare. Toby—a child of divorce. Not that anybody gave that a second thought any more. Child psychologists, as apt as other psychologists at providing alibis for neurotic self-indulgence, agreed that a child was better off in a broken home than in an unhappy one.

These things Dink had known with his mind, but they had not seeped through into his soul, which must give consent before a man can believe.

Just why the distant hum of airplane motors being revved up on the runway, the disembodied voice of a microphone calling passengers to the ticket windows, porters pushing airplane luggage, should bring it into focus, he did not know.

But there it was.

They were divorced. He and Julie. Only a legal technicality called the interlocutory year, the time-to-think-it-over year, stood between them and dissolution. He was putting that to himself as a fact when across the crowded waiting room he saw Julie and his heart gave a sickening lurch. The laughter on her face was like thrown acid, it was such brilliant laughter, without a cloud to shadow its blaze. Too, she looked different. The belted coat with its wide shoulders, the rakish little hat, the bag worn on a strap over her shoulder were all new to him, but it was more than that: something in the way she wore them, the way she carried herself.

She wasn't a married woman any more. You could tell.

All right, all right, Dink Ives thought. So man has decreed that Julie Behanna Ives is no longer the wife of Joseph Michael Ives.

Just the same, he thought furiously, *I* know why she's laughing like that. That walrus with her—that Mr. Blake of Mitchell, Ryan and what-have-you—he doesn't know; that Mrs. Hitchcock who came barging into my life, those people she's going to work for in that brokerage house in New York, *they* don't know why she's laughing. It's because nothing has happened to stop her doing what she wants to do. When nothing could stop her, she laughed the way she was laughing now as the mike said, "Trip number four now loading at Gate 2." Now she could laugh. Nothing could stop her.

WHEN she saw him, Julie's laugh broke in the middle. "Dink," she said. "Where's Toby?"

"I don't know," Dink said.

They faced each other in a cone of silence around which airport noises buzzed. "What do you mean you don't know?" Julie said.

"Toby lives with her grandmother. Remember?" Dink said.

"You said you'd bring her—"

"No," Dink said, "you told me to bring her."

Julie glanced helplessly at Mr. Blake. His neck was red with embarrassment. "I *asked* you to bring her to say goodby," Julie said.

"And I decided not to," Dink said. He grinned down at her, a very tall young man, controlled, at ease now, like a fighter who leaves his dressing-room jitters behind when he climbs into the ring. "I went out to see her—"

When he'd arrived at the Rosary he had found Uncle Freddy on the porch in his wheel chair. They had talked for a while about the roses. "Liz wants us to sell them where they'll do the most good," said Uncle Freddy. "Keep out people who won't give 'em a good home." Uncle Freddy spoke without guile; but, standing there tall and brown and tough in the hot October sunshine, Dink Ives had a moment of pain such as he had never known. In all his life, he had loved only one woman. And they who had shared everything since they were kids would share it no more. They weren't giving a good home to roses. How would he have the heart to water the Cecile Brunner over their doorway when Julie wouldn't be there to pick the little clusters for the blue vase on the mantel?

His throat closed on words to answer Uncle Freddy. The path he took, blindly, led through more roses.

Toby saw him from the door of a greenhouse. Toby in small blue overalls and blue ribbons at the end of each yellow pigtail. Her rush carried her into his arms and he felt her heart beat fast against him. All he could say was, "Hi, peanut!"

"Did you come for me, Daddy?" Toby said.

What was the dialogue for that one?

Liz Behanna saved him. She said, "Toby, you forgot to turn off your hose. Then run tell Uncle Freddy we'll be up for lunch in a minute."

"Are you going to stay for lunch?" Toby said. At Dink's nod, she wiggled down. "Grandma," she whispered, "*could* we use the dishes?"

As she fled away, Liz said, "Never walks. Never."

"Nice pair of legs," Dink said.

"She's just crazy about my Mexican pottery," Liz said. "It's got donkeys and little Mexicans in sombreros."

"She'll love it here," Dink said.

"In time," said Liz Behanna.

"Julie wants me to bring Toby to the airport to say goodby," Dink said.

"Why—she's just settling down," Julie's mother said, slowly, "and there are things she thinks she has to do. Watering and such, helping Freddy set the table. I wouldn't think—Julie's really going?"

"This very afternoon," Dink said; "I'll go back right after lunch, I can listen to the World Series driving in, I thought I'd go tell her goodby."

Hoping she's had a change of heart and you'll be there to catch it, Julie's mother thought. He still doesn't know her. He's always loved her too much to know her. Julie won't have a change of heart.

SHE didn't. At 4:15 the gate in the wire fence opened to let the passengers get aboard the shining silver ship.

Julie said, "It was mean of you not to bring Toby; you know I just didn't have time today of all days to go way out there." Her shoulders rippled a shrug. "It's too late to do anything about it now." She had shrugged into another role. She was Julie Ives leaving for New York, both hands out to that innocent bystander, Mr. Blake. "You're going to be proud of me," she said. For a fleeting moment her eyebrows mocked Dink, her hand sketched a gesture of farewell, then she forgot them both. Her thoughts were already halfway to New York.

The two men watched her join the procession. Two male commuters with brief cases under their arms, looking exactly as though they were catching the 5:10 to White Plains. A sunburned lieutenant with a rangy gal who had Navy wife written all over her. Julie Ives, cocky as a robin.

Two by two, two by two, then swaggering little Julie. Mr. Blake felt Dink shift forward and saw that he was grinning broadly. "Hey, Butch!" Dink said. His voice was low but it made Julie glance over her shoulder. "You look like the third monkey," Dink said.

Julie's step broke and an odd whiteness touched her face. Then she went on; she didn't look back again.

"I'll buy you a drink," Mr. Blake said. He sounded apologetic.

Dink was apologetic in reply. He said he had to get back to the office and write a piece about today's game in the Series. He said he was hitting the Series hard because he was starting a campaign to get a couple of major-league ball clubs on the Coast.

On the curb Mr. Blake said, "I hope—I'd like you to know—I hadn't any idea of a divorce when I offered Julie a job—it seems so drastic—"

"Yes, doesn't it?" Dink said. "Well, there's still the interlocutory year." He stiffened, he hadn't intended to confide that forlorn hope to Mr. Blake. "Can she do this job?"

Mr. Blake said, "She—she has a flair for selling. If she doesn't play

It was a beautiful photograph Dink sent to Julie in New York. It showed Toby in blue overalls . . .

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Within half an hour Julie Ives was the belle of the gambol. When Phil Baring cocked an eyebrow at her glass, she said, "It's only ginger ale . . ."

the market herself—that's usually a mistake in our business."

"She'll play the market," Dink said.

After a moment they shook hands and Dink went across to his car, which was parked where it had no business to be. It usually was. Most of the time it turned out the cop read his column and could use two tickets to the midget auto races at Gilmore Stadium.

He said plaintively, "How is it I always find you in my car? What happened to your nose?"

Megan Jones rubbed her nose experimentally. "It was hot out there," she said. "Anyhow it keeps burning and peeling all summer. I got some swell stuff—character shots of the kids that beat their brains out at practice and never make anything but the second team. Cannon fodder."

"Hey, that's not a bad phrase," Dink said. He felt a little more cheerful until, beyond her head, vanishing over the mountains, he saw a glinting silver arrow bound for New York. His foot jammed to the floorboard and the roadster bucked and took off. "Let's get drunk," he said.

Megan looked at him. "I can't."

"You got something better to do?"

"Just get these pix back to the office as quick as I can," Megan said.

FOR a second, Dink Ives thought of asking her why she had imagined going from UCLA in Westwood to the office in downtown Los Angeles via the Burbank airport was quick, but he decided against it. Hoppy's heavy hand showed in there somewhere. Hoppy knew Julie was taking that plane; he thinks I'll burn myself up with this torch I'm carrying unless somebody watches me, Dink thought bitterly. For a sports editor, he behaves more like Mr. Anthony.

"Besides, I can't get drunk," Megan said.

"Anybody can get drunk."

"I get sick," said Megan.

"You must have been a hell of a Marine," Dink said. Something moved him to try to smile. No use taking it out on her. The wind was blowing her short, dark curls in all directions, and she looked tired, which was natural enough after plowing around that football field with her camera all afternoon. But she gave him back his smile in the same shy, friendly way her brother Blitz used to do. Her teeth were so white they made her look clean and fresh in spite of her rumpled shirt and the dirt on the knees of her slacks.

"I'll come along, though."

"That'd be fun for me," Dink said, "holding your head."

Fun. Fun without Julie? Why had he been nasty to her in those last minutes? The law gave him a year of privilege to get her back before someone else had the right to get her. Why hadn't he made a pitch instead of getting tough? Of course a man had his pride. But could there be any pride in love?

"How long did it take you after Blitz got killed?" he said.

Megan thought a moment. "You don't get over it—ever," she said. "Only you get to know he's around somewhere."

The cases didn't fit, Dink decided. Julie was alive, going away from him voluntarily at 300 miles per hour.

"We'll go to the office and I'll find me a real drinking partner," Dink said. "Chuck or somebody."

"And you could look at my pictures," Megan said; "might be a column you could do to go with them."

They talked football all the way to the office. It was the one thing Dink could always talk about, no matter what his insides were doing. Megan knew a lot about football for a girl. Naturally, being Blitz Jones' sister.

The column Dink Ives wrote on cannon fodder caused a lot of comment. It was, his fans said, one of his best. . . .

New York spread itself to welcome Julie Ives upon that October morning. She felt the kick of autumn in the air, smelled it.

Reese Metlock, the head man of Mitchell, Ryan & Metlock, saw it from the window of his bathroom while he shaved. The Metlocks' apartment consisted of twenty-eight rooms on two floors high above Fifth Avenue facing Central Park. But Mr. Metlock's mind barely registered the dress parade of maples beneath him; it was busy with the two resentments which harassed him every morning—the fact that he had to shave his blue-black whiskers twice a day, and the bitter conviction that he hadn't had enough sleep. Never, since he'd married lovely Charmian Ryan, right after the first World War, had he had enough sleep. A man could get a heart condition! Although she loved him with undiminished devotion, nothing could get it through Charmian's head what it meant to be in the offices of Mitchell, Ryan & Metlock on lower Broadway when the market opened.

"You can sleep all day," he would say to her.

But she only looked at him with slightly moist, adoring eyes and said, "Darling, I see so little of you."

When he pointed out that she could see as much of him—maybe more—at

(Continued on page 38)

ILLUSTRATED BY ROBERT PATTERSON

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On shearing day the sheep are driven into an enclosure, called the "fang." These animals, held by Neil McLeod of Luskontyre, are ready for the shears

The crofters handle their shears with great skill and rapidity and remove the fleece in one piece. Shearing is done outside the fang, where there is more room

THE BIG CLOTH

BY GWYN BARKER

The Alger-like story of Harris tweed, from its humble origin on a gale-swept island to an international reputation as the finest cloth in the world for outdoor wear

IN THE native Gaelic of the Outer Hebrides, a group of bleak and rocky islands off the northwestern coast of Scotland, it's known as Clò-Mór—the Big Cloth—but elsewhere in the world it's called Harris tweed. It is not, as most people seem to think, the proprietary line of a fortunate Mr. Harris; it takes its name from its place of origin, the southern part of the island of Lewis and Harris, known locally as The Long Island, and nearly every native of the Outer Hebrides is concerned in its production. For it can come from any of the islands of the group and still be Harris tweed. The official definition of the cloth, as established by the British Board of Trade, is:

"A tweed made from pure virgin wool produced in Scotland, spun, dyed and finished in the Outer Hebrides and hand-woven by the Islanders at their own homes in the Islands of Lewis and Harris, Uist, Barra and their several purtenances and all known as the Outer Hebrides."

Originally the use of Harris tweed was confined to the islands of the Outer Hebrides; it was simply the native cloth manufactured by the island women to protect their families against the gales and tempests of the North Atlantic. But some years after the beginning of the 19th century Lord and Lady Dunmore, then proprietors of Harris, induced the islanders to improve their product a bit and to design and manufacture such traditional weaves as herringbone, shepherd tartans and two-by-two checks. These found a ready market among the gentry of Scotland, and the fame of Harris tweed soon spread throughout the United Kingdom as the finest cloth in the world for outdoor wear.

Up to some fifty years ago all the wool used in the manufacture of Harris tweed was grown on the islands, and every process was carried out by hand—the shearing of the sheep, the cleaning, carding and combing of the wool, the spinning and dyeing of the yarn, and the weaving and finishing of the cloth.

Sheep raising has declined in the Outer Hebrides since the turn of the century, and the demand for Harris tweed has increased enormously. Today the wool is imported from Scotland, and all of the hand processes except weaving have given way to mechanical methods. But there are no mechanical looms in the islands, and every yard of Harris tweed is still hand-woven on looms set up in the cottages, barns, outhouses and wherever there is enough light and room.

The skill of the weavers of the Outer Hebrides is traditional, and is handed down from generation to generation; the boys begin to learn the operation of a loom almost as soon as they can walk. Because the cloth is hand-woven, it has retained its almost indestructible quality. Ten years of hard wear is very little in the life of a garment made of the Big Cloth; tailors are never surprised when a customer brings in a suit of Harris tweed which he has worn for a dozen years and announces that he wants a matching vest.

To a very large extent chemical dyes have replaced the native dyes formerly prepared by the island women, and dyeing plants have supplanted the big iron pots in which the leaves and roots of native plants were stewed over fires of peat and driftwood. From crotal, a moss or lichen scraped from the rocks, the dyemakers of those times obtained the reddish brown so characteristic of Harris tweed. Yellow came from bog myrtle, grays from chimney soot, greens from iris and from heather pulled just before flowering time.

From other plants came brilliant blues and even a somber black. The sources of these dyes are rapidly being exhausted, and today they are used only in preparing the small proportion of Harris tweed which is made from hand-spun yarn—91,900 yards in 1940, for example, out of a total production of 4,188,822 yards. For the machine-spun cloth the chemists have duplicated all of the traditional Harris tweed colors, but they haven't been able to provide the distinctive aroma imparted by the old dyes—helped by the drying of the cloth in peat smoke. This famous reek once inspired a versifier for Punch:

I met a man in Harris tweed
As I walked down the Strand;
I turned and followed like a dog
The breath of hill and sea and bog
That clung about that coat of brown.

The most picturesque of the ancient processes was the finishing of the cloth, called "waulking." It is still done occasionally by a few families, principally to keep alive one of the most cherished customs of the islands, for Waulking Day was a time of joy and festivity.

But for all practical purposes it has been abandoned in favor of faster machine finishing. When the tweed leaves

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY CLAUDE W. HUSTON

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The wool here has been washed, and Mrs. John McKinnon and her daughter, of Luskontyre, are spreading it to dry. Mrs. McKinnon speaks and understands only Gaelic

In the old days all Harris tweed was dyed with vegetable dyes obtained from local plants, which simmered all day in big iron pots. Now chemical dyes are mostly used

Allan McKenzie carries two sacks of carded wool, ready for the spinners. He owns the only carding mill on Harris, the southern portion of Lewis and Harris

Allan McKenzie (left) and a helper at work in McKenzie's carding mill at Tarbert. Formerly the carding was done entirely by hand and was a long and tedious process

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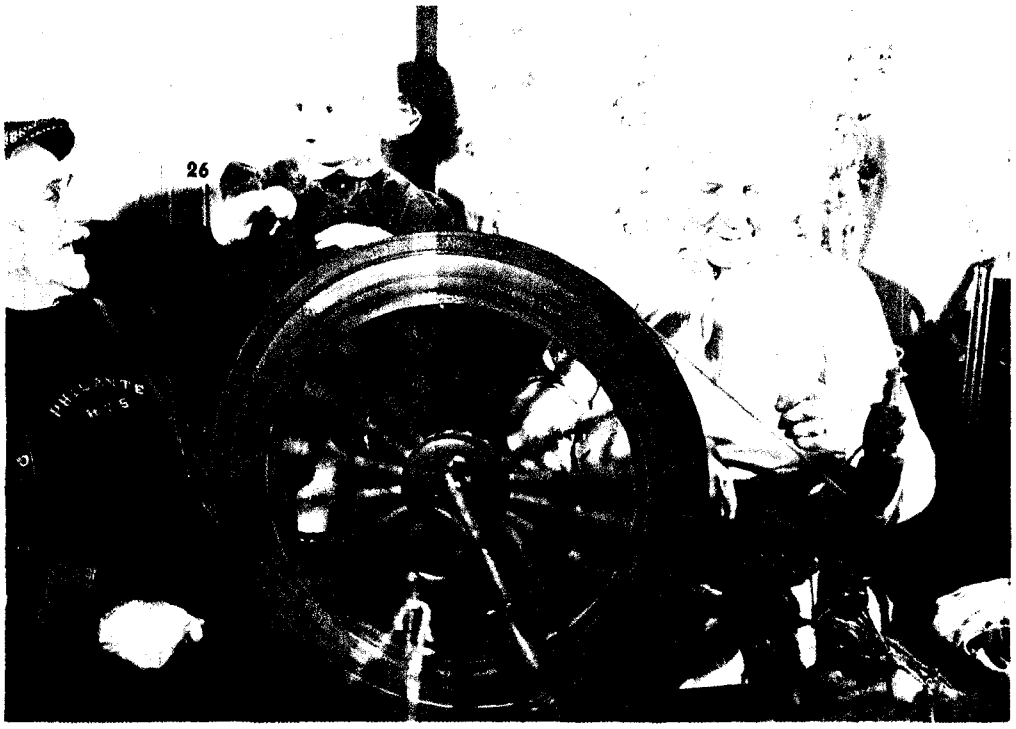
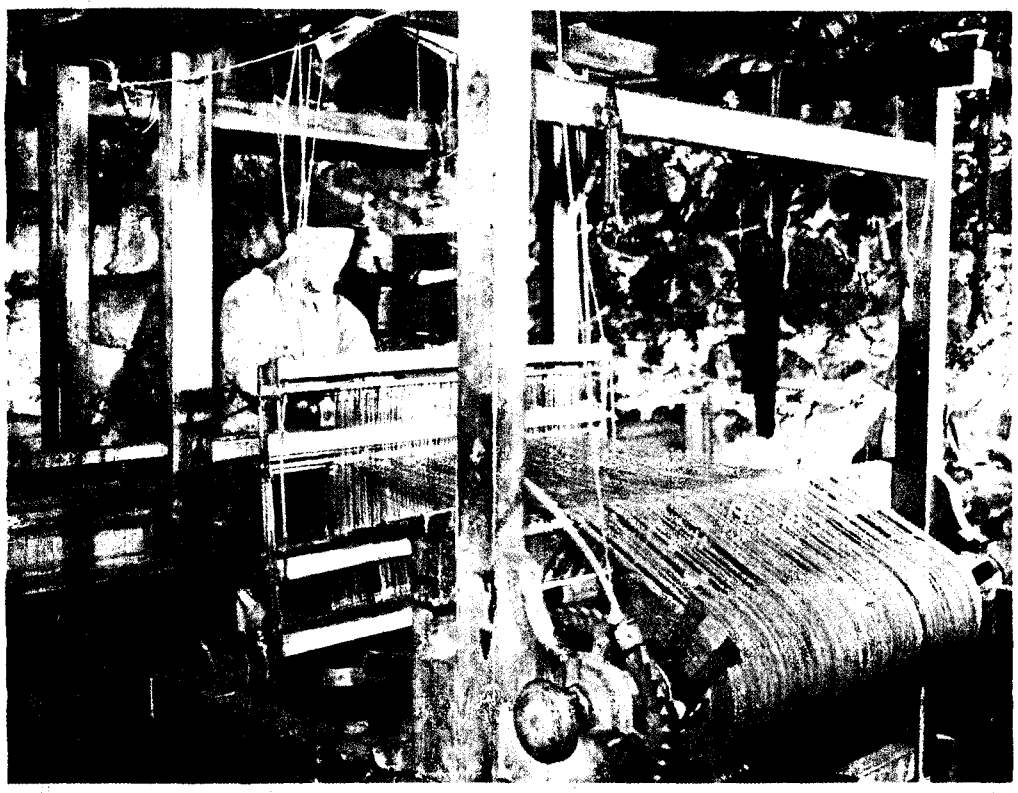


These islands are one of the few places where the spinning wheel is still in use. Today only a small proportion of Harris tweed is made of hand-spun yarn



All Harris tweed is hand-woven. Finlay Morrison, at his loom near Tarbert, can weave six weaver's yards (48 feet) of cloth a day. He is paid two shillings a yard

The ancient custom of "waulking," the finishing of the tweed by women and girls, as described in the text. Almost all of this work is now done mechanically

the loom it is rough and feels hard when handled; at that stage it is nothing that a man would want to wear. It must be properly finished in order to get the soft, close web. This process was carried out entirely by the women, and was divided into two parts, hand-waulking and feet-waulking. The former was done by the matrons, and the latter by the maidens. The process is thus described in the Transactions of the Gaelic Society of Inverness:

"Shortly after breakfast they gathered at what might be called the festive home. A table was covered and sumptuously laid with whisky, divers kinds of bread, butter, cheese and cold mutton, and any other delicacy at hand. A strong door was taken off its hinges and laid on rests, so as to enable them to sit comfortably about it. The web, saturated with soapy water, was laid loosely upon it, and forthwith the work began. The good women, with strong, willing hands, take hold of the web and the work proceeds.

"Slowly at first, but bye and bye, when the song commences, the latent excitement bursts into a blaze. One sings the song, while all take up the chorus, weird and plaintive, and as they toss and tumble the cloth, passing the folds from hand to hand, a stranger who saw them at work for the first time might be pardoned for thinking them mad.

"After the hand-waulking is done, the cloth is carefully rolled up in web form. The matrons then return home, leaving the maidens to do the feet-waulking. Shoes and stockings are stripped off, and with petticoats kilted to the knees, they sit on two rows of stools with the cloth on the floor between them, and there they kick it with hearty goodwill, singing merrily the while and keeping time with their feet to the rhythm of the song.

"The next thing done with the cloth was for two or three strong men to stretch it and roll it as firmly and tightly as possible on a narrow board while it was damp. It was left for a few days in that condition that it might become smooth and stiff. When it was unrolled it was put up to dry, usually on the roof, to catch the sun and peat smoke."

An Eighteen-Coupon Coat

Harris tweed is eagerly sought in Britain today, partly because of the general shortage of woolen textiles, but principally because when eighteen coupons must be surrendered for a coat, lasting value is a prime consideration. Also, Harris tweed is one of the few woolens that are not restricted to "utility" specifications for the home market, and its retail price is not controlled. Thus in every respect it is a good bet, so good, in fact, that the God-fearing islanders of the Outer Hebrides have attracted the attention of the black market.

The cloth also has a special advantage in the export market; no license is needed so long as the tweed is stamped with the "orb" mark, a trademark design which appears on every five yards of Harris tweed spun in the islands. In addition, a woven label is sewn into each garment. If the word "hand-spun" appears on the label, you have as fine a piece of cloth as can be bought anywhere. And you'll pay plenty for it. About 60 per cent of current production—during the first six months of last year 2,861,400 yards were manufactured—goes overseas, with the United States the largest purchaser and Canada second.

Existence has always been a precarious and hand-to-mouth business on the islands of the Outer Hebrides, which are little more than wide stretches of rocky hills, moorlands and peat bogs. What land there is has little value for grazing, and is so unsuitable for cultivation that after producing a few scanty crops of oats or potatoes it must lie fallow for several years. Except for Stornoway, which is a modern port, there are no towns and almost no roads. There are a few villages in localities where there is a little grazing ground for sheep and a few crofts, or small agricultural holdings.

Modern cottages are found in some sections, but many of the crofters still live in primitive dwellings such as their great-great-grandfathers occupied—built of double dry walls of undressed stones and roofed with thatch. The floors are of beaten earth, with a stone hearth in the center for a peat fire. There are no cookstoves, and scarcely any furniture beyond a wooden table, a homemade chair or two, and beds built into the walls.

Too Few Jobs for Islanders

For many years the islanders have depended for a livelihood upon fishing and the making of Harris tweed. But the fishing industry has declined, and there remains nothing but the manufacture of tweed. There isn't, and has not been for a long time, enough work for the men of the islands, and the situation is becoming more and more critical as demobilized men and women of the armed services return to their homes and seek jobs.

The Scottish Council on Industry believes that the well-being of the islanders depends upon a large-scale textile industry, based on hand-weaving with mill-spun yarn, which will give employment to the largest number of men. Today a good weaver can earn a minimum of three pounds ten shillings a week, and usually a good deal more. But the chief problem is obtaining enough yarn to supply the independent producers of tweed. To qualify for the all-important "orb" mark, the yarn must be island-spun, hence the island spinning mills have a virtual monopoly on the production of yarn. By directly employing weavers, the mills themselves have become producers and merchants of cloth, so that the independents find themselves dependent upon their business rivals for yarn. The council has recommended, as the best way to break this monopoly, the establishment of an additional trademark which might be known as the "Hebridean Mark." It would be applied to all textiles which are hand-woven on the islands of yarn which might either be imported or spun on the islands.

All over the Outer Hebrides the people are trying to find some solution to their economic problems. In Lewis, the northern part of Lewis and Harris, they have apparently decided that the pay packet is more important than the croft and are trying to industrialize this part of the island. In Harris the people have been experimenting with co-operative crofting with some success. If this system can be developed it will provide full-time employment on the land for a few crofters engaged by the village on a steady wage, while the rest of the crofters will be free to engage in full-time wage-earning work such as weaving or fishing.

THE END

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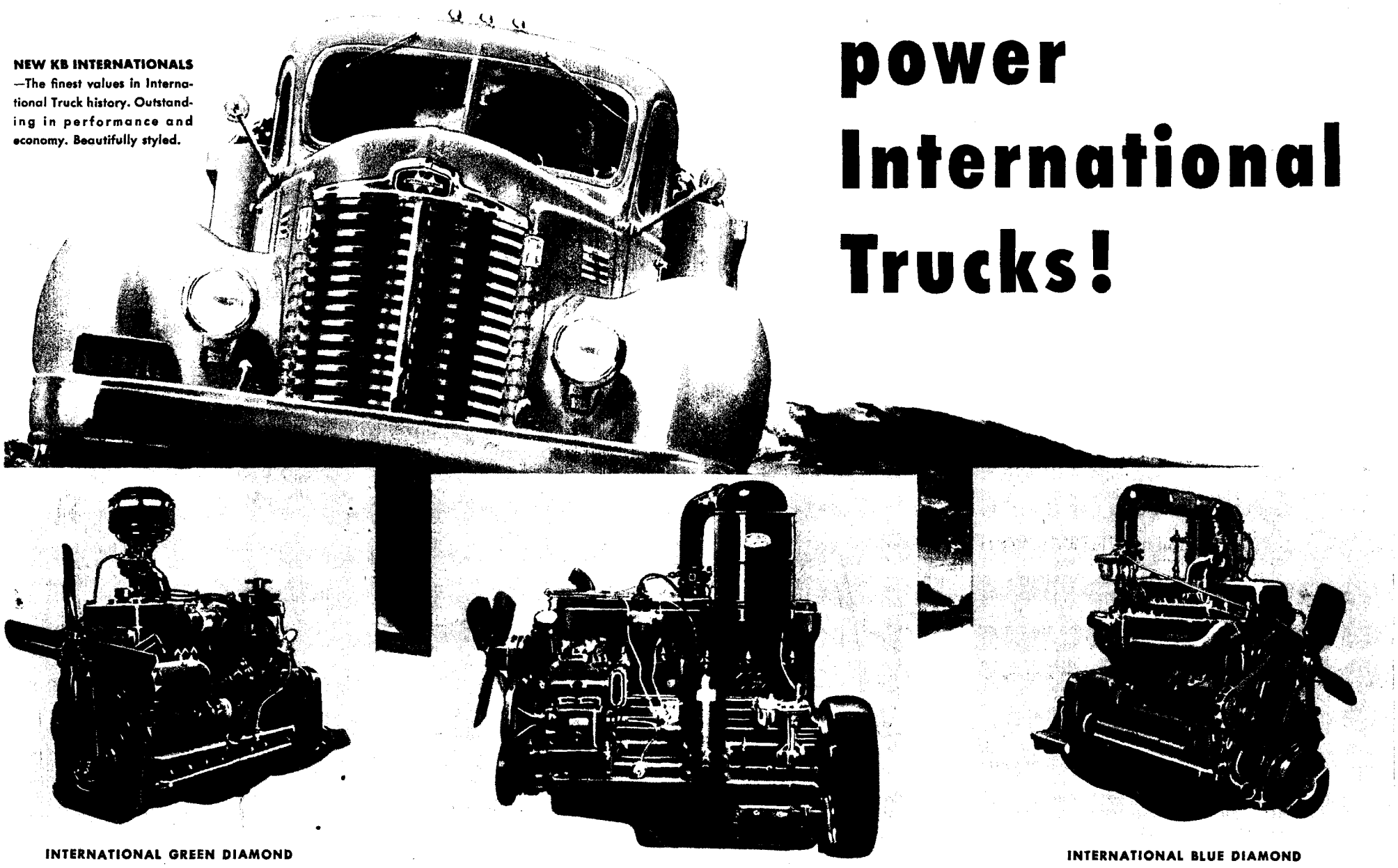

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THE G.O.P.'S OFF-STAGE PROMPTER

Continued from page 15

antagonist, is Sam Rayburn, his predecessor as Speaker. Joe loves Sam well enough to have loaned him his own top hat for the ceremonies in the House when the King and Queen of England visited Washington in 1939. Martin wore a rather comical derby himself.

Not long ago a House Democrat had a Very Important Personage on his hands and was unable to find places in the members' dining room for the large party involved. He told Joe his difficulties. The Speaker immediately placed his own private dining room at the Democrat's disposal. The VIP was appropriately impressed and Joe gained a friend.

He is never too busy to help anybody. He learned from Howard Coffin, a Detroit Republican, that a colored widow, mother of two children, had been fired from her job as elevator operator in the House Office Building. Martin got her job back.

Such courtesies and kindnesses have earned for Martin a reputation for being a "politician's politician." But he is not the backslapping, cigar-chewing, bloom-nosed, bull-voiced politician of stage and screen. Martin may stroke or pat a back but he never slaps it. He doesn't smoke and for him alcohol is something other people drink or put in their auto radiators in winter. He takes only orange and tomato juice at parties.

As are all important public figures in this party-mad town, Martin is perhaps more in demand socially than most officials because he is a bachelor. He goes out often, but at exactly 10:15 P.M., he rises and announces:

"Well, I've got room for five people in my car. Anybody going my way?"

He is always somewhat pleasantly startled when others recognize and compliment him. After a White House dinner Martin expressed the opinion that Mrs. Bess Truman was "a very fine lady."

"You know," he said, "Mrs. Truman knew everything about me."

Enjoys Onlooker Role at Parties

He doesn't dance but likes to watch others. At parties he gives the impression of having an uproariously good time without engaging in the frivolity himself. But no matter how much fun he is having he always observes his self-imposed curfew.

Martin is up between 6:30 and 7 in the morning, a habit he formed when as a boy he had to be up in time for his newspaper route. He was one of eight children and began working when he was nine or ten years old to help with the family finances. Later he was obliged to pass up a baseball scholarship to Dartmouth—he was a first-class high school second baseman and shortstop—in order to put two younger brothers through that college and support his mother after his father's death.

Each morning, after sniffing the political wind as forecast by the reports from his district, he reads his own paper, skims through others from the region and scans the New York papers, the Christian Science Monitor and the Washington Post. Then he reads every word of the Congressional Record with particular attention to what happened in the Senate.

Martin knows as much about what is going on in the Senate, on the floor and behind the scenes, as he does in the House. His knowledge derives not only from his reading but from personal contact with senators.

Yet, although his influence in the party carries as much weight as that of any top-ranking G.O.P. leader, he has seldom originated an important piece of legislation and has never given one his name. The amendment to the Constitution limiting the Presidency to two consecutive terms, already ratified by a score of states, was Martin's idea but the legislation involved won't go down in history as a "Martin bill." Joe secretly believes that a President should serve only one term of six years but so far hasn't agitated for the notion with any energy.

Politically Martin, although he calls himself a "middle-of-the-roader," is a conservative. In the eyes of the C.I.O. and its Political Action Committee he is an ultraconservative and an isolationist, but that estimate of Martin is undoubtedly based on prejudice and his distant past. His voting record in the Massachusetts legislature, in previous Congresses and his bygone public statements provide material for his critics in both parties.

They recall that the Martin of his political salad days voted against creation of a utilities commission in his state and against state old-age pensions, woman suffrage, compulsory school attendance for children from seven to 15 years old and every piece of legislation considered, in those days, in any way "radical." He opposed state inspection of dairies, investigation of conditions conducive to tuberculosis and creation of a state health board.

His public utterances after a European journey in 1927 provide more ink for the pens of Martin's opponents. Out of the files of the Boston Globe one of them dug out a clipping quoting Martin on Nazi Germany: "What strikes me (about Hitler's Reich) is the spirit of contentment I found among the working people." And on Fascist Italy: "Mussolini is copying America in many ways and the country is being made prosperous."

Martin was chairman of the 1940 Republican Convention which nominated the late Wendell Willkie whose name was placed before the delegates by Halleck. But Martin was not a Willkie man. Just before the latter's nomination Martin, in an anti-third-term speech, made it clear that he and Willkie could never see eye to eye.

"The third term movement," he declared, "floats on a cloud of internationalism. The American people have a right to ask whether the conduct of our foreign relations conforms to the policy of peace to which the American people are overwhelmingly committed. We had one bitter experience in 1916. Our people will not be deceived again."

Joe later ascribed Willkie's defeat to the fact that Wendell hadn't taken his advice and gone all out for "keeping America out of the war." Nevertheless Martin, the spiritual and political antithesis of many things Willkie stood for, was the man who brought order out of the chaos which exploded when Halleck mentioned Willkie's name. Boos and catcalls vied with the cheers. Skillfully Martin gaveled the convention into order and made it possible for Halleck to finish his speech. It was one of Halleck's first speeches. He may never again make one like it. But he will never forget how Martin helped him.

Today Martin cannot be called an isolationist although he, unlike Senators Tobey and Vandenberg, has never recanted his former views. Joe realizes, at least, that America cannot ignore the rest of the world and is conscious of the nation's opportunity for assuming world leadership. He is, however, more concerned than most about how much it will cost. On foreign relations he is considerably to the right even of Taft.

"The great heart of America," he said in a speech in Los Angeles recently, "as has been demonstrated in the last two years, will always respond to the call of the hungry. Feeding the world is an enormous task and it cannot be accomplished without the fullest co-operation. American dollars alone cannot do this job. These dollars must be prudently spent. And we must have full co-operation from the nations which seek our aid. They must be ready and willing to go to work, first to help themselves. After all, American money is not inexhaustible and our people will not go on indefinitely paying high taxes to help other peoples without evidence that they are doing their best to help themselves."

Like most of his speeches, Martin's Los Angeles effort demonstrated a firm grip on the obvious rather than any profound political philosophy. Fortunately for Joe and his party it isn't a Speaker's job to do any speaking or to philosophize. It is his job to keep the Republican mill grinding in the House at maximum mechanical efficiency, feed it grist when necessary and, as a side line, win elections. For these tasks, with his acutely developed sense of the times, Martin is eminently fitted.

Behind Martin's conservatism is the memory of a world of 40 years ago when Joe was young and made his way single-handed in a nation where enterprise was freer and more easily rewarded. Joe doesn't want change, one of his own friends of the opposition explained, and will resist it with all the ingenuity at his command. He abhors Socialism, which he identifies with Communism.

Praise for Eightieth Congress

"We cut appropriations more than three billion dollars during the first session," he said, speaking of the 80th Congress. "We balanced the budget of this nation for the first time in 16 long years. We started on the long trail of reducing the national debt and we stopped and reversed the calamitous trend toward the peril of national bankruptcy and some possible form of state Socialism."

Joe is profoundly and sincerely concerned about the Communist menace. He also knows the political advantages to be derived from said menace. He has been in the forefront of the Republican drive to oblige the Truman Administration to see "that every last Communist is driven off the federal pay roll," but was also one of those who cut the President's request for $25,000,000, with which to make a loyalty check of some 3,500,000 government employees, to $11,000,000.

The Communist issue will be an important one in 1948 if Joe Martin has anything to do with it. One of the few books which Joe admits he has had time to read is Edward Everett Hale's The Man Without a Country. Its patriotic message made an indelible impression on the tough little Yankee, who is sincerely convinced that his country is in danger from the Reds.

In addition to his publishing interests, Joe runs a small insurance business up in North Attleboro. His only hobby is collecting miniature elephants of which he owns more than 100 carved out of teak, ivory and jade. He likes baseball and is a fan of the lowly Washington Senators, unless, of course, they are playing Boston. He also roots for the Redskins at the pro football games and is, except for an occasional swimming spree, strictly a spectator sportsman. When he is vacationing on Cape Cod he is one of the few who will regularly dare the frigidity of the water on the north side which is chilled by the Labrador Current.

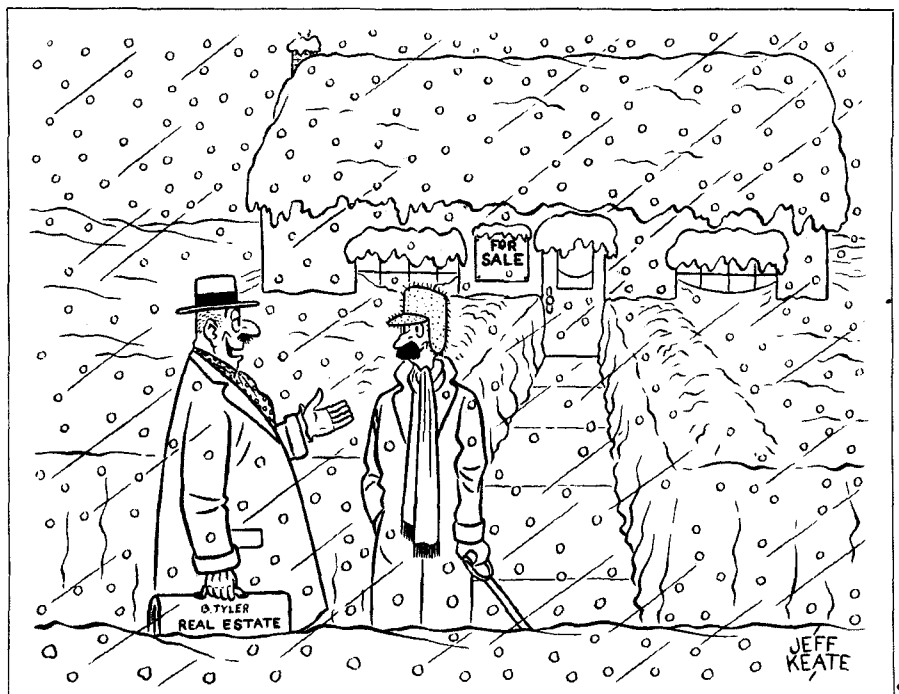
A small but consistent percentage of Martin's voluminous mail contains offers of matrimony from widows and spinsters which Joe somewhat sourly ignores. One day Martin received 11 proposals. A newspaperwoman got hold of the story, printed it and asked the Speaker what he had done about them.

"Oh," he replied with annoyance, "I never answer them."

In discussing politics, those who entertain him privately say Joe Martin is humorful, incisive and often actually witty. "If you want to have a good time," one hostess said of him, "talk politics with him." Otherwise Martin is humorless. At a White House dinner in his honor, a friend of Martin's swiped a silver spoon for fun. Reporters learned of the theft and kidded Martin about Republican campaign promises to economize on government expenditures while G.O.P. bigwigs steal silver from the White House which taxpayers must ultimately pay for. Not a rise from Joe.

"Yes," he said solemnly in his pleasantly nasal voice with an accent as broad as Massachusetts Bay, "one of my friends did that. He shouldn't have done it."

THE END



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COLLIER'S JEFF KEATE

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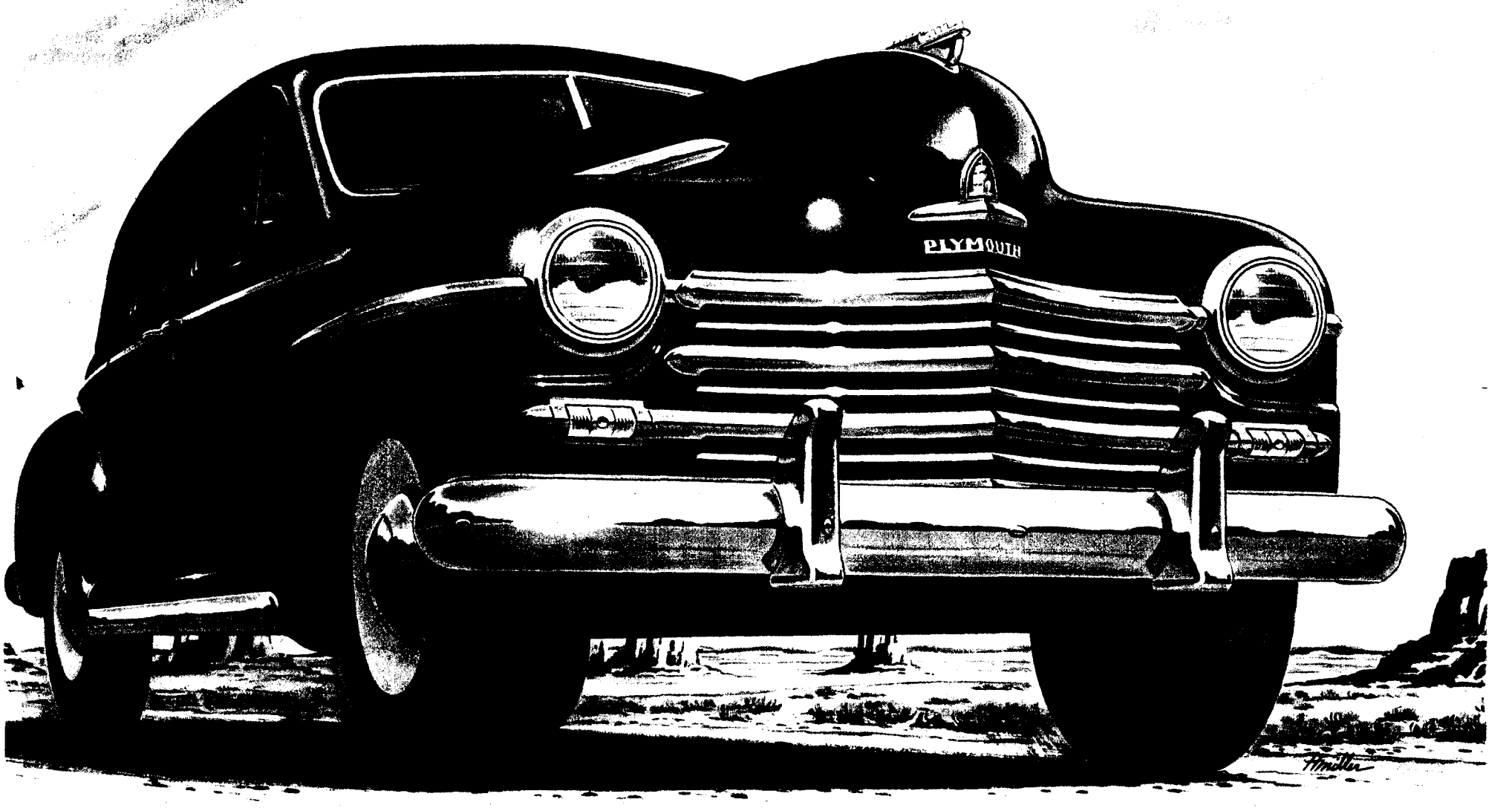

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SATAN HAD ANOTHER NAME

Continued from page 17

work. I realize only you can carry on now Mr. Burnand is dead."

Gower pushed the pottery away. He said, "You don't disturb me. This is late second century Sassanian stuff. Doesn't prove a damn' thing."

"I am, of course, very ignorant." Inspector Chafik waved aside the glass of straight gin which the Englishman poured. "There is," he said, " a certain resemblance between your work and mine. We both seek facts and weave from them a picture of the past. But what you look for at Tel-Herar I do not know, Mr. Gower."

The man's faded eyes found sudden depth of color. He said with a rush of enthusiasm, "I'm looking for a dream. I believe we're going to solve the riddle of the Flood. Tel-Herar is one ruin on another, but somewhere at the bottom of it all, below the subperiod cities of Assyria, of the Kassites, below Sargon's days, below—" He stopped and swallowed the drink Chafik had refused. "Where the hell have we met?" he asked.

"We have not met before, sir."

"You've got a damn' familiar face," Gower said. He frowned. "What was I talking about? Oh, my dreams. Well, I believe that at the bottom of this rubbish heap I'll find the ancestors of Noah."

THE Inspector said in his precise English, "This is very exciting, but for myself I prefer to leave my ancestors buried." He gave an ingratiating smile. "We are too far in the past. Let us jump six thousand years to yesterday. Did you see Mr. Burnand leave the camp?"

Gower answered, "No. I was at the excavations sifting out stuff. The men were finished for the day but I was keen to carry on while there was still light. Burnand had gone back to make up his notes, but I heard him later calling for his dog. It had a habit of wandering."

"And the name of the dog?"

"Shaitan. Your name for Satan—and it fitted the savage brute. But it made me uneasy to hear Burnand shouting it. He went over the top of the mound and that was the last I saw of him alive. I didn't hear the shot."

The Englishman appeared to have something else to say, and Chafik, perched on the edge of a chair with his clasped hands resting on the table, said, "Mr. Gower, please be frank with me. You did not like to hear your chief shouting, 'Shaitan,' because of the curious thefts."

"Damn it, yes. The theft of things blue—"

"The color blue," went on Chafik, turning to the district officer who was impatiently drumming the table, "is worn by superstitious people to ward off evil. The Moslem and Christian tribesmen of the Mosul area are particularly fond of it. But there are others in these parts who hate it because they are confessed worshipers, not of God, but of Satan."

Pashati said, "The Yezidis!" and added in a harsh voice, "May the Compassionate, the All-Merciful, destroy those children of evil."

Chafik replied with unexpected sternness, "God is indeed compassionate and merciful. Therefore your request will not be granted."

"The Yezidis believe that Satan is Master of the world—"

"As the world is today I would find it difficult to convince them otherwise. They believe that Satan was made Master for ten thousand years, and they pay homage out of fear. Negroes have a similar belief. They call it voodoo."

"Dogs and devil worshipers!" Pashati exclaimed. "Do they not hold sacrifices, and do not their priests receive the virgins, who—"

"The Yezidi rites are known only by hearsay, and to me hearsay is not proof," Chafik said. "Or to Mr. Gower," he added.

Gower said, "You're right. I've been to their temple at Sheik-Adi as guest of the Mir, the Black Pope. I saw nothing disgusting. But it's true they consider the color blue accursed, and it's also true the name of Satan must not be mentioned in their presence. They've got another name. They call him Melek Taus." He reached for the bottle of gin. " 'Speak not my name nor mention my attributes, lest ye be guilty,' " he quoted. "That's from the

BUTCH by LARRY REYNOLDS

"Well, she got me sore, refusin' to divulge where th' valuables is hid"

COLLIER'S

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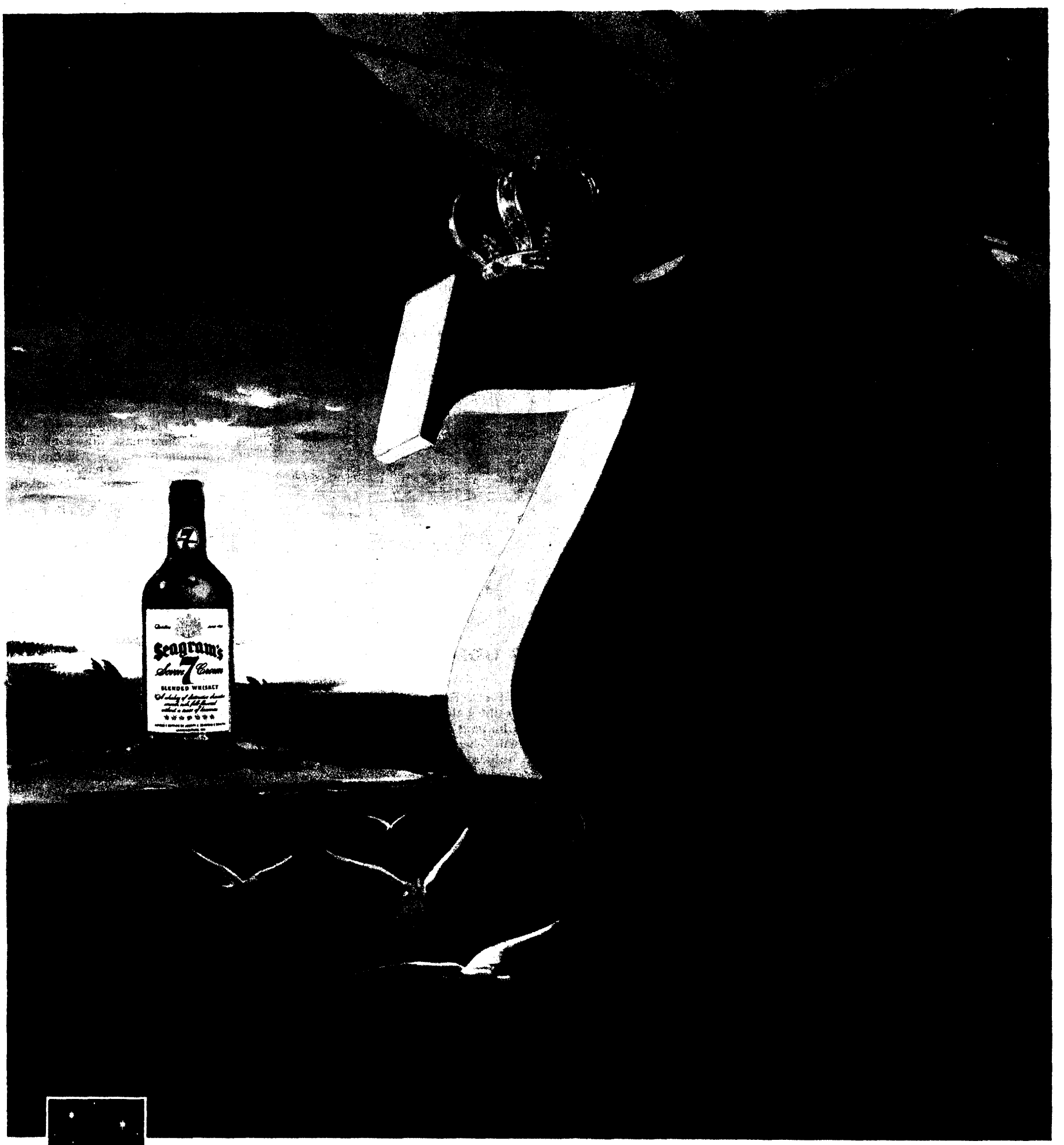

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Khitab al Aswad, the Devil's Bible. And the punishment for breaking the rule is death."

The only sound in the following silence was the scratch of Sergeant Abdullah's pencil moving over the pages of his notebook. When he had completed the record of the conversation he cleared his throat and said, "Sir, have I permission to speak?"

Chafik answered, "Do so, my dear Abdullah. You have a theory?"

"Sir," began the gaunt sergeant, "on the evidence of my notes it would appear there is a Yezidi in this camp. He stole the amulets and beads because they are inimical to his master, Satan. He destroyed the dog because it was named Satan. He killed Mr. Burnand because he spoke the forbidden name."

Chafik said, "The pattern begins well, and although the colors are daring they may blend. It is to be considered."

District Officer Pashati rose to his feet. "I approve of the theory," he announced. "Let us go and interrogate the men. Now that we have a direct line of action we can make swift progress."

"It is a principle of geometry," Chafik said, " that the shortest distance between two given points is a straight line. As a schoolboy I was constantly moving from A to B, but when I reached my destination I found there was no progress beyond it. Therefore I formed the opinion that the greatly respected Euclid had a complex for creating frustration."

Pashati frowned. "This is not the time to discuss your schooldays. There is a Yezidi among the men. We will find this son of evil and deliver him to the Pit of Pestilence."

He left the tent accompanied by Sergeant Abdullah. The Inspector, who had not moved, was studying the signet ring on the little finger of his left hand. A cigarette smoldered between his lips and the rising smoke, meeting the canvas roof, folded back over his head like the petals of a ghostly flower.

The clink of a bottle against a glass finally roused him. He looked at Gower who said awkwardly, "I forgot. There's a man missing from the camp. He vanished about the time Burnand was killed. The foreman told me this morning."

"And the name of this man?"

"Nadir Terek."

Chafik said in a strangely hollow voice, "That is a mountain name. It fits the pattern, but the weave is ugly and I do not like it." He moved uncomfortably in his chair. "Forgive me, Mr. Gower I was speaking my thoughts, a distressing habit which I cannot break. But now I have talked of weaving I see there is a thread which I have not untangled. What was stolen from Mr. Burnand's tent?"

"You mean the lapis lazuli plaque?" The Englishman shrugged. "I can't tell you much about it. Burnand had a habit of keeping his finds to himself, but as I was only his assistant I couldn't complain. The plaque was cut like an intaglio with the design of a head and he was quite excited about it. Somebody stole it two days before he was killed and he reported the matter to the police."

"Lapis lazuli is blue. The color becomes monotonous." Chafik stood up and salaamed and left the tent saying conversationally to the wind-swept plains, "It would all be possible if the dog had been shot, but the use of the knife spoils the pattern. . . ."

REFRESHED by a night's sleep at the Mosul Station Hotel, the Inspector sat at breakfast in his comfortable air-conditioned room. He was dressed in pajamas of a striking pattern and color, but his sleek black hair was newly oiled and brushed and his smooth chin was dusted with lavender talcum powder. The view from the window over a public park was pleasant, but the little man's eyes were still shrouded by the shadows of Tel-Herar, and the stubs of many cigarettes neatly arranged in the ash tray showed that his mind was disturbed.

Presently Sergeant Abdullah made a hurried entrance, saluted and said, "Sir, they have the Yezidi. I am obliged to report that Mr. Pashati has begun the interrogation without the courtesy of advising you."

"You are angry," Chafik said. "The humors created by anger poison the system and destroy clear thinking. Therefore relax, my dear Abdullah, and let me pour you coffee. Who is the Yezidi?"

"Nadir Terek, the man who was missing from the camp—"

"He has confessed?"

"Sir, he does not admit he worships the Devil. He says he pays homage to Melek Taus."

Chafik translated into English, "The Peacock Angel." He went on in Arabic, "That is the same thing. Satan has another name among the Yezidis. Did he have a gun?"

Sergeant Abdullah answered, "There was only a knife. The district officer is very angry and is now trying to persuade him to tell where the gun is hidden."

Chafik grimaced. "I do not like this talk of persuasion, but he does deserve a little beating for killing the dog—"

"But," protested the sergeant, "the prisoner has not made that confession."

"Doubtless he has done so by this time. He will also confess to thefts at the camp. If you were superstitious and ignorant and found yourself among people who wore charms against your favorite deity, and so named their most savage dog, you would act the same way. I trust you are not letting a primitive fear of Satan's worshipers distort your approach to this case." The Inspector finished his coffee and, rising to his feet, said, "I will now dress. The Yezidi may be overpersuaded and decide to vanish in a cloud of sulphurous fumes. . . ."

They drove through the crowded streets, passing rows of coffee shops where men in colorful tribal dress lounged on divans spread with rugs. The overhanging balconies of the houses were gaily painted in the old Turkish style and Chafik said, "We are too drab in Baghdad, but the smell of our city is not so offensive."

The car crossed the Tigris by a long iron bridge and stopped at police headquarters.

PASHATI was in his office. He had removed his jacket and as he lounged back in his chair he had the satisfied air of a man resting from hard physical effort. He said casually, "I was about to telephone you, Inspector. We have the man and they are still interrogating." He nodded to a closed door through which filtered the sound of voices, a battery of hammers driving questions. "A stubborn dog," the district officer commented. "But he talks."

"What has he confessed?"

"He claims to be an honest man, but admits he hid his disgusting beliefs to get work at Tel-Herar. He dares to claim he was justified in stealing and destroying the amulets and beads because they were an insult to his profane Master, but he says he did not take the lapis lazuli plaque. And as for the dog—"

"He killed it because of its name."

"Shaitan!" Pashati spat. "Yes, that is his story. His shoulder was ripped by the animal's fangs, so up to that point he possibly tells the truth. But afterward—" The burly man rolled up his eyes and shrugged. "Such fantastic lies, Inspector!"

"He denies killing Mr. Burnand?"

"He says that when he killed the dog the Swiss arrived and shot at him as he ran away. With those words he condemns himself. The weapon was not fired. I myself took it from the dead man's holster and examined it."

Chafik sat primly on the edge of the chair, his dun-colored eyes darkened by dreams. He said in his sleepwalker's voice, "The threads are tangled. We must begin again."

"All we need is the gun with which this devil worshiper committed the crime. Eventually he will tell me where it is."

"What of the other guns?"

"I have the expert's report. None of them fired the shot." Pashati opened a drawer and placed three pistols on the desk; each was tagged.

"This one," he said, "belongs to Ali ibn Ali, foreman of workmen and a respectable man. This is Mr. Gower's. The third is the property of Michael Avanozian, interpreter. The foreman and the interpreter were both in camp at the time of the killing. I check everything," he added, resting his forefinger on the side of his nose in a wise gesture.

"The dead man did not carry a thirty-eight?"

"There was one in his holster, but as I told you, it had not been fired—"

Pashati stopped, seemingly alarmed by Chafik's expression. The Inspector's thin, high-cheekbone face had the likeness of a bronze mask drawn glowing from a flaming mold. Slowly the fires died, and with trembling hands the little man lighted a cigarette. He asked, "Where is this gun?"

"We have it here with the other personal effects."

"It is to be examined."

"But it was not fired! Surely, Inspector, you are not suggesting Burnand shot himself, cleaned the gun, reloaded it, and then replaced it in his holster?"

"It is to be examined." Chafik's voice was cold and harsh. He rose to his feet and went to the window with hands clasped before him in the first attitude of prayer. He said, "I have failed to take my own good advice, but there is a temporary relief in anger as in drink. But I may drink deeper next time—" The door closed as Pashati went out hurriedly.

Inspector Chafik remained at the window. The rising voices of the interrogators in the other room failed to rouse him, but when there was the sound of a blow the little man turned to Sergeant Abdullah who stood motionless near the door. "Tell them," Chafik said, "that the director of police frowns on such methods." He swung his arms slowly and with bowed head began the ritual of prayer.

WHEN Pashati returned half an hour later, Chafik was sitting in a chair smoking a cigarette with the calm detachment of a man who has found peace. But the district officer was without peace. He dropped to his seat behind the desk, put a heavy gun before him and said in a strangled voice, "This is incredible!"

Chafik said, "To call a thing incredible is often refusal to accept a fact. Your ballistics expert, of course, has reported that this gun fired the shot that killed Mr. Burnand."

"How did you guess?"

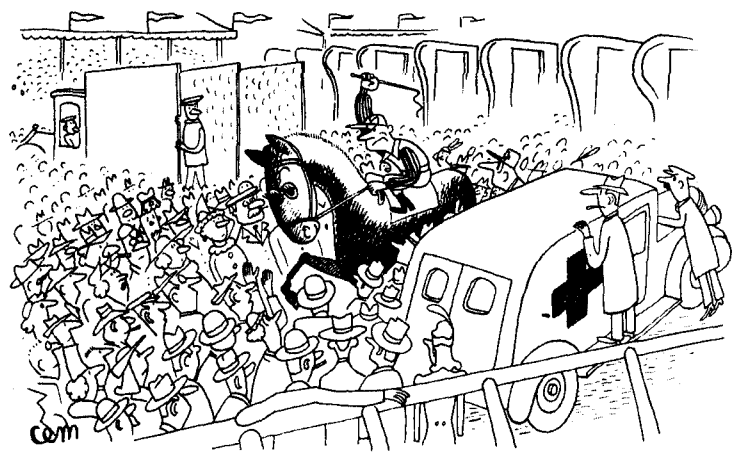
"I never guess. I weave my threads and when they make a symmetrical pattern, I know."

"But he could not have shot himself, cleaned the gun and—"

Chafik stood up. He said. "Return Nadir Terek to prison. I suggest you rest, my dear Pashati—and a few grains of aspirin will do you no harm. I have a journey to make."

He left headquarters and entered his car. He said to Sergeant Abdullah, "Tel-Herar." A little later, as they were passing the shapeless earthen ramparts of Nineveh, the sergeant heard Chafik say with agony in his voice, "Oh, Compassionate and All-Merciful! Why am I made a judge of men?"...

The great mound of Tel-Herar was a crouching monster under a sky hung with



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Six horses faced the barrier at the San Joaquin County Fair, at Stockton, California, in the early 1940s. Five nags got off to a good start, but one refused to leave the gate. Halfway through the race the leading horse fell and the next two horses stumbled over the leader and also went down. The next two contestants avoided the collision and raced unhampered to the wire. By now, a horse van and ambulance, plus a crowd that had jumped the rail, cluttered up the track. But the stubborn goat at the barrier still refused to leave the gate. Then suddenly, through the hubbub, the announcer's voice boomed over the loud-speaker: "Will the boy on the horse at the gate get started and kindly circle the track for show money!" Furiously the jockey belabored his mount. Reluctantly the animal started, picked his way carefully through the traffic jam and finished to win show money —ten minutes after the first two horses had won and placed!

—Tom Norton, Long Beach, Calif.

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"I'm not trying to turn the child against you, darling!"

LAUGHED ELSIE, THE BORDEN COW

"IF YOU'RE NOT TRYING TO TURN my son against me," roared Elmer, the bull, "how come every time I pick him up, he tries to wriggle away and get to *you?*"

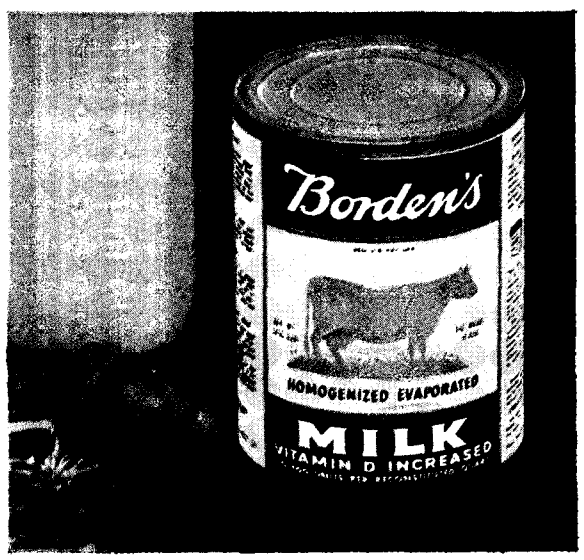
"It's only natural, dear," soothed Elsie, "for a baby to turn to his mother. After all, a mother is with him all day long."

"Then, it's up to the mother," said Elmer, "not to sell father down the river!"

"Don't be so silly, sweet," said Elsie. "Mothers spend *loads* of time *extolling* fathers to children."

"What do you mean—extolling?" asked Elmer. "How do you *extol* a father—how do you?"

"You extol a father," explained Elsie, "about the way you'd extol—say *Borden's Evaporated Milk.* Enumerate the admirable qualities. You say, for instance, that Borden's is wholesome, body-building Evaporated Milk. Countless babies thrive on it. In fact, you



can't find purer, more dependable milk for babies' formulas than Borden's Evaporated! It's accepted by the American Medical Association Council on Foods and Nutrition."

"Woman, woman," groaned Elmer, "if you'd only sell *me* to my kid the way you sell *Borden's* to the world, I'd think I was in clover."

"Lots of women," blithely chirped Elsie, "think that they're in clover when they have Borden's Evaporated Milk to cook with. It makes such rich-tasting soups, such smooth sauces, such delicious mashed potatoes. And it's really very *economical.*"

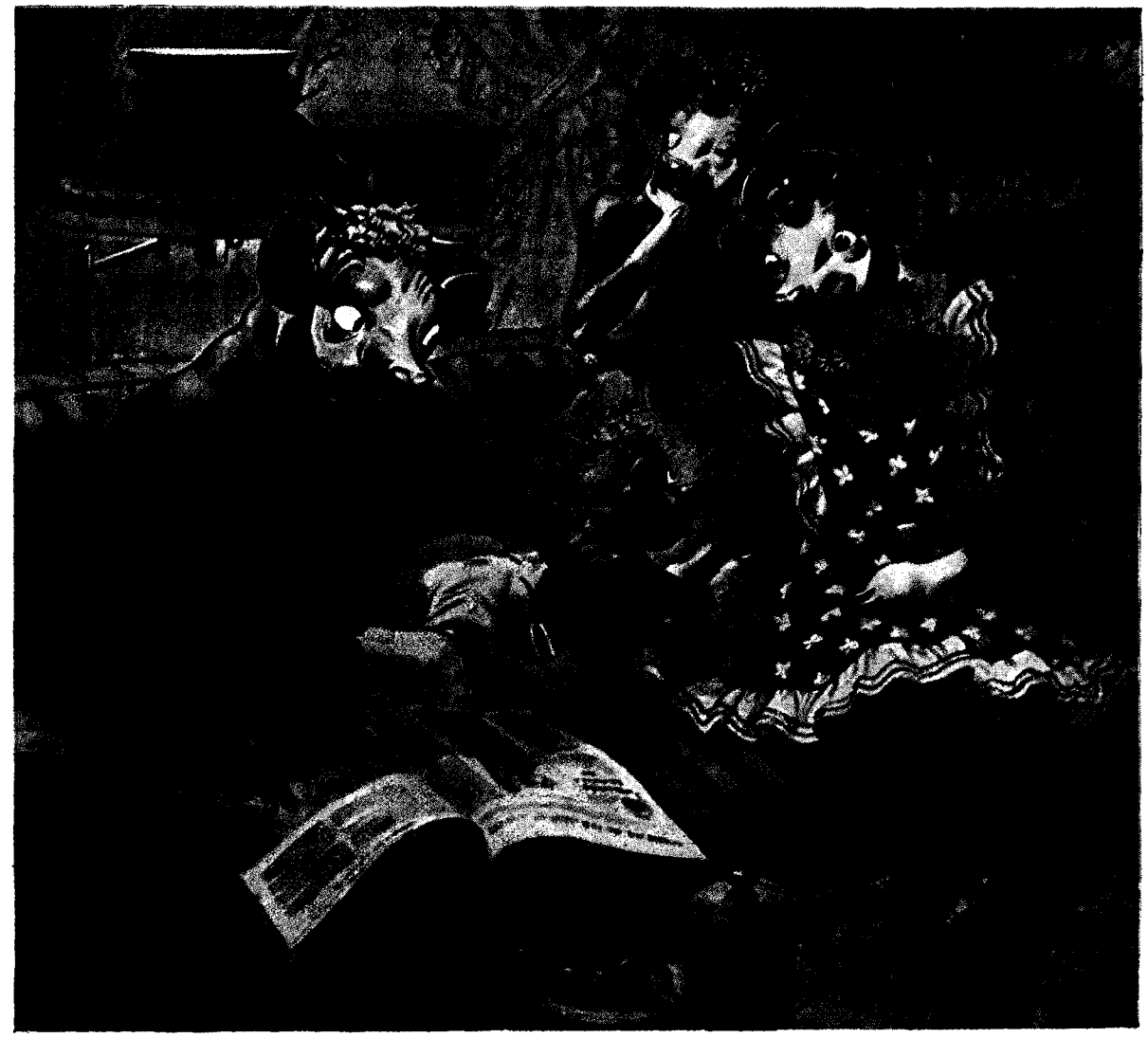
"There's just one economy," glowered Elmer, "that I'd like to see at work in this house—economy of words—woman's words!"

"Where shall I start?" teased Elsie. "Shall I cut down on the nice things I tell your son about you?"

"Don't act so innocent—you know doggoned well what I mean!" snapped Elmer.

"Surely you wouldn't want me to economize on my praises of that new and perfectly glorious *Borden's Instant Coffee?*" gasped Elsie. "It's *pure* instant coffee, *all* coffee, great coffee. And *easy* to make! No pot to wash, no grounds, no waste, no—"

"No more about Borden's, Elsie, *please!*" begged Elmer. "I've had enough for today."



"But, dear," cried Elsie, "you can't *ever* have enough delicious Borden's Instant Coffee! Its flavor is so rich and full, so roaster-fresh, you wish your cup was big as a gallon jug!"

"Roll me in bread crumbs and call me *Cutlet,*" moaned Elmer. "Doesn't Borden's make *anything* that isn't good?"

"Certainly not, dear," answered Elsie. *"If it's Borden's, it's GOT to be good!"*

—if it's Borden's, it's got to be good!

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the yellow awning of a gathering dust storm. The hot, still air bristled with the lances of invisible insects, and as Chafik left the car and climbed the path to the camp on the southern slopes he was moved by the unpleasantness of the day to remark, "Unless the climate has changed, the Children of Noah must have welcomed the Flood." He moistened his lips and felt the roughness of clinging dust. The taste, like his thoughts, was bitter.

Work had recommenced under Gower's supervision. The Englishman said, "Hullo, Inspector. You're just in time. We've found an interesting cuneiform inscription." He was stripped to slacks and undervest and his faded eyes had a vague look.

"We, too, have made progress," Chafik said. "The man Terek has been taken. He confesses to being a Yezidi, to stealing the amulets, to killing the dog. But for the rest—"

"Let's go to my tent. I need a drink." Gower began to walk toward the camp. "So you don't share Pashati's theory."

"Mr. Gower, theories are always dangerous and this one had a serious flaw. A man going to kill a savage dog would not risk a mauling by using a knife if he also carried a gun." The little Inspector paused. "My weaving," he went on, making an intricate pattern in the air with his hands, "was hindered by the faulty threads of superstition. But when I eliminated the unfortunate Yezidi I found that Satan did indeed have another name. This case is not all of one pattern. There are two designs."

THEY reached the tent. The Englishman poured himself a drink but did not touch it. He said, "I'm confused by this talk of weaving."

Chafik said, "I have also been confused. A fact was hidden from me by incomplete investigation. I looked for a missing gun, but when I heard that the gun in Mr. Burnand's belt was also a thirty-eight I ended my search."

"But it wasn't fired! Pashati showed it to me himself. Burnand didn't—"

"Dead men do not run around like chickens with their heads removed," Chafik said. "Obviously the killer, having shot your chief, cleaned the gun and put it in his victim's holster. An excellent place to hide it. There were four weapons of the same caliber in the camp and an accounting had to be made for each. The absence of one would have aroused the suspicions even of the district officer, who on his earlier mission here to inquire into the loss of the lapis lazuli plaque, had unfortunately given an impression of extreme stupidity, which was quite justified."

"You haven't explained how the killer got hold of Burnand's gun."

"That is coming. Nadir Terek, who tangles our threads, also untangles them. He says he was shot at by Mr. Burnand. Somewhere out there," and Chafik waved toward the plain where the dust devils danced in swirling columns of yellow and red, "is the bullet that missed him. I may search for it. Even the haystack needle cannot hide in these days of inquisitive scientific instruments. And the ground is soft, so the bullet will be in good condition for the Department of Ballistics to process."

"What then?" The Englishman's voice was very weary.

"Pashati will have another headache. The experts will prove that the bullet came from a certain gun, but not the gun in Burnand's holster." Chafik put a hand over his eyes as if to hide the design he was weaving. Then he squared his shoulders and, slightly turning his head, began again, "There are two men in this camp whom we must consider. One is your foreman, Ali ibn Ali. The other is the interpreter—"

An exclamation came from Gower. He was looking at Chafik's profile outlined against the gray wall of the tent. His listless hands fumbled among the fragments of pottery and other relics of Tel-Herar scattered on the table.

The Inspector said, "Something surprises you, but not my words. You find my face odd? It reflects my thoughts . . . I mentioned the foreman and the interpreter because we must dispose of them before we proceed. Both men carried guns of three-eight caliber, but both were in the camp at the time of the killing. Therefore they are not part of this pattern of death."

He moved uncomfortably; the Englishman was still looking at him. Gower lowered his eyes finally and picked up a knife with a long, thin blade from the littered table. "Lovely steel," he said. "Must be late Abbasside period. Wonderful the way the sand preserved it from rust. Even the inscription is clear—*'Thibhahum bism er rassoul.'*"

Chafik translated, "'In the name of the Prophet, kill.'" He lighted a cigarette and added, "If a man obeyed that command now, my hand would take him."

"It's good steel," Gower said again. "I've put an edge to it . . . Inspector, were you trying tactfully to suggest that the bullet fired at Terek came from my gun?"

Chafik answered sadly, "No, sir. Not from your gun. That was the one you put in Mr. Burnand's belt after you shot him. Unfortunately there is no registration of guns in Iraq, so you felt quite safe."

The rising wind blew dust against the tent; the rushing sound was infinitely sad. Gower, small and crumpled in the chair, said, "I think you must be a Yezidi. How I hate your damn' weaving! D'you want me to confess?"

CHAFIK said, "Confession, like overindulgence, is often regretted the next day. But in your case it may help. I find the act of murder less tragic than the circumstances causing it. And you, Mr. Gower, are very tragic. You are fifty-eight years of age and have just awakened from a dream, like so many other men, to find yourself too old for the bright career you once planned. You also found yourself at Tel-Herar as assistant to a younger man who possibly was unsympathetic. And when he discovered the lapis lazuli plaque and kept it to himself—"

"That thing!" The Englishman put down the knife and took a flat box from his pocket and opened it. A three-inch square of deep, rich blue rested on a bed of cotton. Gower, with his eyes on it, went on, "God knows what date this is. I think it's pre-Sumerian and possibly proves my theory about Tel-Herar. I stole it because Burnand wouldn't let me examine it, and I swear I intended to put it back. You see, when all your life you've had a certain theory and then somebody takes it—"

Chafik interrupted, "I am not without sympathy, but I am imprisoned behind the bars of an unpleasant duty. I beg you to be cautious."

"Nothing matters now," Gower said roughly. "This thing caused Burnand's death. When I heard him fire at the Yezidi I went up to see what had happened. He was so upset over the loss of his dog that he turned on me and accused me of stealing the plaque. Oh, he knew! He said he was going to expose me, and then I—"

The Inspector said hastily, "And then possibly, Mr. Gower, surely, Mr. Gower, there is a blank in your mind. You found him dead. You cleaned the guns and changed them. What better place to hide your weapon than the dead man's holster when you expected such a person as Pashati to investigate? Oh, yes, Mr. Gower, that is your confession! . . . And now there remains one little detail. Why, when we first met, did you think you had seen me before? What astonished you about my profile just now?"

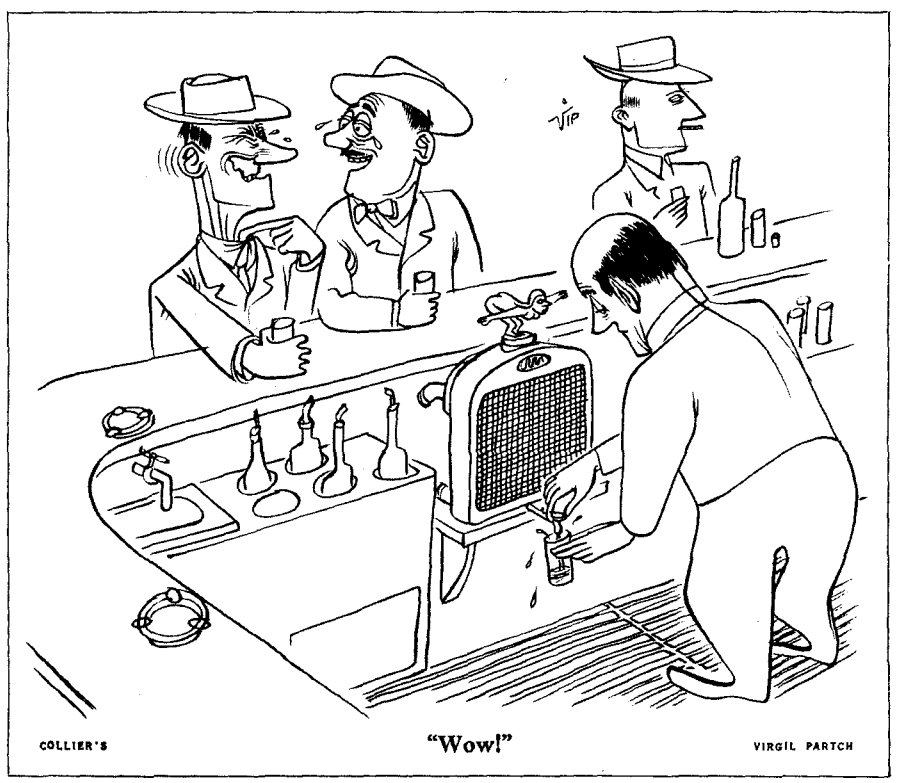
The Englishman pushed the lapis lazuli plaque across the table. Deeply cut into the stone was the outline of a head, a portrait from a past so remote that even Time had forgotten it.

"You'll need a mirror," Gower said. "Line for line, feature for feature, it's you!" He smiled. "You told me once you preferred your ancestors to remain buried, and how right you were! If Burnand hadn't found this picture of your damned ancestor you wouldn't be sitting here weaving your infernal threads into a rope for my neck—"

His voice rose hysterically and the Inspector, looking up, saw madness in the faded eyes. The Englishman reached for the killing knife, and his body curved like a drawn bow as he prepared to leap from the chair.

The little man's left hand moved smoothly to carry the cigarette from his lips and press the burning stub into the hollow between Gower's clenched thumb and forefinger. There was a cry of pain, and as Chafik took the knife from the relaxed grip he said in his most gentle voice, "I do apologize, but please let us dispense with dramatics. And furthermore, Mr. Gower, I have no desire as yet to join my distinguished ancestor!"

THE END



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"Before I threw the strongbox overboard, I fastened a line to the lid with a wooden float at the other end"

SWEET TOOTH

BY JACLAND MARMUR

SERGEANT GILLESPIE knew she had the calmest eyes in the world. He wished Melanie Bouchet, eating the candy bar by his captain's desk in the headquarters room at Aldenkerke, were sitting the other way so he could see her face. Instead, it was Eric von Maltke's eyes he saw, as cold as ice and as colorless. Though Patton's armor was splitting the Reich to splinters eastward, Von Maltke, Gestapo agent extraordinary, unarmed and in custody, would be dangerous till dead. So Sergeant Thomas Gillespie, at his post just inside the door, held his sub-machine gun ready in his hands.

"It was Denalen, your own collaborator," he heard the captain saying in the quiet Texan drawl, "who gave us directions to your secret flying field."

"*Natürlich. Das ist doch—*"

"English, Von Maltke. Only English is permitted."

"Of course." Von Maltke's eyes glittered, and the aura of his dominance was instantaneous. "The logic is elementary. The fisherman, Denalen, sailed back in his shrimp boat for the jewel box, at dawn. He brought it up from the bottom of the bay with his grappling hook, according to plan. He found it empty. He thought himself betrayed. So he denounced me. Correct?"

"Quite correct. But the four others who were to escape to Lisbon with you were not at the field where you were waiting for Denalen and your private loot—the Flemberg jewels. Didn't you betray *them*, Von Maltke?"

"There is no such thing as betrayal. There is only necessity."

"We have the jewels, as you know. We want the four men. Where are they?"

Von Maltke shrugged. "You should examine the hands of the Belgians for a lesson in urging men to speak. Interesting. But I understand Americans. You will not. So it is my whim to be silent." His eyes were expressionless slits in an armor of cruelty. "The four *Gauleiter* you speak of were unnecessary to my escape. I therefore forgot them. The Flemberg jewels, on the other hand, were essential to take with me. They were my only funds, both for escape and for survival in Portugal. Denalen, too, was necessary. He was not suspect. He could go back on the bay unwatched—he would not be searched on shore. For the promise of his bribe and a Lisbon passage, he, and he alone, could safely bring the jewel box to my secret flying field if I reached it undetected—which I did."

"I, too, Herr von Maltke, was necessary."

The girl's throaty voice was gentle. It made Sergeant Gillespie glow inside. But where were her weapons? The quiet calm of a lovely girl pitted against the root and sap of evil. Nothing else? Yet there the conflict was. Four years in the underground, she told the captain, could teach some understanding of the foulness; she believed she could touch the trigger to make him speak, and the captain was willing to try. She wanted no swords. Only candy bars. Tommy Gillespie listened, alert.

"Yes, my little pigeon," Von Maltke was saying, "you were very necessary. It is the only reason your exquisite body remains so shapely. Because, as I told you in the shrimp boat, I knew you were in counterespionage against us."

"Oh, I understood for a long time that you knew."

"Excellent!" Cold fire lighted his eyes and expired. "Then where is the flaw? I have never been outwitted. Never!" Plainly, this was his central compulsion to speech. "It was night on the bay off Aldenkerke. There were no lights anywhere for bearings. Only Denalen and I knew the spot on the chart in six fathoms we had chosen to jettison the jewel box. Denalen steered the courses and timed the distances. It was according to accurate plan. How could you find the spot and recover the jewels before Denalen did? There is a flaw somewhere! No one else was there. You—"

"You forget, Von Maltke, that I was there."

"I forget nothing. Nothing! You wished not only to prevent my escape, which was simple, but to recover the Flemberg jewels. Otherwise, I should have been in custody long before. But you could find out from no one but me where the jewels were. That was your mission; that is why I had freedom of movement while you were with me. So you were there because you were necessary. Without you I should not have been permitted to leave the quay. And no one knew the jewels were on board, not even you. Not till I unlocked the box and showed them to you for my amusement. There were open metal loops welded on its lid for easy grappling. I had the only key."

"You forget it was I who threw the strongbox overboard."

"Certainly! You were wolfing lumps of brown sugar from the cabin bowl to satisfy your sweet tooth when Denalen called out we were over the chosen spot. So I went to the steering pit to give him the key, knowing it instantly would occur to you that your people could later grapple for the treasure at their leisure and recover it in a day—or a week. You would see both points of your mission accomplished in one stroke, and I was certain the instant you were alone you would throw the strongbox into the bay. I could have done it myself, but I have always found it a delightful diversion to arrange for others, in their foolishness, to do precisely what I wish them to. And you did. But we knew exactly where the strongbox was! You did not. Denalen could recover it at his will. You could not. Simple. *Nein?* I have never been outwitted. Never!" His pale eyes glittered. "Then where is the flaw?"

Melanie reached for the last of the candy bars on the captain's desk. "The sugar, Von Maltke," she said gently, "the sugar is the flaw. You forget—"

"I forget nothing! The bowl was empty when I returned, and your silken scarf was gone. You could not bear to leave the sugar. So you wrapped it in your scarf and tucked it in your dress. It amused me."

"But I did leave it. Before I threw the strongbox overboard, I fastened a line to the lid, with one of Denalen's wooden fish net floats at the other end. The sugar, wrapped in silk and tied to the line some feet below the float, had weight enough to hold it submerged. You saw nothing on the water when you circled the spot and examined carefully. Long before daylight, however, the sugar dissolved and the float popped up. So we, Von Maltke, knew the spot where the jewels were jettisoned, more accurately even than you. Simple. *Nein?*"

Then the stillness was absolute in the headquarters room. Von Maltke's eyes began to dart. The armor was cracking. Bitter laughter came rasping through, and when Tommy Gillespie heard it, he knew the conflict was resolved. Very soon Von Maltke babbled. Then the sergeant helped them lead Von Maltke away.

SERGEANT GILLESPIE didn't look at her eyes when he got back. He didn't dare. He was saving that for later.

"An invisible marker buoy!" That was the captain's Texan drawl. "A very clever idea, M'm'selle Bouchet."

"Yes. Fortunately, it just occurred to me. I will have to try it out sometime to discover if it would work."

"What! You mean you—"

"The thing Von Maltke *really* forgot is that we had long ago managed to take wax impressions of every key in his possession. I had all the duplicates with me in the shrimp boat, and all I needed to know was where the jewels were. When he left me alone to satisfy his great vanity, I simply unlocked the box and took them out. It was empty when I threw it overboard. It was the Flemberg jewels I wrapped in the scarf. I just walked ashore with them. But if I had told him that, it would not have seemed cunning enough for him. Too much cunning, Captain, is not good. It was Von Maltke's cleverness that broke him. That is the secret flaw."

The captain just stared at her. Then he looked toward Tommy Gillespie. He was an understanding man. "Sergeant," he wanted to know, "have you got your pass?"

"Yes, sir," grinned the sergeant.

"Then get the blazes out of here! . . . M'm'selle Bouchet!" he called, just before they went through the door. "How about that brown sugar?"

"Oh," she said in her throaty voice, "I forgot to tell you. I ate that up."

A SHORT SHORT STORY COMPLETE ON THIS PAGE

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The Beer that made Milwaukee Famous

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THE THIRD MONKEY

Continued from page 23

home as at the Malls' dinner, or a supper dance at the St. Regis, she would say, gently, "No, when we're home alone, you go to sleep."

Plans for a busy day began to arrange themselves in his brain, which felt slightly fagged already: Staff meeting on the new stock issue; his Washington lawyer was coming up on the 9:30 plane; a man named Mark Hassenwood from Oklahoma was due in town, man made a fortune in the war—lot of people after that account.

And Mrs. Hitchcock had found Larry Behanna's daughter out in California. What a cock-o'-the-walk Behanna had been! He could sell shoes to a snake. If his daughter had a tenth his selling charm she'd be an asset to the firm. A good-looking girl—Mrs. H. said Julie was a knockout—had an edge selling to men, the same way young Philip Baring had selling to women. Smart customers' women were Reese Metlock's own innovation. Only trouble was Charmian. Sooner or later Charmian would have to see this Julie. Her jealousy was only because she loved him so much, but sometimes he thought after all these years in which, for all her efforts, she'd never been able to pin an infidelity on him, she might be convinced that he didn't play around; he didn't have time, he was too tired, and at least she ought to give him credit for being too smart to mix up with anybody in his own office.

Still, he hoped this Julie wouldn't be one of those sexy numbers that got Charmian all steamed up.

PHIL BARING met that fall morning from the back of a horse. Though he had given up polo as too expensive, he still rode. It kept him in shape and he looked better on a horse than any other man in New York and he knew it.

The park was glorious and unchanged. New York was the same: same drinks, same crowd, same market, same rat race, same golden calf, girls so like the old ones a man couldn't tell the difference.

Controlling his big bay smoothly, Phil Baring decided that Lois Hitchcock was the only woman in the world with any sense. If he tried his fascinating ways on her she'd give him a black eye. Often he wondered about Mrs. H.'s private life, but even when she drank she never talked.

Now even Mrs. H. had complicated his existence by importing a girl to be his assistant. "You're no good with the money boys from the hinterlands," Mrs. H. had said dryly. "Julie Ives will be, though she's not your type."

Did he have a type? Any woman who could arouse in him that acute interest, which had become his only weapon against the threatening extinction of boredom was his type. How dull could life be after a war? How much like a sitting duck could the modern woman become? What was that toast of Chauncey Depew's which his mother quoted, "To the ladies, once our superiors, now our equals."

The ladies.

The phone calls. The tête-à-tête lunches at little restaurants not fashionable at the moment. The phony exhilaration of those all-too-few days before the kiss is kissed. Meetings rendered drab by haste, and daylight without even the spice of danger. The repetition common to all synthetic conquests, relieved only by a perverse merriment in contemplating horns upon the brow of a husband who had always patronized Phil Baring's financial status. The brutal ennui of returning a devastated country to its rightful owner.

And the brown taste left in your soul. With a yank, Phil Baring wheeled his horse and went across the park at a gallop. How magnificent the trees were, and only God could make a tree, but remembering the forests of the Ardennes, he thought men could do some remarkable things with them afterward. He would go home, greet his mama, get to the office early and take this Julie Ives to lunch. Maybe they raised 'em different in California. Maybe she only drank orange juice. Maybe they taught them judo for self-defense. Hope, young Mr. Baring reflected bitterly, springs eternal.

THE maid rapped a second time, and a third. Without opening her eyes, Lois Hitchcock said, "Do that again and I'll shoot."

A rich chuckle boomed through the door. Why does she think I'm funny? Mrs. Hitchcock wondered. How can she? Mrs. Hitchcock raised her left eyelid carefully, then the right, lifted her hand and contemplated them without expression. As far as she could see, her fingers were still all there; and they moved.

From the open windows came the profane toot of a boat seven stories below on the East River. Give 'em hell, Mrs. Hitchcock encouraged; ride 'em down. A wind billowed the curtains like a lady's hoop skirts. Why in the world you left the sea, the blue sea, so endless and uninhabited, I can't imagine, Mrs. Hitchcock commented silently. Does he ever remember those days and nights, do you today remind him of a time when we were very, very young and love was new?

"You tol' me get you up for *sure*," the voice from the other side of the door said; "you say you got to tend to that lady from California. I finish cleanin' up that apartment las' night. Sure is fine!" The chuckle was closer now. "Miss Lois, you set up. She get to New York firs' time and nobody make her welcome, how that poor young lady goin' to feel?"

The speech finished at Mrs. Hitchcock's bedside. Fragrance of coffee accompanied it. Mrs. Hitchcock sat up obediently, closing her eyes as the room tilted into view.

"You might," she said, "as well refer to a boa constrictor as an angle worm, as to call our Julie Ives a poor young lady. Celestine, tell me something. How do you get in here? I know I locked that door. I learned when I was young to lock my bedroom door and habit is strong. You are too big to come through the keyhole. Have you some psychic power or did you take a wax impression of the key?"

Celestine moved easily about the bedroom. A detective would have deduced little about Lois Hitchcock from the severe simplicity of that room. It was as impersonal as a bed sheet.

"You hang your clothes up real nice las' night, Miss Lois," Celestine said approvingly. "I don' hold with locked doors myself. Mr. Metlock, he call up twice already, and Mr. Baring he call up once."

"Ah, they have caught the scent," Mrs. Hitchcock said, "dear boys. If Mr. Metlock calls again inform him I am in the bath." With the first sip of coffee a ripple of distaste flowed over her white face. "I don't know why I am so good to that man. It must be that I can't bear to see people humiliated. Drawn and quartered, yes, but humiliation is my Achilles tendon. And some day he is bound to find out about his pretty Charmian. Six-day bike racers indeed. True, he married her for her money, and compared to what most people will do for money nowadays—"

Tentatively she put one foot out on the heavy carpet.

Celestine said, "You all right, Miss Lois?"

"I always wake up ready for anything," Mrs. Hitchcock said. "What did Mr. Baring have to say for himself?"

"Said would he pick up the young lady and feed her at 21? What you want to wear?"

"Do you know what our little sister is coming to New York for?" Mrs. Hitchcock said, standing tall and thin in tailored white pajamas, which had cost twice as much as any chiffon concoction on Madison Avenue. "She is coming for excitement and gold, after the dullness and duty of marriage and motherhood. She is coming to knock this damned town on its ear. In our age of speed, all this is known as Having a Career. Give me the gray outfit. We must do what we can for this silly little jackass from California." . . .

Thus New York set the stage for Julie Ives' interlocutory year, assembled a cast of such expert players as young Phil Baring and Mrs. Hitchcock and Reese Metlock and his wife Charmian; while in the wings the gentleman from Oklahoma, Mark Hassenwood, awaited his cue. Already that morning Wall Street was buying and selling; already the uptown office of Mitchell, Ryan & Metlock, housed in a famous hotel, had a sprinkling of customers—though at that hour too many were of a kind not encouraged by Phil Baring's secretary, Miss Bunting; too many were drifters from the lobby, hangers-on, high-class bums looking for a place to sit.

The curtain began its ascent, the footlights went up, Julie Ives' plane, which so short a time ago Dink Ives had seen as a silver arrow, shot over the mountains and settled upon the sinking field of La Guardia Airport. Julie Ives walked across the concrete to the big black passenger limousine. Nobody met her. It was not New York's custom to meet anyone; you came to New York, it didn't come to you.

Yet there were the spires of Manhattan, in sharp and matchless glory against the autumn sky. So the dream had come true.

To herself, Julie Ives spoke her first line of the act. *Veni, vidi*—what was the future tense of *vici?*

I came, I saw, I—will conquer.

From the towers of Manhattan those gods whom Julie Ives served heard. The pagan gods, created by man in his own image roared with laughter and, being as grateful as mere mortals for a good laugh, decided to play along with Julie Ives. It might be fun for a while.

ON a leather seat behind a very small table, Julie Ives turned to look at Phil Baring with eyes as dark as sealskin

"Cocktail?" Phil Baring said.

Julie was concentrating. In this new life there would be many decisions, they must be swift and sure; already she sensed a pace that allowed small margin for errors. This one, for instance, her first—an answer to Phil Baring's casual invitation to a preluncheon cocktail.

The bar, long and glittering, was jammed. She could see manly backs in blue, in gray, in tweed. Amid them a glut of mink coats, dripping silver foxes, a few lesser furs, and a fleet of hats like fantastic pleasure boats upon a dark sea.

"Will you give me some advice?" Julie said.

"Early for advice, isn't it?" Phil Baring said.

Of necessity they sat close; the space was small. Being on 52nd street in New York City, it was worth thousands of dollars a square inch; none of it must be wasted. Julie wondered if Phil Baring was aware of the pressure of their shoulders: she hoped he was. Not that the contact did anything to Julie's pulse; she had other fish to fry. But if he was aware of her, if he responded to her as men usually did, it might help. Any smart woman knew that. His voice did stir her in some unfamiliar way; she had never heard a voice just like it, so utterly charming; it disturbed her more than his looks, unexpected as they were in a boss.

"I don't really want a cocktail," Julie Ives said, and since voices could be so important she put all she had into hers, and it came out low and appealing, and

COLLIER'S

"All right, you've played enough. Now dig down to the water and take that bath!"

FRANK OWEN

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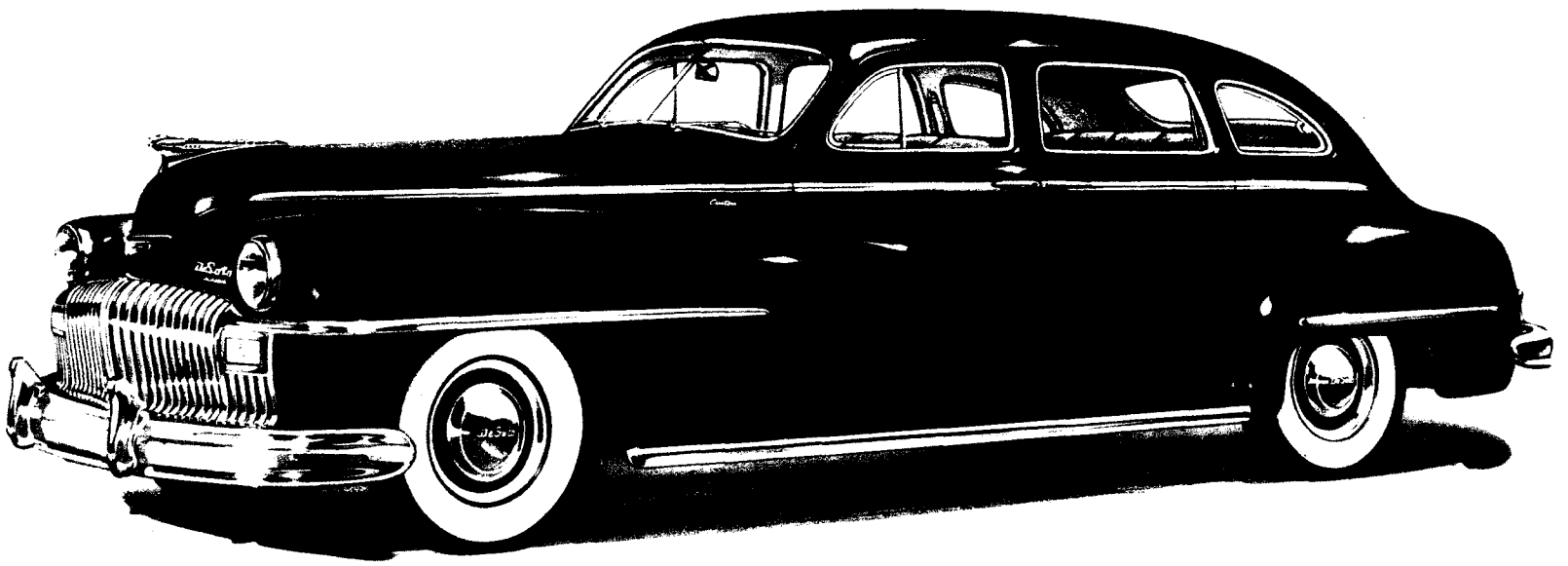

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Phil Baring turned to look at her. "But I want to do what is proper here. I notice most of the women do and Mrs. Hitchcock does—"

"Mrs. H. does as she pleases," Phil Baring said, "if she's your model."

"But would a customer think it odd if I didn't?" Julie said.

"There are no rules about customers, bless their little hearts," Phil Baring said. "Meantime I, a worn and weary roué, will have a double Martini for both of us"—he glanced at the hovering waiter—"made four to one, according to the custom of the Barings since Grandpa came over with Sir Walter Raleigh and took the first tobacco back to Great Elizabeth."

He was silent then, studying her openly, speculatively. "Run and take Mrs. Ives to lunch, Philip," Mrs. H. had said on the phone. "I have to go downtown. Bring her back to the office afterward." So Phil Baring was getting his first impression of his new assistant. Exactly what it was he did not yet know, except that she was cool—she might even be cold—and that was like ice upon his fevered brow. She had eyes like a startled fawn, which was quite wonderful.

When the waiter brought the pale amber cocktail he raised the glass to her and drank deep. "Tell me," he said, "are you on the level about all this? This enthusiasm—"

"Is it wrong to show it so plainly?"

That was another decision she had faced.

WHILE the plane raced to meet the rising sun which she had last seen departing westward across the Pacific, Julie Ives had been obsessed by her target alone. There had been no room for what she had left behind, what unrolled beneath her, nor the magic of the night outside the little windows.

What should be the keynote of her approach to New York and the few out of its millions who mattered?

"After all, I don't really know New York," Julie Ives said aloud to Phil Baring, "and I am excited. Everyone pretends to be so—so bored—"

"Not pretends," said Phil Baring.

Julie smiled at him. "And I'm not. It's a challenge, it's New York, it's wonderful. Is that too provincial of me? Should I try to be—"

"Jaded?" Phil Baring suggested, "No, as you intimate it's been done—to death. Besides, startled-fawn eyes are wrong for that work. You've hit it. Not quite Papa-what-is-beer, and you're too shrewd to flutter those incredible eyelashes, but looking through them and then lifting them the way you do—that's good. *Joie de vivre* is a revival, and revivals are popular right now. Marilyn Miller, who was before your time, but happily not mine—for we shall not see her like again, I fear—used to do it best."

"Now tell me exactly what I do as your assistant," Julie said.

A second double Martini arrived automatically and Phil Baring drank it. Oysters came, and Phil Baring said he didn't like oysters much but always felt a moral obligation to eat them whenever there was an R in the month. A great many people stopped to say hello to Phil Baring; some of them he presented to Mrs. Ives. This is Max Schoenfeld; as you value your life stay away from advertising men. The beautiful girl at the next table put her hand on Phil Baring's shoulder and said, "Are you going to the Fannings'? Do bring Mrs. H., or it will be too deadly," and Mr. Baring said, "This is Mona Charvez."

There was Mrs. Devenant. She was lovely. *But why*, Julie thought, *does she wear that thing in her hair?* It makes you realize that she isn't thirty, she is probably past forty. How stupid women are. On his feet, Julie noted that Phil Baring had a subtle strength as though he fenced rather than played football; he would make an ex-football player look rather like Atlas.

"Who is she?" Julie said when Mrs. Devenant had gone.

"That, my sweet, is a customer," Phil Baring said; "and contrary to rumor, she still has all her yachts."

They talked about office routine, which was simple—and about selling short, which was Julie's baby. Phil Baring explained that she might work for Mitchell, Ryan & Metlock for years and never *see* the Stock Exchange nor get nearer Wall Street than Café Society Downtown.

"And our Mr. Metlock," Phil Baring said, "who is just a great, big, overgrown boy at heart and has as fine a set of illusions as ever you saw, will tell you that attempts to get something for nothing through speculation almost always result in losses."

"When and how do I get customers?" Julie said. "I don't know anyone in New York but you and Mrs. Hitchcock."

"Who else do you want to know?" Mr. Baring said. "You stick to us, my girl, and you'll soon be a sort of call girl—in a nice way of course, because our Mr. Metlock is as moral as the movies. Prior to that, however, he has it worked out that you sort of go to school for a while to absorb an understanding of trends, to balance safety factors against possible yield the way a seal juggles balls on his nose, to become familiar with the S.E.C. and the principles and policies of the National Association of Security Dealers, which has eliminated a great deal of fraud and excessive commissions and manipulations. Mr. Metlock is also interested in the over-the-counter or off-board securities; he claims that by telephone and by cryptic messages over the wires the public gets to know about a company's management, products, trade position and financial record and thus the company builds its reputation and establishes its securities before it graduates onto the nation's stock exchanges—"

He lifted his eyebrows as Julie's small hand hit the table sharply, palm down.

"You're making fun of it," she said furiously, "and I want to learn all that. Buying and selling is the basis of our civilization, isn't it?"

"The child's a Phi Beta Kappa," Phil Baring said mockingly. "And now that we have had our first quarrel, let me add that, barring accident, you will not be entrusted with an investor by Mitchell, Ryan & Metlock for at least six months."

"Then there'll be accidents," Julie Ives said doggedly.

It was on their way out of the restaurant that they encountered Mrs. Metlock.

Waiting for young Mr. Baring to get his hat, Julie saw a lady enter, a lady who featured curling silvery hair beneath a hat of black velvet with a tiny bank of roses. Everything she wore announced that the attractions of a lady in the late thirties were to those of a young girl as vintage wine to water. Julie Ives thought her so exquisite, so *soignèe*, so New York that she could hardly believe her ears when Phil Baring saw her and said a wicked word under his breath.

"Mrs. Metlock," he said. "Don't give her that startled-fawn business for the love of heaven."

THE lady was surrounded by friends; they filled the lobby so that other people had to walk around them—Mrs. Metlock did not seem aware of other people. Phil Baring presented Mrs. Ives. Mrs. Metlock's hands, as she took both of Julie's, were feverish and strong.

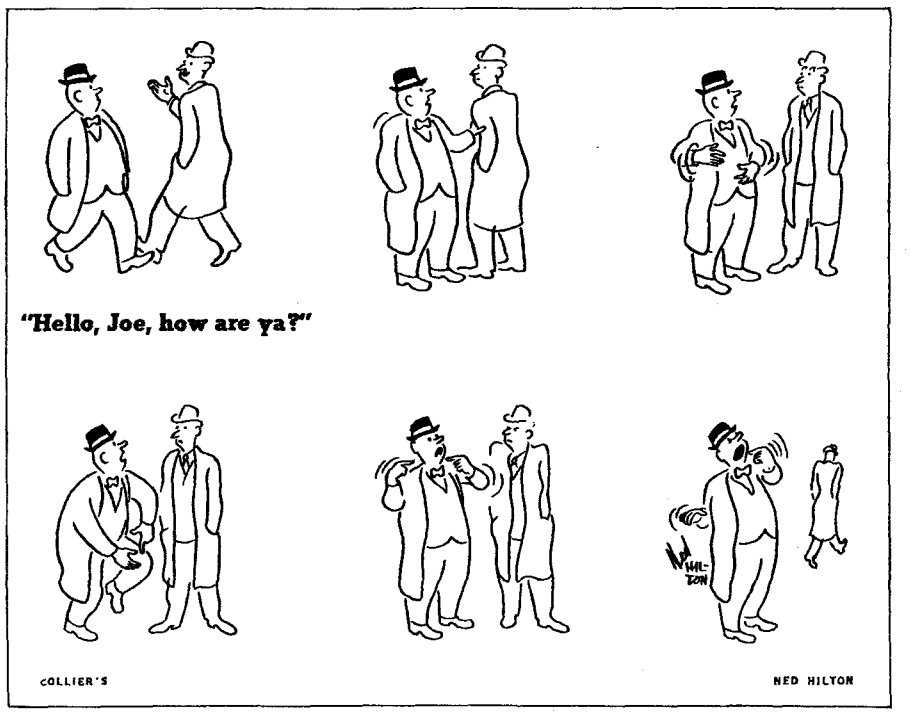
"My husband told me," she said. "Phil, why didn't you bring this lovely child to me? Our Philip's a big, bad wolf, dear. He wants you all for himself—do be careful of him, won't you? I want you to know my friends—" Vaguely she mentioned names, names that were prominent among America's Sixty families, names that shook Julie Ives to her boot heels. "—and this is Mrs. Ives from California, in my husband's firm. She's a wizard about investments, though I must say she doesn't look it. Very, very soon you must come and see me; I do like knowing my husband's employees." Mrs. Metlock smiled mysteriously, she put a forefinger against Julie Ives' cheek and studied her and then seemed to forget all about her as she passed into the dining room.

Their cab came, and Phil Baring helped her in. His face was bleak; all his sardonic gaiety had fled and all his friendliness. Julie Ives' lower lip thrust out and her eyes narrowed. To hell with him! She wouldn't let anyone confuse her and as long as she lived she would never leave New York.

Phil Baring's hand closed over hers. She yanked it away and said, "Quit that!" and then felt silly, because it hadn't been that kind of a clasp at all; it had been desperate and lonely. Her heart felt that he was desperate and lonely, that he had hated Mrs. Metlock's raillery bitterly.

The cab whirled up before the great hotel, pale beige and gold against the sky. Julie savored everything, drew it in with each deep aching breath. The broad divided stairway going up, the vast marble-pillared lobby with its thick deep carpets and potted palms and luxurious chairs and sofas. From the lobby fanned endless corridors, and down these Julie Ives walked too swiftly; she wanted to stop and peer, she wanted to grab Phil Baring's sleeve and beg him not to hurry.

"Let's never go to lunch again as long



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PHILADELPHIA	44.8	12.88	19.32
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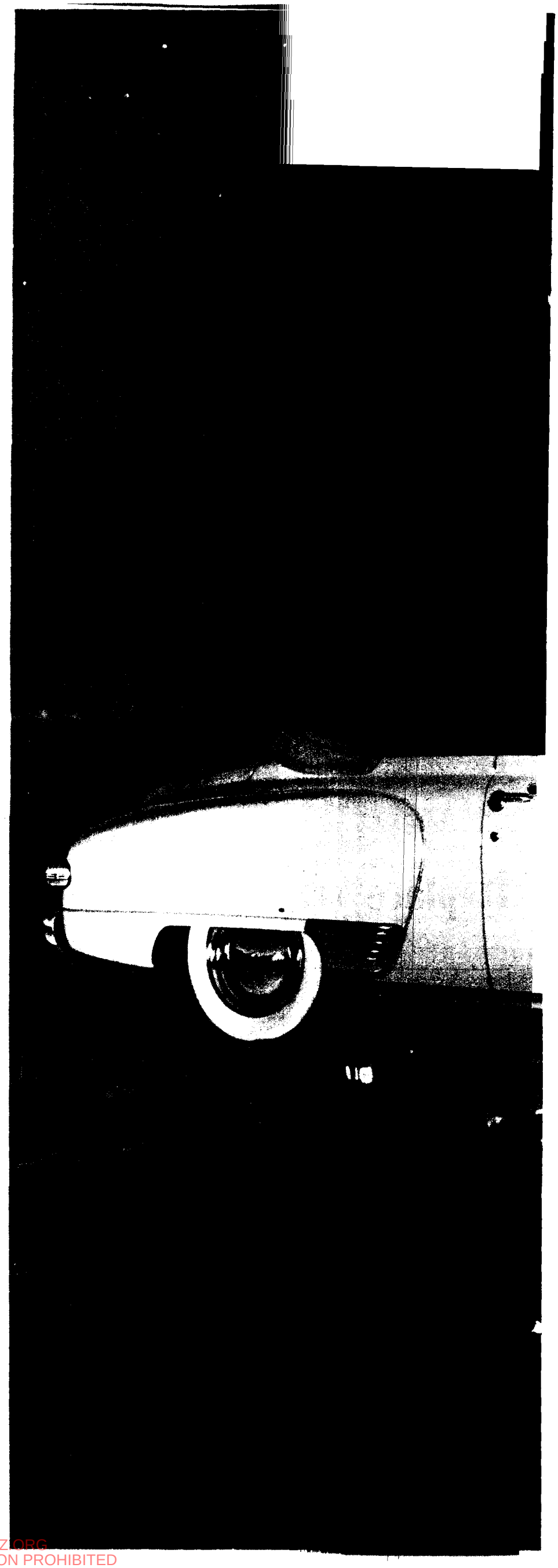

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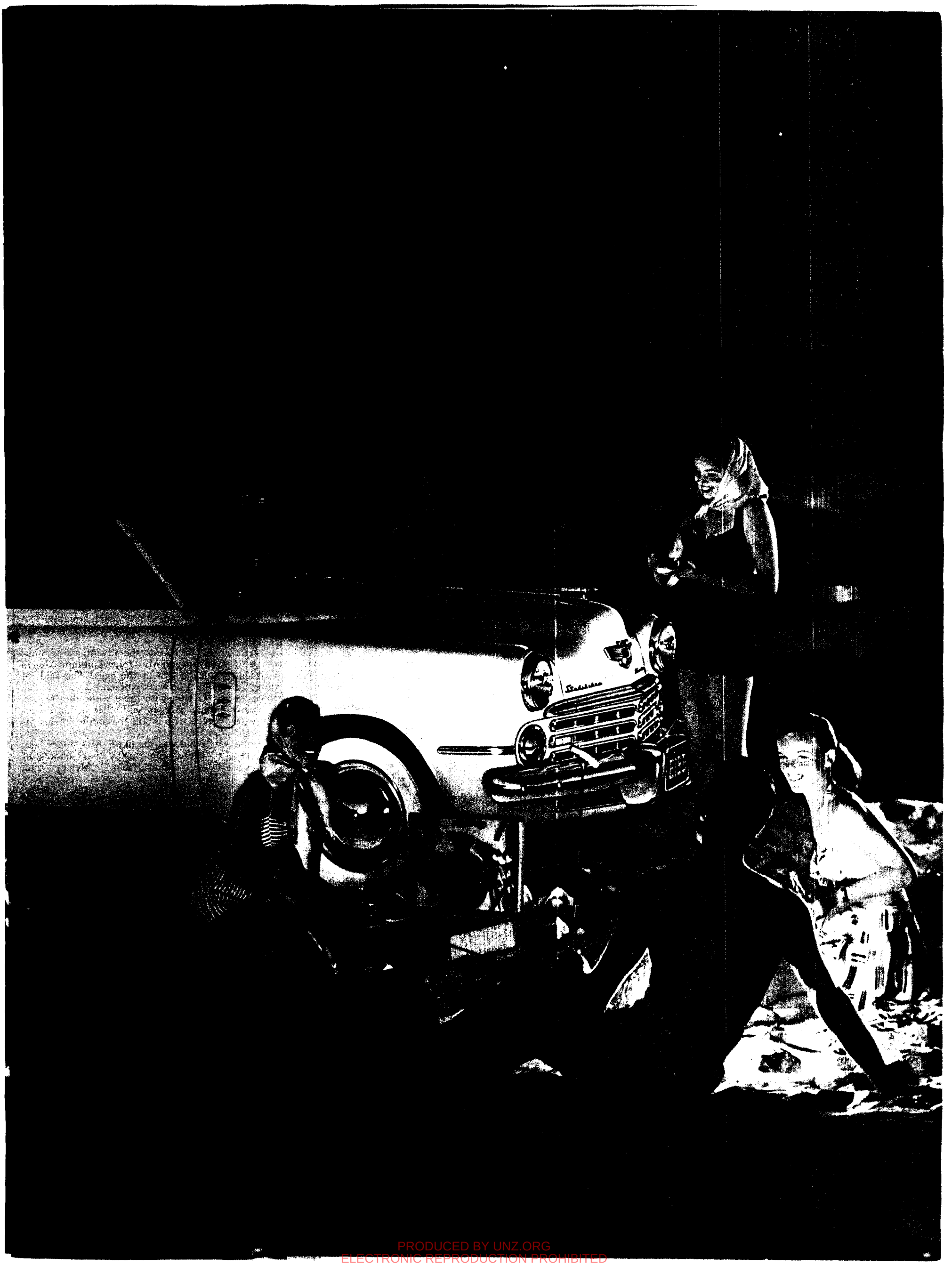

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as we live," Phil Baring was saying warmly, intimately. "Women are at their worst at lunch; I loathe women at lunch. Instead, you and I will dine, at the right places, so that when you get your customers you will know about how to impress them, what to order, and vital things like the name of the headwaiter."

She hardly heard him.

Flanked by an amber-lit showcase of wines and whiskies and a window full of gowns which Julie Ives thought in shocking taste—she was right: they were designed solely for businessmen on trips to New York who had forgotten a gift to take home to the little woman and who would pay through the nose for anything in a box with a Fifth Avenue label—between these two displays were tall, curtained windows on which MITCHELL, RYAN & METLOCK was gold and dignified.

JULIE felt her knees go limp. This was it. This was where she would work and learn and become a power in the world which it represented.

Phil Baring held open the door and she went through ahead of him, a faint smile on her lips. Dark maroon velvet, frosted glass, polished panels of grained wood, chairs upholstered in leather. Across one end the ticker tape, with its universal emblems, like old friends to greet her—Am Airlines—Coml Solv—Gen Mills—Kresge SS—Wrigley—US Steel. . . . They bound her to Mr. Blake at home in California, they bound the nation, those strips of flickering light; in New Orleans and Duluth, Waco and Poughkeepsie, people hung upon those emblems and the figures that followed them, the ever-changing figures.

The old kick hit Julie and her knees stiffened.

The office into which Phil Baring conducted her was much smaller than she had expected; space on Fifth Avenue was exorbitant and taxes were high. There was only one big mahogany desk, a little table against the wall and, just inside the door, a small desk at which sat a woman who looked like Julie Behanna's fifth-grade schoolteacher.

The woman spoke to Phil Baring. "Your mother called to remind you that you are taking Miss Granville to the opera in your Cousin Edward's box," she said, "and Mrs. Devenant would like to see you right away; she meant to speak to you about some business at lunch but you were—occupied."

Without a change of expression Phil Baring stared at the woman. He went out, leaving Julie Ives stranded there.

The little table has to be mine, Julie Ives decided, and sat down at it. From her bag she took make-up and did things to her face. As yet she could not pigeonhole Phil Baring, but she would. He was fascinating and probably quite harmless if you knew how to handle him. Shifting the mirror she saw that the older woman was watching her. If she doesn't like me she can make it rugged around here, Julie Ives decided; it's always smart to get along with the women.

When she had counted ten and knew her voice would be cool, she said, "Mr. Baring didn't introduce us. I'm Julie Ives. You must be Miss Bunting."

Miss Bunting admitted this. In an impersonal voice she said, "I knew your father. I was in love with him for years. That's one reason I never married. Mr. Metlock will get around to telling you, if I don't—he can't resist that kind of interoffice human interest."

Which, Julie Ives felt afterward, was a great entrance line. Upon it two men came through the door from the Board Room; it turned out that the one with the heavy shoulders and the air of command was Mr. Metlock himself. I *like* him, Julie Ives thought; he's not complicated like the others—he can be dealt with forthrightly.

At the moment, however, he was growing blustery. To Miss Bunting's greeting he said, "Where's Baring?"

Miss Bunting said Mr. Baring was out with an important customer. Mr. Metlock swore. He said, "When'll he be back?"

"It's difficult to say," Miss Bunting told him. "Mrs. Devenant wanted to consult him about something."

Mr. Metlock grunted. "Busy man, young Baring," he said. "Well, Mark, that means you and I will make an evening of it. Only on account of me being an old married man I don't know so many pretty girls—"

Julie Ives said, "I wonder if I could help you out, Mr. Metlock."

The desk lamp made harvest of her golden hair. About her there was a little air of secret excitement; as though the startled gaze of the two men pulled her, Julie Ives came slowly to her feet; she lifted brown-velvet eyes to Mr. Metlock in a blaze of communication.

"You didn't know I was back from California," Julie Ives said softly. "Mr. Baring has an engagement tonight, the opera, but I haven't a thing—"

He has to get it, Julie Ives thought dynamically. I *will* him to, I don't know who this other man is but he looks important; I can handle this. Mr. Metlock has to get it.

He did.

He said, "Well now, Miss Julie, that's fine—fine. I want you to meet Mark Hassenwood, from Oklahoma. Mark, this is Miss Julie—Julie Ives—she's our ace customers' woman except for Mrs. Hitchcock, and you and Mrs. H. would never hit it off anyhow. All I have to tell you is that Miss Julie sold air lines short and that proves she's smarter than I am."

Mark Hassenwood was taller than Mr. Metlock; he had been lean but now he looked blurred around the edges as though time had poured a layer of soft wax over him and it hadn't set, but there was power and drive in him still.

Seeing the smile Julie offered him, so brightly gilded with anticipation, so softly lit with promise, Miss Bunting felt the old hatred in the pit of her stomach. She had not expected to see Larry Behanna's smile ever again.

"While he's up here first time since the war on some mighty big business," Mr. Metlock said, "Mark'd like to see New York. You and he might go to dinner and a good show and maybe trip the light fantastic afterward. Miss Bunting'll take care of the reservations. If that's agreeable to you, Mark."

Without taking his eyes from Julie, Mark Hassenwood said it was agreeable to him.

"Don't try to sell him anything tonight, Miss Julie," Reese Metlock said; "he's a friend of mine, remember. I'm warning you, Mark, she can sell armor to an armadillo."

Behind her shy smile, which Miss Bunting found so terribly disturbing as she began to telephone for reservations at the Stork and the ticket agency, Julie Ives was throttling a triumphant crow and a wildly thudding heart.

How punctual the gods had been!

Six months barring accident, Mr. Baring—that's what you prophesied, she was saying to herself. This wasn't an accident. I *made* it happen. Mr. Hassenwood can well be my first customer.

He was. Actually, Mark Hassenwood didn't care much through whom he bought; he had known for a long, long time just what his investment program was going to be when he made his first million. Mitchell, Ryan & Metlock were sound and they were paying Miss Julie for her time, so he didn't have to. In his own fashion, Mr. Hassenwood figured that most of the women around New York who were selling something were selling the same old thing whether they were delivering it or not. Julie Ives did have a flair about the market, but Mr. Hassenwood had long made it a rule never to do business with women. As far as he was concerned, this was a merry method of doing business with Reese Metlock. Mr. Hassenwood liked New Yorkers. This girl was decorative; she had class. Eyes followed her and envied him her freshness and sparkle; she would render his frequent trips to New York a good deal brighter.

Might be nice if he sent her a present when he went to pick out the usual bracelet for his wife; that Phil Baring he'd found hanging around her apartment wasn't going to buy her anything at Cartier's. The old New York families, a lot of them, were going to seed, one way or another, like the Barings and that wife of Metlock's. Mr. Hassenwood thought a man as smart as Reese Metlock in the market ought to know what everybody else in New York seemed to. Or was a husband always the last to know?

TOBY said, "Grandma, if it goes on raining and raining, will Pops be out to see me anyway because it's Sunday?"

From the other side of the big glass house, Liz Behanna said, "He won't melt in a little shower like this; it'll stop any minute. Why do you suppose rain makes things grow better than other kinds of water?"

"Because of the way it smells good," Toby said. For a moment, through the light patter of rain on the glass roof came the distant sound of church bells summoning the faithful to prayer. Then Toby said, "I have fought and fought, and I have decided Skippy ought to come and live with us. When Pops comes out today I expect Skippy will come wiv him. Is that all right?"

Liz Behanna straightened up from the table where she was wrapping bare-root roses in moss and gunny sacks. "Who is Skippy?" she said.

"Grandma!" said Toby. "You know Skippy! My dog. He won't need much room. He is *this* high." The small hand was six inches from the floor.

If she wants her dog here, Liz Behanna thought, she's planning to stay. Pretty soon, she's so little, she'll forget about that other home—and her mother. But I ought not to let her, even if her mother doesn't write. I mustn't let her forget, just because I want her so much myself. She talks about Dink and her nurse Susan and now this imaginary dog; but she never mentions Julie. That must be because she is still hurt about it.

"Was your mama fond of Skippy?" Liz Behanna said.

Toby chuckled. "Grandma, she could never *see* Skippy," Toby said. "She said all the time she couldn't *see* Skippy when he was right there, but of course Daddy could see him. Mudder said, 'Don't be silly, Toby.'"

The mimicry was perfect. Liz Behanna could hear her daughter Julie—light, sophisticated, practical. Liz looked at Toby's little head, like a spot of sunshine in the soft grayness.

I must keep remembering that all this kind of peace and quiet is for the old and the young, Liz Behanna thought; before and after the fever of wanting. I mustn't get smug and crabby and wonder why Julie wants to live in all the turmoil of a big city. I mustn't forget I wouldn't have liked it here when I was Julie's age, year after year digging and watering with no one but a child of four and my brother in a wheel chair.

FROM the dining room, Mrs. Jones said, "Aren't you going to church again, Megan?"

"It depends," Megan called back; "if it quits raining I'm going out with Dink."

When she carried in the coffee, her mother said with elaborate calm, "You go out with him a good deal, don't you?"

"He's my boss," Megan Jones said, "and he wants me to take some pictures of his little girl to send to her mother for Christmas."

Three at a time, Jimmy Jones came down the stairs, delirious in Hawaiian trunks and nothing else. "How about a coupla eggs?" he said.

"You can't go out like that," his mother said; "it's raining."

"I'm going to the beach and get wet in the ocean," Jimmy said, amiably. "So what's the difference? Can I have 'em poached?"

He dived into the adventures of Steve Canyon, and Mrs. Jones knit until Megan came back with the eggs. She said, "I thought he was divorced."

"Get on with these while they're hot, James," Megan said. "He is, but his divorced wife is still the mother of his little girl."

"What was she like?" Mrs. Jones said.

"There seem to be two schools of thought about that," Megan said. "Hoppy contends she was a prize heel, but Dink thinks of her as a misguided angel when he thinks at all, which is seldom. He's in love with her. He always has been. Nobody has ever been able to do anything about a man being in love with a woman that I know of. He thinks there's a chance she'll change her mind and not get the final decree—he wants some pictures to remind her of Toby."

Jimmy swallowed the second egg whole and said, "See you for dinner," as he disappeared out the back door.

"Darling," Mrs. Jones said, "an interlocutory—that must be what it is—and the only thing you've ever wanted was to get married and have a home and family of your own. If you fell in love with a married man—"

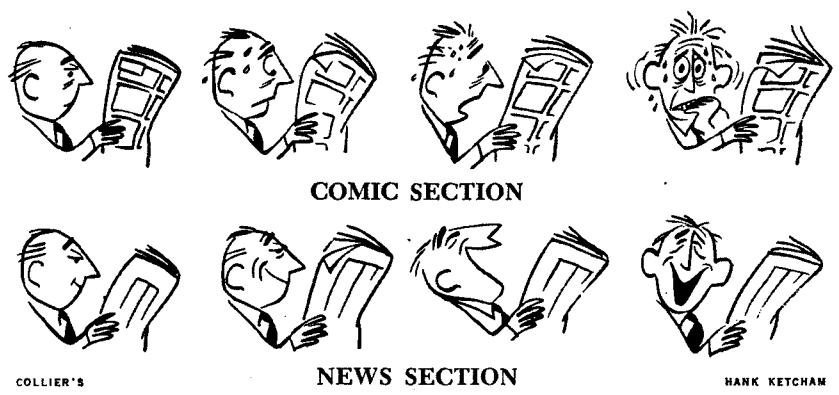
"It's too late to do anything about that," Megan said, without moving. "It was too late five minutes after he got in the car that first day. Even if he hadn't been married, I wouldn't have a chance. He has a thing about career women."

"Career women!" her mother said.

THERE were shadows thrown by reluctant clouds that lingered in the gray-blue sky, but the sun was shining.

"You want me to change her clothes?" Liz Behanna said.

Megan Jones squinted her eyes at the landscape. "This is wonderful," she said. "I'd like to come out and take a few color shots of it someday—when the roses are in bloom. I never even heard of



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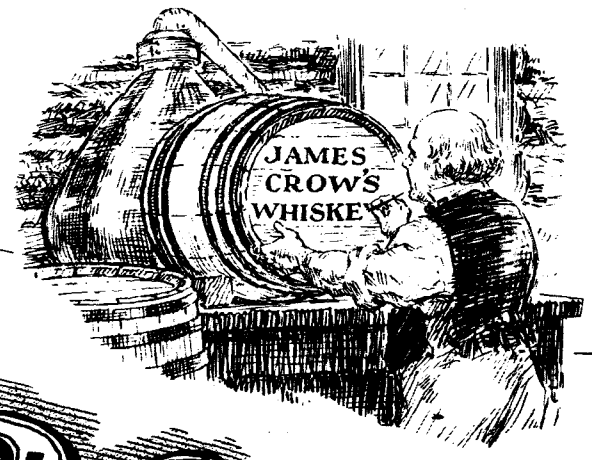

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a Rosary before. I expect I could sell a layout to somebody. No, I wouldn't change her clothes; you want a picture of her the way she is most. Toby, let's walk down there by those pink flowers—"

Toby said, "Those are geranimums. Can Skippy come, too? Grandma, *look* how Skippy's behaving, running and running. Will he be in the picture too?"

"If I'm good enough he will," Megan Jones said; "but maybe he's too quick."

Uncle Freddy brought his wheel chair up beside the fence where Liz Behanna and Dink Ives were leaning, and they watched Megan and Toby race down the path.

"I didn't know your photographer was a girl," Liz Behanna said.

"Megan?" Dink said cheerfully. "She's not a girl—she's a damn' good photographer and a career woman, to boot. Last week she got an assignment to do the Rose Bowl game for a national weekly; probably be on their staff next year."

"Look!" Liz Behanna said. "That'll be beautiful."

It was beautiful. It was beautiful when Dink paid $27 for a color print of it to send to Julie in New York for Christmas. It showed Toby in blue overalls that matched her eyes and the bows on the ends of her pigtails, with a hose in her hand, and beside her the coral pink of geraniums.

Just after that, she squirted Dink and Megan with the hose.

"Don't give it a thought," Megan said; "these are old pants anyhow, and a child who doesn't squirt you if she has a hose in her hand you have to worry about. You don't have to worry about Toby."

FASTER and faster the party whirled, one of dozens in that skyscraper, of hundreds in the famous Wall Street district, of thousands between Fifty-ninth Street and the Battery, the East River and the Hudson.

The afternoon-of-Christmas-Eve cocktail party was now an institution in Manhattan's business and professional life; every firm held open house for its members and its clients, at which seasonal gifts—not to be confused with bribes or rake-offs or bonuses—could be exchanged and boss and office boy could revel in true brotherhood.

Above the roars of laughter it was sometimes hard to hear the angels sing, difficult to see the star of Bethlehem, and often the merrymakers hardly got home in time to trim the tree for the kiddies. But business was business, and wassail, too, must be served in this joyous season.

In the offices of Mitchell, Ryan & Metlock, all had been jollity from the moment Mr. Metlock himself made the keynote speech. "Have a good time, everybody," Mr. Metlock boomed. "Christmas comes but once a year, and while some folks say that's too often, I don't agree; and what's more, I'm willing to foot the bills. I want you all to know I appreciate all you've done this year, and in spite of what some of these gloomy prophets say, I expect we'll do better next year—"

"With a Republican Congress!" a man's voice grated, and with that, mirth exploded and melancholy departed from the stubbornest heart.

Within half an hour it became apparent that Julie Ives was the belle of the gambol; Julie was like a gay little cork bouncing atop rollicking waves of merriment. Among other things, Mrs. Ives had learned that the one unforgivable sin, sartorially speaking, was to be overdressed. She wore a simple dressmaker suit of cinnamon brown. Her high spirits, her wonder and delight, gave value and even elegance to this occasion.

Phil Baring said, "You are extravagantly admired, even by me. Before I start playing young Lochinvar and Jack the Ripper for all our worthy little girls, let me give you a bit of advice."

"At last," Julie said. She rescued her glass from the edge of a desk upon which two girls and three young men were sitting, and took a long drink. When Phil Baring cocked an eyebrow at her she said, "It's only ginger ale. If I intended to take to drink, surely I'd be smart enough not to do it here, with all these people—"

She began to laugh up at him; plainly she was filled with the spirit of carnival. As it happened, she had never before been in the palatial downtown offices of Mitchell, Ryan & Metlock; she had remained in the vicinity of Park Avenue. Here she was impressed anew, aware of important people.

LEANING on the improvised bar she saw the president of that great advertising firm which handled their account; that gray-haired man with Mrs. Hitchcock was a banker whose picture she had seen only recently in a national weekly.

"You never stop thinking, do you, baby?" Phil Baring said. "I am tempted to find out."

"Advice, please," Julie said, holding out her hand, palm upward, "for my Christmas present."

"Oh, I shall do better than that," Phil Baring said, touching the palm with his finger tips, "though not so well as my competitor from the great open spaces. He must have consulted an expert salesman. There's a little lady been mighty nice to me, he probably said, she's a brown-eyed blonde—surely he would never have thought to buy you topaz all by himself."

Julie glanced at the bracelet on her wrist. "I thought it was very kind of him," she said gently.

"Wasn't it?" Phil Baring said. "And so is my advice. Three hundred and sixty-four days of the year, Bunting drinks nothing stronger than chocolate malted milk. But in her past must be buried some memory of Christmas Eve which she wishes to escape, and when she has had her wee nippies, she is a rough customer."

"And she doesn't like me," Julie said, "just because years and years ago my father—"

"Do be quiet," Phil Baring said, "because any moment this avuncular mood may depart from me and I will start attacking little girls in the hall as is expected of every man on Christmas Eve unless he wishes to be branded a snob and a Red-baiter. Watch out for an inebriated Miss B., that's all. Last year she tried to throw somebody out a window."

He accepted a drink from a passing tray, and said, "A toast to Miss Julie. Kidding aside, as they say, that flush upon her cheeks is exceedingly becoming. One further word: Christmas Eve has exactly the opposite effect upon our Mrs. Hitchcock. Not a mouthful of champagne passes her lips. That is put down by many of our guests to her being a Fascist who does not care to drink with the hoi polloi, but I think she, too, has memories. Be careful therefore of Mrs. H."—Phil Baring spoke as though they were quite alone—"or she will persuade you to go back to your husband, and I shouldn't at all like that. Now I'm off, for Our Firm expects every man to do his duty—but if you want to leave this clambake, let me know."

But it was Mr. Metlock himself who took Julie Ives home, having met her in the corridor as she started back after powdering her nose. He said "Ready to go, Miss Julie? Come along, they're having a big time. Cocktail parties go on and on, and nobody ever seems to think about *dinner*—but I've got to, because my wife's expecting me. Nobody'll notice if we sneak out, and I'll drop you home."

The apartment Mrs. Hitchcock had provided for Julie Ives was in the East Fifties, and to Julie's delight it was almost fantastically New York. In its earliest incarnation, it had been the master-bedroom suite of a stately mansion: A mirror wall on the west end of the living room, reflecting apple-green paneling, an exquisite white marble fireplace, splashes of gilt and coral in the drapes and wisteria purple from the over-all carpet, seemed to double its space.

Before the fireplace was a pair of love seats and, facing it, one huge overstuffed chair with an ottoman, and in one corner were a small table and four chairs where one could serve dinner.

As yet, Julie had not used it. When she didn't dine out with a prospective customer, with Phil Baring or Mrs. Hitchcock, she stopped at a restaurant. She was done with domesticity.

Looking around the living room, Mr. Metlock, who having seen the lady to her door had found it impossible to refuse her invitation to come in, without being rude, said, "You like it here? Where's the kitchen?"

"Behold!" said Julie Ives, and flung back a door in the little entrance hall, revealing a tiny kitchenette.

"H'mm," said Mr. Metlock. "Well, Stanford White built this house for a great lady in the day of great ladies. Nobody remembers Stanford White except because he made a fool of himself and got shot, but he was a genius."

"Come and see the rest of it," Julie said; "it's so lovely."

What had obviously once been a dressing room in the grand manner had been transformed into a bedroom holding nothing but a bed covered with a rosy spread veiled in ecru lace. One carved wall opened a series of sliding panels to show a wardrobe closet with a fragrant cedar section for furs.

"I adore these closets," Julie Ives said; "no man could understand what it means to have enough closet room after—of course, I haven't anything to put in the cedar section yet. Come see the bathroom. Mrs. Hitchcock says it ought to be in the American wing of the Metropolitan."

In truth the bathroom was of a bygone luxury unknown to modern science. To Julie Ives it had been an omen of the gods' approval of her present course. Why else had she been given a bathroom as big as most back yards, with pink marble floor and a sunken tub with two marble steps leading down, a huge gilt mirror and a dressing table with drawers padded in pink quilted satin?

"Isn't it too marvelous?" Julie said in a hushed voice.

AS THEY went back into the living room, Mr. Metlock said, "I'm glad you like it. Been meaning to come up and see how you were fixed."

Gently, Julie said, "It's such a pleasure for me to have you. Can't you sit down a minute? It won't take more than that to make some coffee."

"Well," said Mr. Metlock, sitting in the big comfortable chair, "I ought to get home and put on my glad rags; my wife likes me to dress—she says I look handsomer in my dinner clothes than any man in New York. She's prejudiced, but that's pretty good after being married twenty years."

He smiled sheepishly at Julie, busy with the percolator. He always felt more at ease after he'd mentioned his wife, because while this young woman was his employee, she was a pretty girl. Mr. Metlock preferred little women and, nowadays, they were hard to find. These great healthy girls—with diet and vitamins we were raising a race of amazons—woke no normal, masculine glow in Mr. Metlock's bosom. A pretty girl wearing a number four was still like a melody, romantic, nostalgic and harmless.

It was pleasant, after the merriment and noise of the cocktail party and prior to the merriment and noise of a dinner at a ritzy hotel, to sit here quietly with this young thing whose topaz eyes so

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frankly admired him, whose manner was rather like that of a young lady-in-waiting to the king.

Right then he made up his mind to something. Too late to do anything about it for Christmas, but the firm ought to give her a New Year's present, something to put in that empty cedar section. And with her golden hair and brown eyes, it'd have to be mink. Miss Bunting could tend to it so that it would be all open and aboveboard.

"Fine job you did with Mark Hassenwood," Mr. Metlock said. "Lot of firms after that account. He's a solid man and —well, there's a lot of talk going around right now advising folks to stay out of the market altogether."

Julie said, slowly, "I've got two new customers myself—not big ones, one of them's an awfully nice young man who says everybody's warned him now isn't the time—I don't want to bother you talking shop, but I never thought I'd get a chance to ask you personally how you feel about it."

"I like to talk shop," Mr. Metlock said, "with somebody knows anything about it. It depends. Nobody ought to *play* this market; they'll get hurt. But anybody wants to invest in the industrial future of America, why, they've got as good a chance as they ever had. Don't get any idea I'm not just as interested in small customers as I am in big ones—I'd be more interested if I could afford it. This business isn't as easy as it used to be. A strike in Seattle can knock the market endwise, and things happening in the White House and Congress and the Supreme Court—like decisions about tidelands in California—a man has to keep his eyes open day and night because he's got to be an economist, he's got to be an expert on international affairs, he's got to figure out what effect a speech Bevin makes in Parliament is going to have, and keep up with new medical discoveries and be a political prognosticator —and yet all the time he's dealing with the one thing everybody's interested in, the one thing it's all about no matter what they call it—money."

He took out a big black cigar. "Mind if I smoke? I think better when I smoke."

Mr. Metlock was catching up on his sleep.

Julie's eyes narrowed. With deadly calm she stood looking down at him. A new vista opened before her; a new and startling role offered itself in a flash of imagination. The power behind the throne. Well, why not? If this man could be persuaded to find Julie Ives' charming apartment an oasis of peace and quiet in his overworked and overdriven existence, if she could encourage him into a habit of dropping in for shop talk and coffee and a comfortable chair and the companionship of a gentle and admiring and sympathetic woman, if she could convince him that here he would always find applause and understanding. . . .

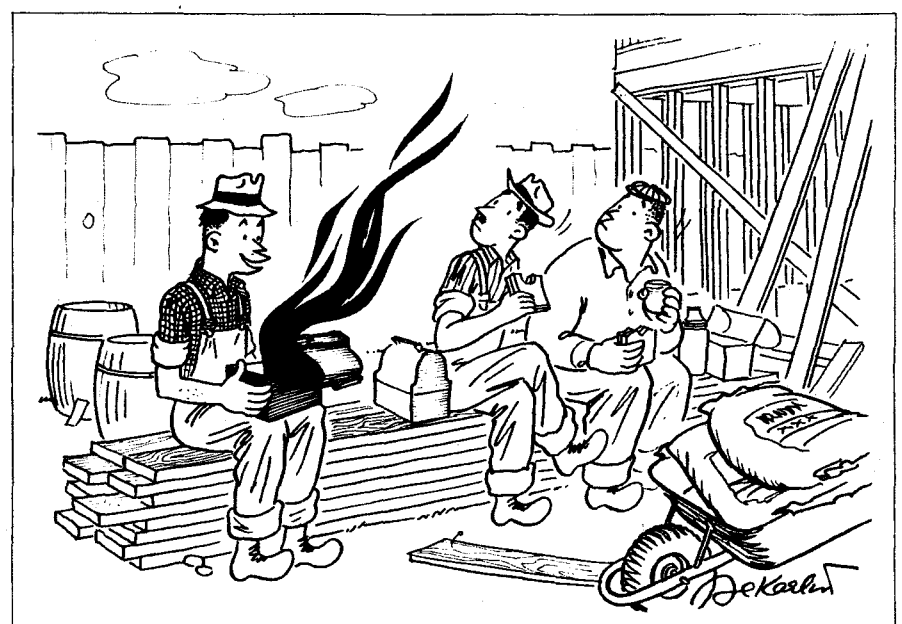
Hands on her hips, eyes blazing black, Julie Ives walked up and down in front of her sleeping guest, weighing the pros and cons. He might, of course, fall in love with her in spite of his devoted wife. His wife, she had heard often enough, was a jealous woman. But there could be nothing wrong in Julie Ives' becoming

Mr. Metlock came awake alertly, almost warily. "Had a catnap, didn't I?" he said. "Who's trying to push in your door?"

They piled in, debonair and jaunty and frolicsome. Somebody said, "You ran out on us!"

Somebody else said, "You promised to go to dinner with us, so we came to get you, Mrs. Ives."

THEY were all on the crest of a wave of friendly frivolity; nothing was amiss except perhaps that Phil Baring's eyebrows were a little more sardonic than usual, Mrs. Hitchcock's elegance a little more pronounced. One of the girls, a tall, stunning redhead in a mink coat who seemed to have come with a banker, kept humming softly, sweetly to herself as she walked around the green-paneled room examining everything, until she came to the mirror wall where she encountered another tall, stunning redhead in a mink coat; then she stopped to consider the matter gravely.



COLLIER'S "Well, whaddya know . . . crêpes suzettes!" AL KAELIN

Before the chatter and laughter could die into silence, Mrs. Hitchcock said, "Bunny! You promised me."

Miss Bunting looked at her, her face twisted; she began to cry. "Let's get out of here," she said.

Nobody had been aware of Miss Bunting, it seemed.

Except perhaps Phil Baring. He said, "Dinner is what is required, right now. Get your hat, Miss Julie, after a cocktail party of the magnitude of that one, it is a good idea to go on to dinner."

Someday when a crowd came in, Julie Ives thought, she would be able to say, "But of course you're staying here for dinner. I won't hear of anything else." Someday she would only have to ring a bell; it would be almost like a salon.

Somewhere during the mad pub crawl that followed, they lost Miss Bunting and Mrs. Hitchcock; otherwise the party stayed intact until, in a taxi, Phil Baring and Julie Ives went on to the East Fifties and up the staircase to Julie's apartment.

It was there that Phil Baring said, "Julie—you're so lovely—you're as lovely in this repellent dawn as you were under lights. I ask you: Is that fair? And after all, we have danced together so often that now my arms feel empty without you, little as you are. They are quite achingly empty without you—"

His arms held her again. There was no music now. Or was there? As he kissed her, that first kiss so exquisitely long delayed, there seemed to be music somewhere in Julie's ears—triumphant, lush, throbbing music.

Phil Baring took the key, turned it in the lock; the door opened upon dim, soft light. When he turned to let her pass, Julie Ives was standing motionless, a square package in her hand. She held it out to him, she said wide-eyed, "I hit it with my foot. It's from California—for Christmas."

"Open it," Phil Baring said.

His eyes as he watched her tear the paper were incredibly bright.

"It's—Toby," Julie said.

The picture of Toby was still beautiful; she still wore blue overalls, and the blue ribbons on her pigtails still matched her eyes, and behind her was still the clean and tender outline of the hills against a blue and golden sky where white clouds drifted. You could still smell the rain.

"Toby—" Julie said.

Phil Baring laughed. "The gods are better dramatists than we dare to be," he said. "They know there is no wine so wonderful as thirst, they snatch the cup from our lips—and of course they are cornier than anybody, aren't they? Merry Christmas, Julie."

In the cold light that came through the Venetian blinds, Julie stared a long time at the picture. Then she went to her desk and wrote a letter to Toby. Sleepy as she was, all of a sudden, no woman could do less.

That was Christmas Eve.

NEW YEAR'S EVE was different—had to be different. On New Year's Eve, any woman, even Julie Ives, must salute the end of the old, the beginning of the new, especially when the old, as Julie said, had been so good to her and the new promised so magnificently beyond her wildest dreams. Particularly if it was her first New Year's Eve in New York, particularly if she had been invited to a party at the Fifth Avenue home of Mr. and Mrs. Reese Metlock and had worn her first mink coat, a token of appreciation from her firm. Even Julie Ives must drink to the gods, whose favorite she appeared to be, in champagne.

So that when Phil Baring said, "Let us start the New Year right, my sweet—this is no time for celibacy, this is a time for love—there can be no other climax to all these wonders except love," it had seemed that he spoke a dazzling truth.

Kisses Julie had known, hot and hon-

WHEN the tip of the cigar glowed bright, he said, "For quite a while I've had an idea, and it looks to me like you're the one to talk it over with, because Mark Hassenwood says you could sell gloves to a centipede, and I'd like to sell some—well, we could call 'em Peace Offering, or Packages or something like that while things are kind of quiet on the market. Say a five-hundred-dollar overall investment—there'd be one share each—say, of five or six good diversified stocks, like an oil stock and a railroad and food and entertainment and communications and automobiles—and well, say steel and a plastic or a chemical—we'd have to figure that out. Follow me?

"You've got knowledge about people that can invest five hundred dollars. Young married folks, working people, people just getting started in professions that ought to invest a percentage of what they earn, no matter how little, and we'd make it possible for them to do it. Then they'd *own* part of America, of what made it, of what won the war—and that's *production*. Don't ever let anybody fool you. That's all there is to economics—*production*. The more small stockholders we've got, the more it unites the country and brings in the real, solid Americans, and they'll be a sort of solvent between capital and labor. You think I'm crazy?"

"I think you're wonderful," Julie said, with such complete sincerity that not even Phil Baring could have ridiculed the phrase. "We could do it, what's more. Why, it's just what—I want to show you something. I was making a list, only"—When she came back she was still talking —"my idea wasn't worked out like yours—" She stopped.

Mr. Metlock's dear little friend, and anyway why need his wife know anything about it? This could so easily become his haven and his hideout, and no one be the wiser.

This was so much the quickest and easiest way to her goal that the chances must be taken.

Julie Ives—people would say—she has more influence with Reese Metlock than anybody. Julie Ives is the power behind the throne at Mitchell, Ryan & Metlock; they say he consults her about everything. Look at the fortune he's helped her make in the market.

Only I can't let him go on sleeping now, poor man, Julie Ives thought.

As she bent lightly to drop a kiss on the top of his head, a friendly, almost daughterly kiss, it did not occur to Julie Ives that Reese Metlock had not fought his way to the top in the tooth-and-fang battles of Wall Street and stayed there through mad extravagance and panic and war because he was a simple and kindly and gallant soul.

Her luck was in. That was plain to be seen. And the gods had filled her with an exultant arrogance which spurred her to press her luck while it was in, foolhardy or not.

Unfortunately the nuances of her kiss had no effect whatsoever upon Mr. Metlock. He'd had almost no sleep in the past three days.

The buzzer on her door sounded. Julie could hear a medley of voices and of laughter in the hall. Her head went down, her lower lip thrust out. Then she said, "I am sorry, I hate waking you—but you'll be late for dinner and there seem to be a lot of people buzzing—"

"Come on to dinner with us, Reese," said the redhead's banker.

"Wish I could," Reese Metlock said, so that everybody believed he really wished he could, and perhaps he did; "but I'm scheduled for a dinner party with my wife. I brought Miss Julie home and I was so pooped I had a cup of coffee and a catnap, by golly, but now I've got to go. Hope you folks all have a good time. Merry Christmas."

Having struggled into his great brown overcoat, he went out with a poise so perfect that nobody could suspect he had been in the least disturbed by their arrival.

Flicking her eyes over the mantel, Mrs. Hitchcock said in a perfectly noncommittal voice, "Where are the monkeys?"

"Monkeys?" Julie Ives said. She was flushed now with triumph. These important people had missed her, had come to find her; already Julie Ives was a personage who counted.

Of course there had been monkeys, those silly little hear-no-evil, see-no-evil, speak-no-evil monkeys, carved in delicate ivory. Harmless enough, but they reminded her somehow of that oppressive third monkey of Dink's.

"Monkeys bring me bad luck," she said, smiling at Mrs. Hitchcock; "so I put them away."

The smile faded. Miss Bunting was moving toward her; her face looked a little lopsided, she was a smudge upon the rich, gay tapestry of Julie Ives' unexpected company.

"You fatheaded little fool," Miss Bunting said in a voice thick with resentment. "Who do you think you are, anyway? Don't you know—"

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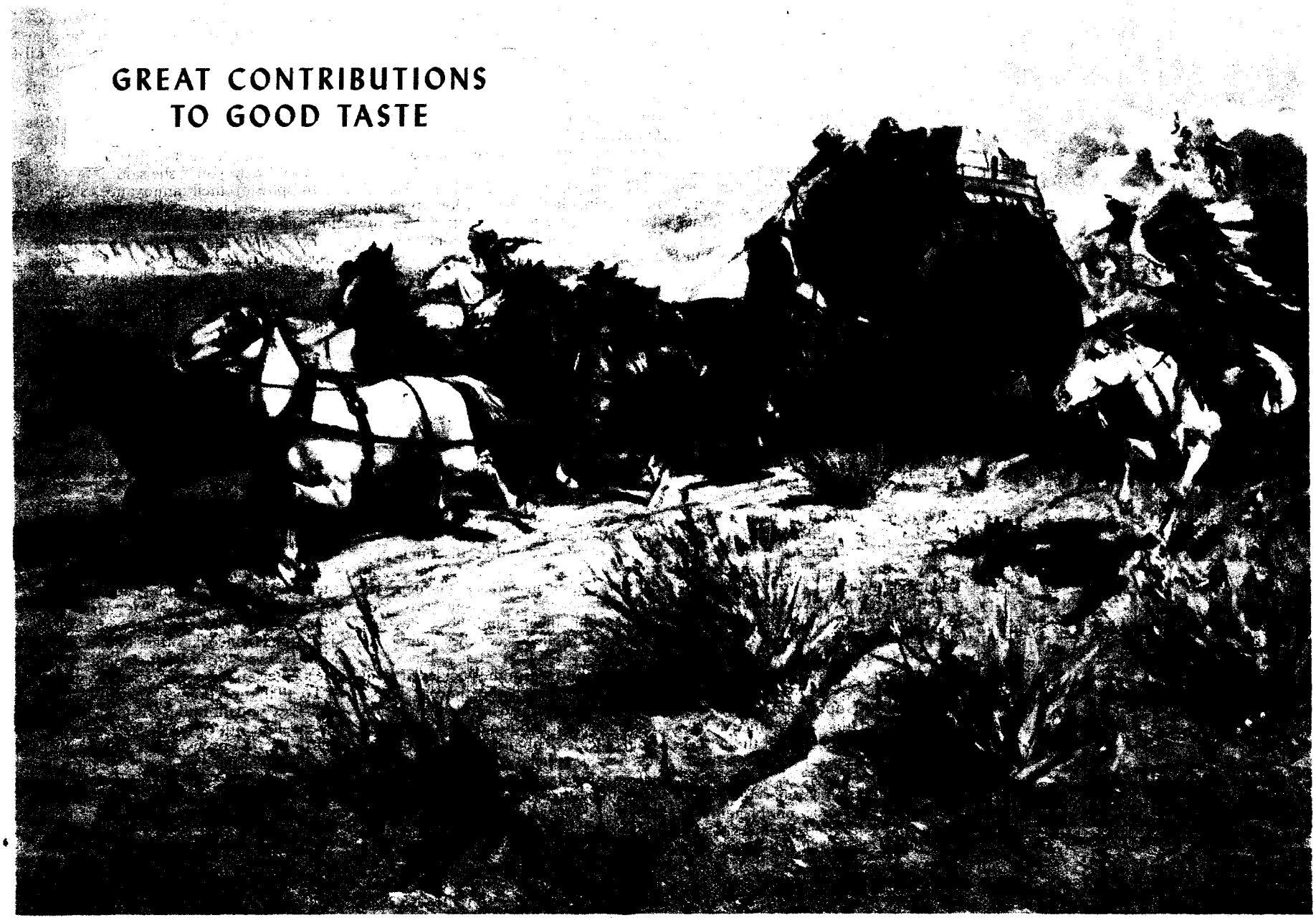

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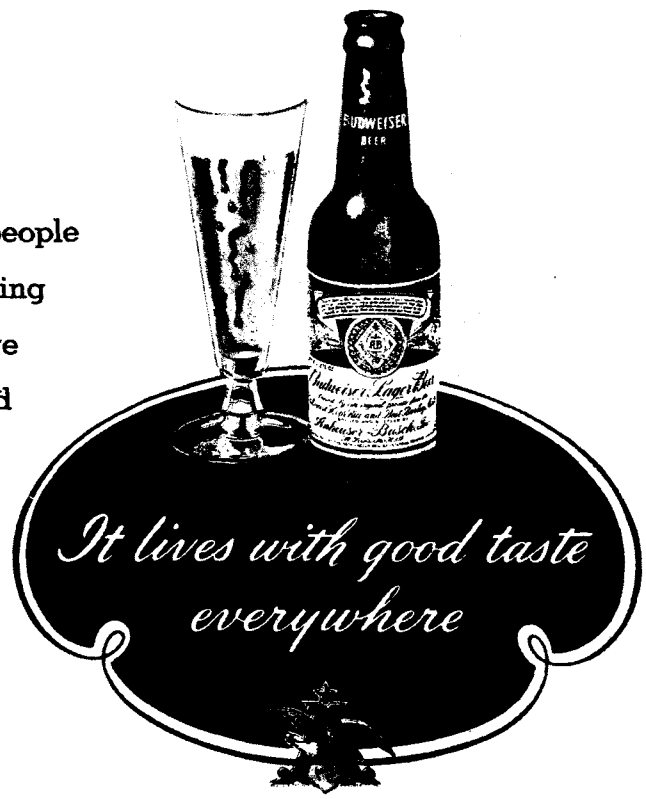

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est and adoring kisses. But these, too, were different, they were undeniable, they were like champagne, like New Year's Eve in New York, like kisses bestowed by the gods.

"For once, you are not thinking," Phil Baring said.

"Oh, yes I am," Julie Ives said in a whisper.

DINK IVES sat on the edge of his editor's desk and regarded him benignly. "Now that the Rose Bowl's over," Dink said, "we can write about something besides football."

"You might write nine or ten columns explaining about the Rose Bowl," Hoppy said. "There are a lot of people still haven't figured out how Illinois massacred UCLA."

"I wrote it all season," Dink Ives said mildly, "I said UCLA didn't have a quarterback smart enough to handle the T-formation against first-class competition. You bet on them just the same. I told you an hour before game time to hedge, but you wouldn't."

"I don't know yet how you pegged that one," Chuck said, from the rim of the copy desk.

"I'm an old-fashioned man," Dink said. "When I saw half the UCLA team up in the stands in their street clothes an hour before the whistle, talking to their girl friends, it didn't look to me like they were getting ready to chaw up those tough babies from the Big Nine. Time I played in the Rose Bowl, we were chewing up the rubbing tables. What's the use rehashing it? Let's write about baseball for a change."

"In January?" Hoppy said sourly.

Very casually Dink said, "Since everything's dead around here, I thought I might go to New York for a week or so and see the presidents of both major leagues and the commissioner and see if I could get some dope on bringing a couple of major-league franchises to the Pacific Coast. Quite a lot of interest in that in Los Angeles."

He didn't say anything about the letter in his pocket addressed to Toby. *"And I miss you an awful lot, Toby darling. Please tell Daddy a Merry Christmas, too."*

Toby hadn't seemed to pay much attention; she and Liz Behanna had been awfully busy because Uncle Freddy wasn't very well, and they'd had to do everything about Christmas themselves—Grandma and Toby—like stringing popcorn and cranberries for the tree and stuffing the turkey.

Megan Jones had given her a box camera, and Uncle Freddy had made her a wooden wheelbarrow, so Toby was pretty busy. So Dink had picked up the letter and carried it away with him. *"Please tell Daddy Merry Christmas, too."*

He didn't mention it, but Hoppy and Chuck knew it was there.

"She pulled some kind of a string on him," Hoppy said.

"Sure," Chuck said. "You got to remember Dink knows an awful lot about some things, but where women are concerned, he is an unprepared and inexperienced young man. Besides, it's natural he should want to see what's going on back there, isn't it? He wants to go back there and make a pitch. You can't blame him for that."

"I guess not," Hoppy said. "I hope he doesn't find anything he doesn't want to know. Anyhow he'll get us something hot on major-league ball for the Coast, and that's something."

So upon a gray and foggy morning, Dink Ives took off aboard the daylight plane for New York.

In just a few hours, he'd see her, he'd see Julie. Those few hours seemed longer than any he'd ever known. . . .

Quite a lot of people in New York were glad to see Dink. In spite of himself, this pleased him. No particular reason why the big shots in New York should roll out a red carpet for young Dink Ives, of Los Angeles, California.

This view, it appeared, was unduly modest.

"How's the boy?" they said. "Long time no see. Helluva yarn you turned out on the Rose Bowl. Say, you've seen this Jansen pitch. How good *is* he? The Giants can use a pitcher. What're you in town on? Anything we can do, let us know, huh?"

To this, Dink replied in kind. He said he was fine, it *had* been a long time, too damn' long, Jansen was better than anything they had in the National League, and as far as his expense account was concerned, he'd come on to see about getting a couple of major-league ball clubs for the Coast.

Of Julie, he said nothing.

The great sports editor who had once tried to persuade Dink Ives to come to New York said he could see Dink's point, though he thought it was still in the future, and he'd be glad to set up appointments with Will Harridge and Ford Frick.

"Ever sorry you didn't move back here?" he said.

They were having lunch at the Marguery by then, half a dozen of them. Dink admitted the hard, quick boot of New York. A man couldn't discount New York, it was the big time: the major leagues; Madison Square Garden; top guys telling tales of inside pro football; exchanging behind-the-scenes gossip about college coaches and Ted Williams.

Shop talk to warm the cockles of Dink Ives' heart. Yet all the time as he sat there—his sandy head a little higher than any other, contributing what he knew about Jackie Robinson who had been such a great college athlete on the Coast, or Louis B. Mayer selling his racing stable—on another level of his mind he was thinking about Julie.

At least they were in the same town again. Pretty soon he would see her. Coming across on the plane, he'd figured the thing to do was be pretty casual. Hoppy sent me back on this deal, he would say, and I thought you'd want to hear about Toby.

"You want to see Frick this afternoon?" somebody asked.

"How about tomorrow morning?" Dink Ives said. "Little personal business I'd like to get off my chest today."

"Blonde or brunette?" somebody said. They always did.

Out on Fifth Avenue, Dink forgot them all instantly; there was room only for Julie.

Also, he was annoyed. Until the final decree, which was eight months away, she was still his wife, and there was something damn' peculiar about a man not being able to get in touch with his own wife: Climbing up some dark stairs; ringing a doorbell above which a card said JULIE IVES; getting no answer.

Julie Ives. No *Miss*. No *Mrs*. Somebody ought to invent a new handle for the third monkeys who were neither the one nor the other.

A pretty fool he'd look going into his wife's office and not knowing whether to ask for Mrs. Ives or Miss Ives. Ten to one her office didn't know she had a husband. Ten to one though, they knew her phone number—which was more than her husband did.

Two minutes later he was walking through those glittering corridors which had so impressed little Julie Ives when first she saw them. But neither emerald bracelets nor mink coats nor gleaming model airplanes above maps of the Bahamas and Bermuda and Quebec impressed Dink Ives; he didn't see them. He saw nothing at all until the windows of Mitchell, Ryan & Metlock appeared in his path.

Miss Bunting, looking up from last-minute reports, found him in the doorway and knew instantly that he did not live in New York. After fifteen years in charge of Mitchell, Ryan & Metlock's uptown office, Miss Bunting was familiar with a certain something common to all residents of Manhattan. Something about his winter tan, the way he carried his soft felt hat in his hand, the look of annoyance in his gray eyes, convinced Miss Bunting that this young man could take New York or leave it alone.

"Can I help you?" she said.

In spite of their annoyance, she discovered that his eyes were friendly. "I'm looking for Mrs. Ives," he said briefly.

From long habit, Miss Bunting was able to keep the curiosity out of her voice. This was a new one; she hadn't seen *him* around before. "I'm sorry she isn't in," Miss Bunting said. "And the market's closing in a few minutes."

"So she won't be back?"

"I'm afraid not," Miss Bunting said. "Could she reach you somewhere tomorrow?"

"No," the young man said, and went out. But a few minutes later he came striding back through the empty board room, where a colored boy was already sweeping up.

"I wondered," he said, leaning against the door frame and smiling down at Miss Bunting, "if you could give me her telephone number. My name is Ives."

Miss Bunting's eyes widened; then on the top page of a white pad she wrote hurriedly: *Regent 9-3893, Mrs. Ives. Plaza 6-7681, Mrs. Hitchcock.*

"Mrs. Hitchcock often knows where Mrs. Ives is," Miss Bunting said, "when she's entertaining a customer. If she is."

To that the young man whose name was Ives said nothing. Instead he took an envelope out of his pocket and held it out to her. "You wouldn't like a pair of tickets to the hockey match at the Garden, would you? . . . No? I thought not. I had them handed to me and somehow I don't feel I'm going to use them."

But he did.

WHEN at ten minutes to eight, Dink called Plaza 6-7681 (Regent 9-3893 had consistently refused to answer although he had called it after every drink from 4:15 on) Mrs. Hitchcock said she was very sorry, but she didn't have any idea at all where Julie Ives might be. She said it in a voice which surprised Dink Ives, because he had been prepared to dislike Mrs. Hitchcock intensely, and you couldn't dislike that voice.

Mrs. Hitchcock said it was too bad, when he'd come all the way from California, and then she said: Why, yes, she'd love to go with him to the hockey game at the Garden. Mrs. Hitchcock said she must know all the wrong people in New York; they never did exciting things like going to hockey games—they intended to, but they never got started, and if he would come along in about fifteen minutes, she would be waiting in front.

What's more, she was.

Impossible to see her very well in the cab, but the lights in Madison Square Garden came off the synthetic icefield with a white glare.

He saw then that his companion was a synonym for elegance, a word he had never properly understood before. She was in black, except for some dull, smoke-gray ornament on her left shoulder, and smoke-gray gloves and a smoke-gray pin which held her severe little black hat against her forehead with a huge stone of dark blue shot with copper. Dink Ives, no expert, knew that she was the best-dressed woman he had ever seen.

"But where's your mink coat?" he said. "I thought it was the emblem of success, a kind of uniform."

"What kind of uniform?" said Mrs. Hitchcock, interestedly.

A large forward had just clunked the opposing goalie over the head with his stick; there was blood on the ice and the crowd made so much noise that Dink couldn't make himself heard. When it

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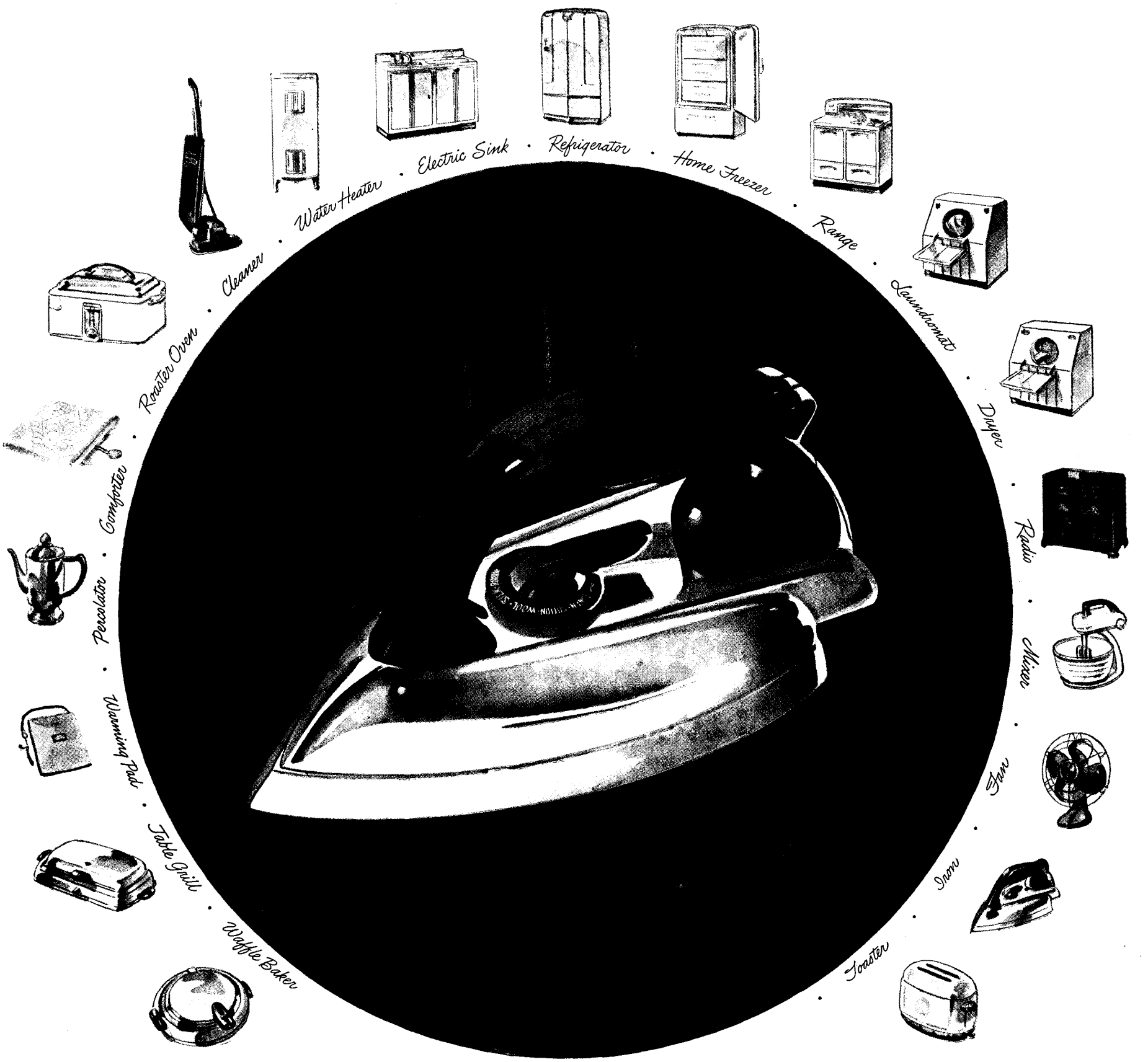

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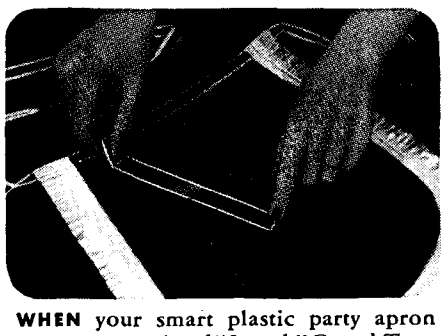

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had died down a little and the forward had been relegated to the penalty box, he said, "If you're in the Navy, you wear a Navy uniform. That right?"

"Were you in the Navy?" Mrs. Hitchcock said.

"Sure," Dink said.

"Did you ever run into Hodge Mulvey?" Mrs. Hitchcock said.

"Once," said Dink Ives. "I was in P.R.O. when he came to get his Congressional Medal. He was quite a guy." As Mrs. Hitchcock made no comment, he said, "You know him?"

"A long time ago when we were very, very young," Mrs. Hitchcock said. "Even then he was quite a guy." Her eyes seemed to contemplate that time so long ago. "I was quite a guy then myself," she said, and smiled at Dink Ives, a crooked, wistful, friendly little smile which would have astounded most of the people who knew the famous Mrs. Hitchcock. "I never wear mink," she said. "Julie does, though."

"Let's get out of here," Dink Ives said, "let's go someplace and have a drink. I need a drink. This is your town, you name it."

THEY went to the House of Hogan, which had a long bar and Irish murals and where Mr. Hogan himself was very glad to see Mrs. Hitchcock, whom he seemed to know well and treated like a duchess.

Probably Dink Ives would have told her about the third monkey anywhere, but the Irish music helped. When you'd joined a couple of lads who looked like choirboys, and doubtless were, in singing When Irish Eyes Are Smiling seven or eight times, it was easy to tell anything.

"Did you ever hear that line of Bugs Baer's about the third monkey?" Dink Ives said. "About something being almost as funny as the time the third monkey tried to get on the ark?"

The way she laughed was pretty wonderful. No need to describe it to her. She saw the animals going up the gangplank two by two, the opossums, and the coyotes and the Kadiak bears and the monkeys, two by two, the way it was intended from the beginning—and then the silly little third monkey slithering and finally paddling along after the ark on a piece of driftwood over the angry waters.

"Did it ever occur to you that maybe a *girl like Julie is sort of a third monkey?*" said Dink Ives.

Mrs. Hitchock nodded. She was serious now. To his surprise, Dink discovered that their glasses were empty. Determinedly he ordered fresh ones. Mrs. Hitchcock had to have something to stare into, he realized that.

When the drinks came, he lifted his glass in a toast to the lady. He said, "Madame, to you. You drink like a gentleman."

"Hodge Mulvey," Mrs. Hitchcock said. "There was a man could handle his liquor. Like a gentleman *and* an officer. I don't know if I told you, but he was only a lieutenant j.g. when I was—when I knew him. He didn't approve of women drinking. I learned afterward."

"One thing about Julie," Dink Ives said, "she doesn't drink."

Mrs. Hitchcock's eyebrows quivered, but she held them level. "About that third monkey," she said, "did she ever get back on the ark?"

"I don't know yet," Dink said.

Suddenly, it all fell away from him: The music and the lights and the gaiety and the soft Irish voices and the warm deception of the whisky, even the comradeship of this woman he had never seen before, but who seemed like one of his oldest friends.

He was starkly, coldly, soberly alone.

"It's no use," he said. "I've got to see her now. Don't you see that? Sitting here in the same town with her, thinking maybe she's out with some other—we were married seven years. Something it took seven years to weave into you—you can't unravel it in a few months."

"No," said Mrs. Hitchcock. "We were only married four years and eight months and three days, and you can't unravel it in twenty years."

Dink didn't seem to hear her. He said, "You can't stop loving somebody just because you want to."

"That would make life just too damn' simple," Mrs. Hitchcock said.

Dink looked at his watch. On the back of it as he well knew was engraved *To Dink, 4-ever, Julie.* She had given it to him on their fourth wedding anniversary. At the time, forever had seemed easy, a certainty, like the sun rising the next morning or the stars continuing to shine.

"We better go," Dink said.

In front of her apartment Mrs. Hitchcock said: "There's one thing I want to get straight—I don't want you to blame me about Julie coming to New York. I would have stopped her if I could. If anybody would have stopped her, it would have been me. I want to thank you for a lovely evening and if I were you I'd knock her teeth down her throat and drag her home by her hair. I would indeed."

Dink Ives did something he had never done before, he took Mrs. Hitchcock's hand and laid it on his own and bent to kiss it. Funny, Mrs. Hitchcock thought: That crisp curly hair—so many young men in the Navy have hair like that; of course by the time they get to be admirals and have Congressional Medals it would be gray—but still . . .

Regretfully Mrs. Hitchcock thought: I wish I'd remember this in the morning, but I won't. I won't remember anything after When Irish Eyes Are Smiling. Usually it's just as well.

She didn't remember it in the morning.

But later, when it was a matter of life and death to Julie Ives, it came back to her. Oddly enough that friendly farewell gesture of Dink's bestowed upon Mrs. Hitchcock's hand was really important only to Julie Ives, who didn't even know about it.

As Dink left her, he looked again at his watch. Only 11:56.

THERE was still no answer to Julie's bell. Fifty-seventh Street was wide, there was still a lot of traffic abroad under the lights, the windows were ablaze even at this hour.

Dink walked as slowly as he could, looking into them, walked west, then east. What would be the use of knocking Julie's teeth down her throat? They made better ones nowadays than people were born with. He wondered how much time people in New York spent looking into show windows, enticed to envy, to desire, like kids with their noses flat against a toyshop or a candy store. The fleshpots, all present and accounted for, spread with such magnificent artistry. Maybe, in justice to Julie he ought to drag her home by the hair, make her quit pulling so many lives out of shape.

He must see her first. Then maybe he could tell what to do, what he could do.

This time as soon as he rang the bell he knew somebody heard it. His heart, which was supposed to go about its business without calling attention to the fact, thudded like a laboring engine, the way it used to do when he had put on that last burst of speed to miss a tackler.

She was standing there in the open door, and his heart became just part of him once more. Impossible to think ill of her, of Julie—impossible not to be filled with hope that all would be well.

The light of her face was so momentary a thing, it was engulfed so quickly by surprise, that it was not until later—about an hour later, when he realized she had been expecting someone else—that Dink Ives knew the light had been there at all.

"Can I come in?" he said.

(To be continued next week)

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ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Setting higher standards of typing performance

The Remington Typewriter with Keyboard Margin Control* and its time and energy saving features is the delight of the typist. It allows her to turn out more work, better work, with a smaller expenditure of work-effort and time. With Keyboard Margin Control, the latest exclusive Remington Rand feature, the typist sets margins with on-the-dot accuracy — with the merest flick of her fingers. And the swift, easy action of the Remington KMC invites her flying fingers to flow smoothly over the keyboard. The letters you sign and the executive reports you see are produced with effortless ease and perfection. There's no reason to be satisfied with anything but the best...work done on a Remington KMC typewriter.

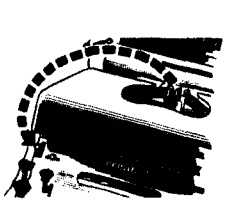
Call your nearby Remington Rand representative. Let him show you all the Remington KMC Plus Values... the Plus Values that set higher standards of typing performance —at the lowest net cost.

the Remington KMC

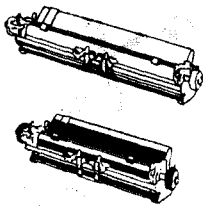
Remington Rand
THE FIRST NAME IN TYPEWRITERS

*Keyboard Margin Control and KMC. T.M. Copyright 1948 by Remington Rand Inc.

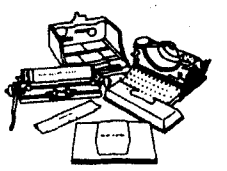
only the Remington KMC gives you all 8 of these plus values



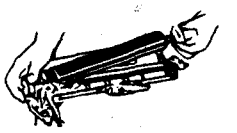
No Smudged Fingers! Keys jammed through a mis-stroke released instantly with exclusive Key Trip.



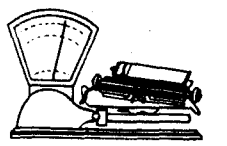
Extra Writing Capacity! Exclusive Longer Writing Line often eliminates the need for a wider carriage machine.



Lower Upkeep! Exclusive Unit Construction speeds periodic check-ups; makes part replacement easier.

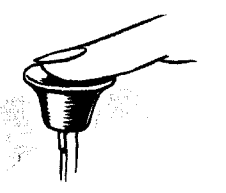


Easier to Clean! Removable Platen lifts out quickly, easily, for daily cleaning.



More Typing, Less Tiring! Typists welcome the Silent Carriage Return—it floats back at a touch!

One-third More Ribbon Coverage with exclusive 4-position Ribbon Control. Has adjustment for stencil-cutting.



No Ruined Manicures! Ring-free, glare-free, All Plastic Keys are easy on typists' fingers, save time and tempers.

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Walker's DeLuxe is a straight Bourbon whiskey, 6 years old;
elegant in taste, uncommonly good—a Hiram Walker whiskey.

86 Proof

Hiram Walker & Sons Inc., Peoria, Ill.

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THE WEEK'S MAIL

Continued from page 4

A STAR TO LIVE BY

DEAR SIRS: Howard Whitman's A Star To Live By (Dec. 27th) seems to me to have those qualities which characterize all the literature of power, simplicity of form and profundity of thought. I hope that hundreds of thousands of your readers will find in it the lift and the sound common sense that I have. God knows that we need both in these days.

DOUGLAS HORTON,
Minister of the General Council,
New York, N. Y.

OUR FAR-FLUNG READERS

DEAR SIR: I am a schoolboy, age 13 years, 11 months, living in England. We are a family of four. My father is a regular reader of Collier's, and we all read it afterward. We greatly admire your advertisements: the cars, the radios and the pens advertised at a dollar. In this country a radio is greatly above the means of the average person. Fountain pens are about $3. I notice an ad for Florida fruit hampers. I should like to buy one but we just cannot send money out of the country.

We all like Mr. Quentin Reynolds' short stories. We equally admire Mr. Reynolds for his broadcasts during the war. You know he reminds me of our own Mr. Churchill, and that is saying something. Well, good night, sir, I am going to bed now. The best of luck for the future.

R. G. U., Northampton, England

AUTOMATIC RATTRAP

GENTLEMEN: Frank Dufresne's article on rats, Deadliest Enemy (Dec. 13th), struck me as a good chance to get in a word for the common domestic cat. In the two years of his life, one gelded black cat we owned, of unblemished alley-cat ancestry, killed several hundred mice, fifty moles, and five or six rats. All of these he brought home for display before eating such parts as appealed to him. Within the house this ferocious hunter was the gentlest, most amiable, dearest of cats.

It is a pity that so many cats are left to freeze and starve homeless.

H. BROCKELMAN, Worcester, Mass.

. . . Why not National Rat Killing Week three or four times a year, under the supervision of the U.S. Fish and Wildlife Division, and the state and local governments? This drive should include all city dumps, restaurants, warehouses or any other places that may harbor rats.

If our country were attacked by a human enemy that was killing as many people or destroying as much food, I am quite sure our government would muster the Army to destroy such an enemy.

WILLIAM G. DUGAN, Harrisburg, Pa.

MUTT AND CHAFF!

SIRS: Mr. Farnsworth in his letter of Dec. 6th (The Week's Mail) says he objects to "slang and other improper features of our language." In this I heartily concur, but why does he say, "I am . . . a gent." To my way of thinking, gent is very improper also very unpleasing to the ears.

FLORA A. GRISWOLD,
Los Angeles, Cal.

. . . I'd like to add the abomination "jerk," when referring to a fellow human being, for consignment to oblivion along with "mutt."

JIM MCCLEAN, South Norwalk, Conn.

. . . "Nuts," other than the edible variety, should go . . .

MRS. ROSELLA PETHERBRIDGE,
Boston, Mass.

. . . What else could you call a creature that was ¼ cocker, ¼ setter, ¼ dachshund and the rest unknown? . . .

GEORGE FARGEN, Denver, Colo.

DIVORCE IS YET TO COME

GENTLEMEN: Re your editorial The Divorce Snafu (Dec. 13th), in which you propose Congress pass a law requiring every state to honor a divorce decree granted in any other state, The Constitution of the United States declares:

"Full faith and credit shall be given in each State to the public acts, records, and judicial proceedings of every other State."

What more is needed? Merely an honest and judicial judiciary to apply the quoted section without trying, themselves, to twist the law to fit the court's idea of what may be justice in a given set of facts.

G. E. JOHNSON, Greensboro, N. C.

FEWER BOOKINGS

DEAR SIR: Re your editorial Books That We Don't Need (Dec. 6th), your attitude is not at all in keeping with the free enterprise system. Why not let the publisher, as always, assume the risk entailed in putting out books, and let the public approve or disapprove of them?

I, for one, feel that sufficient books have never yet been written. It will be a sorry day when we decide that a limit should be put on books in any field. Perish the thought—but you have me thinking about useless editorials and magazines!

LOUIS SCHNEIDER, M. D., Bronx, N. Y.

. . . Out of curiosity, who is this infinitely wise person we shall have decide what to print and what not to print as he maintains the traditional American freedom of thought? A Congressional committee?

DUANE POSTLETHWAITE, Lawrence, Kans.

. . . Congratulations on your "Books" editorial. Agree wholeheartedly. Any half-wit can become a "great" novelist overnight. All he or she needs is a typewriter, a suggestive title, a plot, and the right scattering of four-letter words—and bingo, it's Book of the Month Club.

FRED HOLLOWELL, South Amboy, N. J.

. . . What America really needs instead of more books is fewer crooked politicians, a good 5-cent cigar and an honest National lottery. FOSTER COHAN, Atlanta, Ga.

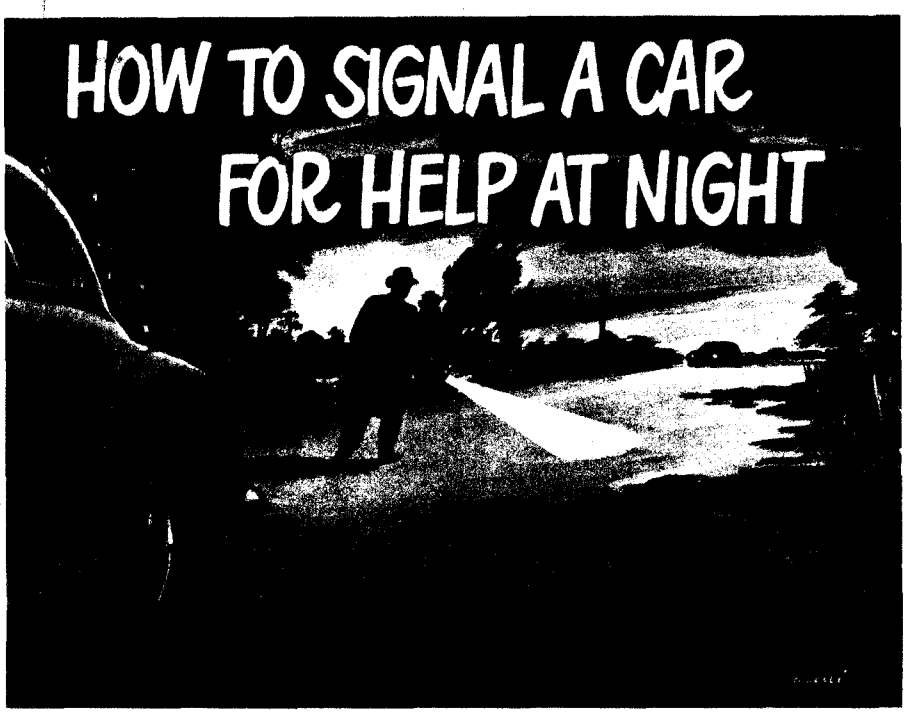
MONKEY BUSINESS

DEAR SIR: Any time I want a laugh I drag out my Blue Monday collection: covers from magazines, calendars, etc., and I really believe you have capped them all with the monkey cover of the millinery shop (Dec. 6th). You never depart from natural character of the little devils.

BERT STINCHCOMBE, Seattle, Wash.

. . . I wondered who the gal on the left reminded me of, so I "drew" on a dress. It came to me—my wife's mother!

JACK LILLERREE, Philadelphia, Pa.



IT'S MIDNIGHT. It's an emergency. You must have help. How to "flag down" a passing motorist? Your flashlight is your best bet. And, for best results, use the railroad man's standard signal for stop. Swing your flashlight *across the road* . . . with the beam down! But . . . better be sure it's powered with "Eveready" batteries . . . powerful, dependable, they outlast all other brands!*

KEEP YOUR LIGHT MOVING if you're trying to stop a car, says the AAA. A stationary light is unsatisfactory. Standing about *50 feet to the rear of your car,* wave the flashlight *across the road* . . . with the *beam down! DON'T* throw the beam into the eyes of the oncoming motorist! A light in a driver's eyes can cause a serious accident!

KEEP A "DANGER SIGNAL" HANDY! Red means "danger." So here's what you can do to turn a flashlight into a danger signal. Roll a sheet of red cellophane around the head of the light. Hold it in place with a rubber band. Twist the ends of cellophane to resemble a flare. Or paint the lens with bright red fingernail polish. Keep an "Eveready" flashlight handy in your car.

Proof!...in the laboratory, in your own flashlight...

"EVEREADY" BATTERIES OUTLAST ALL OTHER BRANDS!*

● Brighter light, longer life! That's what you want in a flashlight battery—and that's what you get with "Eveready" brand batteries. Laboratory tests prove it. And the best "laboratory" of all—*your own flashlight*—proves it! That's why "Eveready" batteries *outsell* all other brands—because they *outlast* all other brands!*

According to the "General-Purpose 4-Ohm Intermittent Test" of the American Standards Association, which most closely approximates average use.

The registered trade-mark "Eveready" distinguishes products of
NATIONAL CARBON COMPANY, INC.
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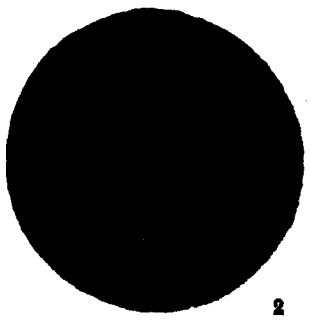
KING OF PATCHES

BY EDWARD D. RADIN

When the war was over, nobody wanted those colorful little shoulder patches that soldiers wore on their uniforms—except Sol Marks

1



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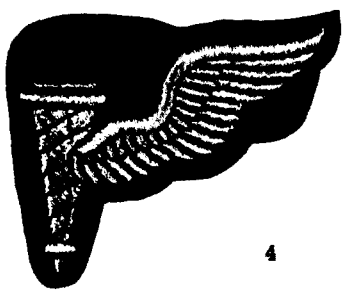

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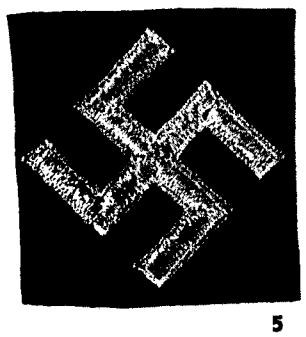

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THE formula for success used by Sol Marks, the undisputed Patch King of this country, is quite simple. As ingredients he had an industry which its own members agreed was a dead duck, a product which everybody told him he couldn't even give away, and a completely untried sales idea. Yet within a few short months Mr. Marks' staff was working overtime and his total sales had soared beyond his highest expectations.

As Patch King, Marks deals in those shoulder identification tabs that our soldiers wear on the sleeves of their uniforms. During the war he was just another military-patch manufacturer, and V-J Day found him and the industry virtually out of business. Most makers prepared to convert to other operations since only a few plants working part time could supply the normal peacetime Army demand.

Marks, however, had other ideas. Soon the trade was buzzing with talk of his strange actions as he dashed about the country buying up all the patches he could find. Army and Navy Store dealers were delighted to unload their dusty stock at two and three cents each for patches which had cost ten cents to manufacture. A few competitors, doubting his sanity, dumped their supplies in his lap and hurried off to cash his checks before he could change his mind. Others, wondering what was cooking in that agile brain, decided to hang on for a while and await developments.

Marks bought up several million patches, cornering a large slice of available supplies, but kept his plans to himself. His basic idea was simple: He knew that Americans are great collectors who like to amass all kinds of oddments—from cigar bands and matchboxes to rare and costly china. So Marks was creating a new hobby for us—the collecting of historic military patches.

While he was buying every kind of patch worn by our soldiers during the war, including that of the Atom Bomb Group, he and his agents abroad were quietly collecting the emblems issued by our allies and by our enemies. At the same time he obtained a set of those worn by our doughboys during World War I.

When he finished his own collecting, Marks had almost 4,000 different kinds of military patches on hand, and his machines were busy turning out such strange items as the identification band worn by Adolf Hitler's personal bodyguard, the shooting-star emblem of the Jap kamikaze suicide-plane pilots, the forest-green patch of Rommel's Afrika Korps, and the symbol of their conquerors, the gold cross on a white shield worn by Marshal Montgomery's British Eighth Army. Marks even succeeded in buying a patch or two worn by Soviet troops.

Marks started off by offering an assortment of 20 patches, plus a free gift either of the Atom Bomb Group or the German General Staff insignia, all for one dollar. "I didn't make any money on the deal at that price," Marks admitted, "but with every sale, I hoped I was starting a collector."

He very nearly was. In less than two years he has built up a file of almost 100,000 active collectors in this country, some of whom have purchased as many as 3,000 different patches. He is selling more emblems today than he did during the war. Marks has put together other assortments ranging in price from $1.50 for 10 civil air patrol and air warden patches (remember them?), to a neat $69.50 each for a loose-leaf album containing 439 military patches.

The patch-collecting habit is spreading to other lands, and foreign letters bearing no other address than Patch King, New York, are delivered to Marks. One of his clients is an English butler, who wants the emblems as a reminder of the boys entertained at his master's home.

The patches range the colors of the spectrum, and some of the designs are uninhibited. The shoulder sleeve models are embroidered on cotton fabrics with silk or rayon threads by Swiss-patented machines which operate 228 needles at one time. Individual emblems sell from a low of 9 cents each for those of the Army Air Force Specialists to $4 for a bullion patch of 20th Headquarters.

The shoulder patch as a means of unit identification was originated by members of the 81st (Wildcat) Division during World War I. In 1918, while the 81st was being shipped out of Hoboken, division members began sporting a cloth patch on the left shoulder featuring a silhouette of a wildcat. Although the patches were nonregulation, nothing was done until the 81st arrived in France. An officious brass hat there demanded authorization for the patch and when none could be produced ordered the men to rip off the insignia.

They protested so loudly that their cries percolated up to G.H.Q., where the General Staff realized that the patches could be turned to excellent use, not only as identification means, but also to boost morale and build up the pride of individual soldiers in their own units. The order to the 81st was countermanded, and every division in the A.E.F. was directed to design its own insigne. Since that time shoulder patches have been official in our Army.

Marks first centered his efforts in promoting patches as a hobby for young boys due to the mistaken belief that ex-soldiers would be so weary of the emblems that they wouldn't even want to look at them. He has found, however, that many of his customers are former service men and women, including nurses and doctors.

Many nurses have covered blankets with the division patches of the troops with whom they served on the various fronts. Legion groups have purchased them to decorate meeting rooms, and there is a brisk sale among ex-G.I.s, some of them concentrating on collecting the insignia of the various units in their outfit, while others have been buying German, Italian and Japanese emblems, and by now may have tall tales to tell as to how they obtained the souvenirs.

The American-born Patch King had a message for his subjects. "Don't forget my last name is spelled with a k and not an x," he pleaded. "Only our system allows me to become a king without worrying about my head being chopped off." ★★★

"Patch King" Marks has given us a new hobby: collecting shoulder identification tabs worn by fighting men. Here, on this page, are some of his most interesting items. They are: (1) Paris Maquis; (2) 81st (Wildcat) Division, both World War I and II; (3) MacArthur's General Headquarters; (4) Pathfinder patch, worn by men who parachute and successfully return to their lines; (5) 45th Division, World War I; (6) Women's Ferry Command; (7) Russian Army; (8) Atom Bomb Group; (9) Japanese Air Force; (10) Bund Deutschermädchen. The men of the 81st Division started wearing shoulder patches back in 1918, during World War I

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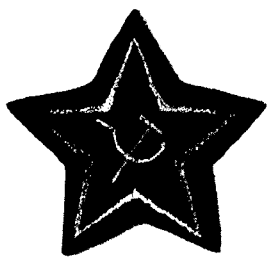

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*G-E Special ELECTRIC MODEL—Complete $6.95**

All this

(and heavenly coffee, too)

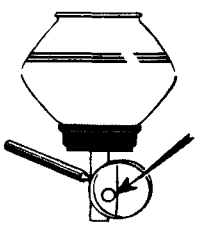
for only $6.95*

Yes, a fine coffee maker with a name you trust—General Electric—at a price actually lower than any other complete electric coffee maker sold! A value you won't believe till you actually see it!

You pay only $6.95. You get a *complete* G-E glass *Tastegard* Coffee Maker. That means you get the coffee maker, *plus* filter, *plus* a handy, handsome chromium Electric Stove, *plus* a plug-in cord, *plus* General Electric quality from stem to stern, top to bottom!

No extras to buy . . . except coffee. And what delicious coffee you'll brew *every* time with *any* General Electric Coffee Maker! General Electric Company, Bridgeport 2, Connecticut.

Only *Tastegard* Gives You Perfect Coffee *Every* Time— And Only General Electric Gives You *Tastegard!*



See that tiny hole in the side of the upper stem? That's the *Tastegard*—the wonderful G-E feature that makes coffee mellow, perfect-tasting every time.

Every G-E Coffee Maker has the Tastegard. No other coffee maker has it!

What does Tastegard do? It controls the coffee-brewing temperature. Water can't boil up through the stem until it's the *exact* temperature at which coffee brews best.

Temperature is always *right,* so the coffee is always a delight—whether you make a full 8 cups, or only 2 cups—or any number in between.

**Plus tax*

4 More Tastegard Coffee Makers at amazing prices with amazing features

Top of the Range Model **$4.95**

Makes two to eight cups of perfect coffee on stove or hot plate. Like all G-E Coffee Makers, it features: visible cup measurements and convenient handle on lower bowl, and exclusive *Tastegard.* Wide-mouth bowls for easy cleaning, lay-on lid and filter.

De Luxe Electric Model **$9.95 plus tax**

This two- to eight-cup electric model features a cool-to-the-touch plastic base. Clamp-on lid permits easy removal of upper bowl, and acts as a table mat when you set upper bowl on table. Plug-in cord and easy-to-clean glass filter rod.

Semiautomatic Model **$12.95 plus tax**

One heat to brew 2 to 8 cups . . . flip a switch, another heat to keep it warm! Cool-to-the-touch plastic base, upper-bowl handle, clamp-on lid and table mat. Plug-in cord and glass filter rod.

All-Automatic Model **$17.95 plus tax**

Lowest-priced all-automatic vacuum coffee maker sold! Brews 2 to 8 cups automatically . . . then keeps coffee warm until you're ready. Go about your work; no need to watch. Includes all other G-E features.

Prices subject to change without notice.

NO OTHER COFFEE MAKERS—REGARDLESS OF PRICE—HAVE THE TASTEGARD!

GENERAL ELECTRIC

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At Home in PORTLAND and PARIS

Oregonians are enthusiastic about the 'Jeep' Station Wagon.

. . . the First All-Steel Station Wagon with Double Utility

The significant thing about the 'Jeep' Station Wagon is the ideal way that it fits into the lives of so many people around the globe. As a personal car, it fills a long neglected need for practical usage and low-cost transportation. As a semi-business vehicle, it is unmatched by anything American automotive genius has produced.

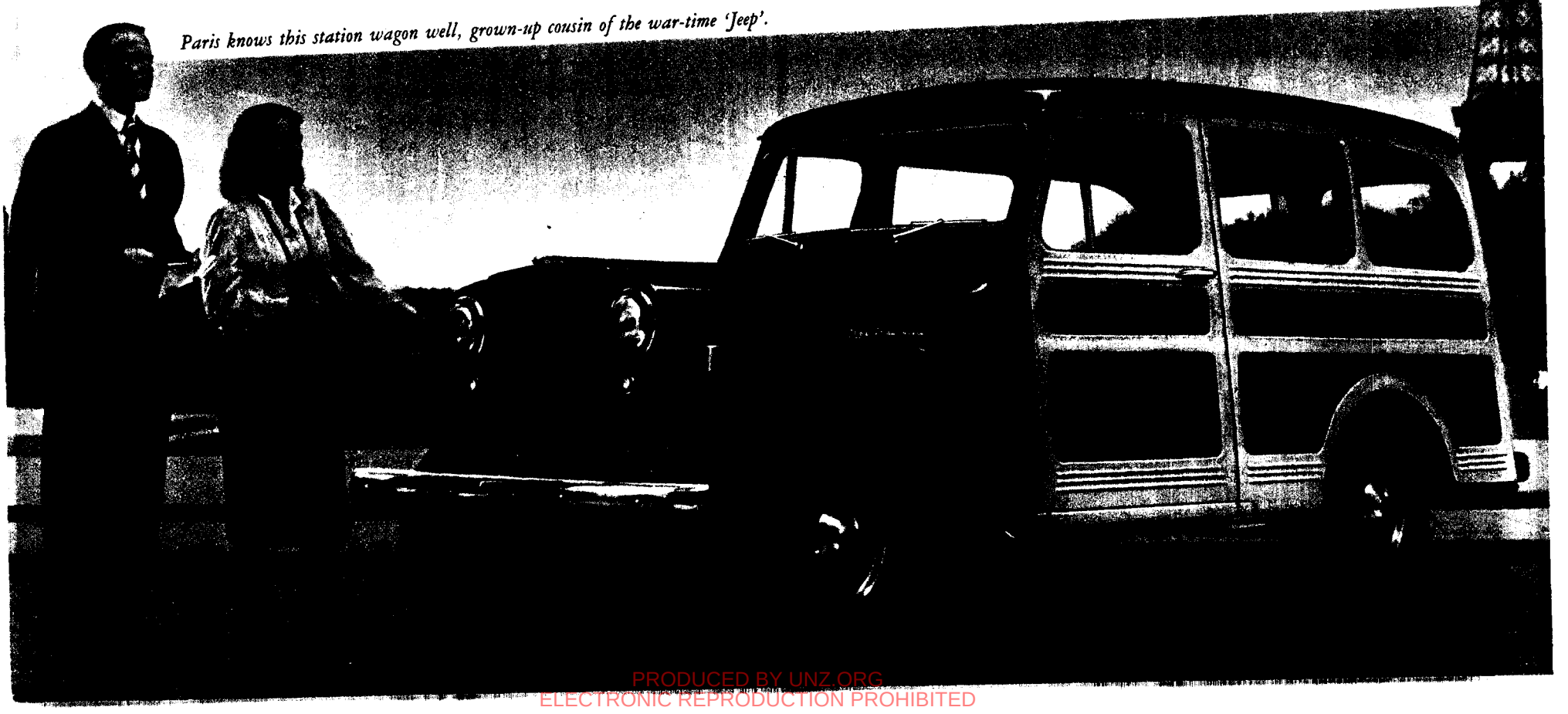
In the tropics, at the seashore, in every clime, the 'Jeep' Station Wagon serves more people, more ways, at lower cost. The reasons why: *The lasting finish and greater safety of the steel body; the wider usefulness made possible by removable seats; the power and economy of the famous 'Jeep' engine.* · · · Now on display at Willys-Overland dealers.

'Jeep' Station Wagon

WILLYS-OVERLAND MOTORS, TOLEDO, OHIO, U.S.A.

MAKERS OF AMERICA'S MOST USEFUL VEHICLES

Paris knows this station wagon well, grown-up cousin of the war-time 'Jeep'.



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THE TOTO AND HIS TOE

BY LAURENCE KIRK

In Africa the natives do not understand the game of golf. And no wonder!

ONE of the greatest institutions in colonial Africa is the toto. It is not known whether the idea was introduced from Europe or not, but it seems unlikely; for the system only exists there in such modified forms as that of plumber's helper, and moreover the totos in Europe are at school during the best years of their totodom. Probably the invention is African in origin.

Anyway the toto is an engaging creature and is always of the male sex. He begins his totodom normally at the age of seven or eight and continues it until he is fourteen or fifteen. He has soft brown eyes and straight bare black legs; he usually wears a pair of well-patched khaki shorts, and if he has a shirt as well, he wears it outside the shorts. So long as you are watching him, butter simply will not melt in his mouth; but it melts instantaneously if you look away. He works harder than the adult all the same, and is probably more trustworthy.

A case is known in fact of a settler whose whole household is run by totos of under ten years of age. He has a theory that they have not yet learned to steal by that time.

The activities of the toto, however, are by no means confined to the house. He is ubiquitous. The garden is a recognized place for him and he does more harm there than any insect. Errands of any kind are always undertaken by totos and in sport they are indispensable. When you play tennis you could not possibly bend down and pick up a ball yourself: It is retrieved by one toto and bounced accurately into your hand by another. Similarly at golf, not only is your bag carried by a toto but another toto stays out in front and marks the ball.

And that is how the trouble started at the Savannah Golf Club. . . .

So far we have considered how the toto appears to the white man. To understand what happened, however, it is not only necessary to know that, but also to have some idea how the white man appears to the toto. Well, on the whole, the toto likes the white man. He regards him with much the same fascinated incredulity as the white man regards the elephant and the giraffe and all the other big game in the country.

The white man is not only the possessor of a great magic which produces such wonders as motorcars and railway trains; but he is also the most convenient source of sixpences and for that reason needs to be humored. Humoring him is a tricky business, but can generally be achieved by showing an earnest, if momentary, desire to please. The key to the whole business is that the white man, for some reason known only to himself, is always engaged in some form of activity, and worships a thing he calls a clock. If some quite reasonable delay interferes with that worship, then the white man gets red in the face and begins to shout. This proneness to shouting is a peculiarity of the white man. The only known antidote is to run about very quickly.

Some of the white man's activities are less ridiculous than others. Horse racing for instance is an understandable pursuit, devoted to the exchange of large numbers of sixpences. Football also is an exciting exercise and the toto plays it himself in his spare time with his bare feet. He has not the equipment to play tennis; but he can see that the game is a kind of dance regulated by a white ball, and as an expert in rhythm he can appreciate some of the finer movements. The one sport he cannot even begin to understand is the thing they call golf.

In the first place these other pursuits in which the white man indulges, although a great waste of energy, generally seem to make him cheerful and happy, and incidentally loosen the sixpences in his pocket. They are therefore to be encouraged from every point of view. Golf on the other hand almost invariably makes the white man even more cheerless than he was before, and leads very often to outbursts of shouting. The toto who carries the clubs, for instance, soon learns that when the ball just trickles a few yards along the ground he has done something seriously wrong, and his sixpence is in danger. If on the other hand the ball flies long and straight down the course, and continues to do so at other holes, then he knows that

(Continued on page 64)

ILLUSTRATED BY DAVID SHAW

Normally the Bishop's toto had plenty of time to push the ball with his big toe as the Bishop looked in the other direction. But this time he had very little . . .

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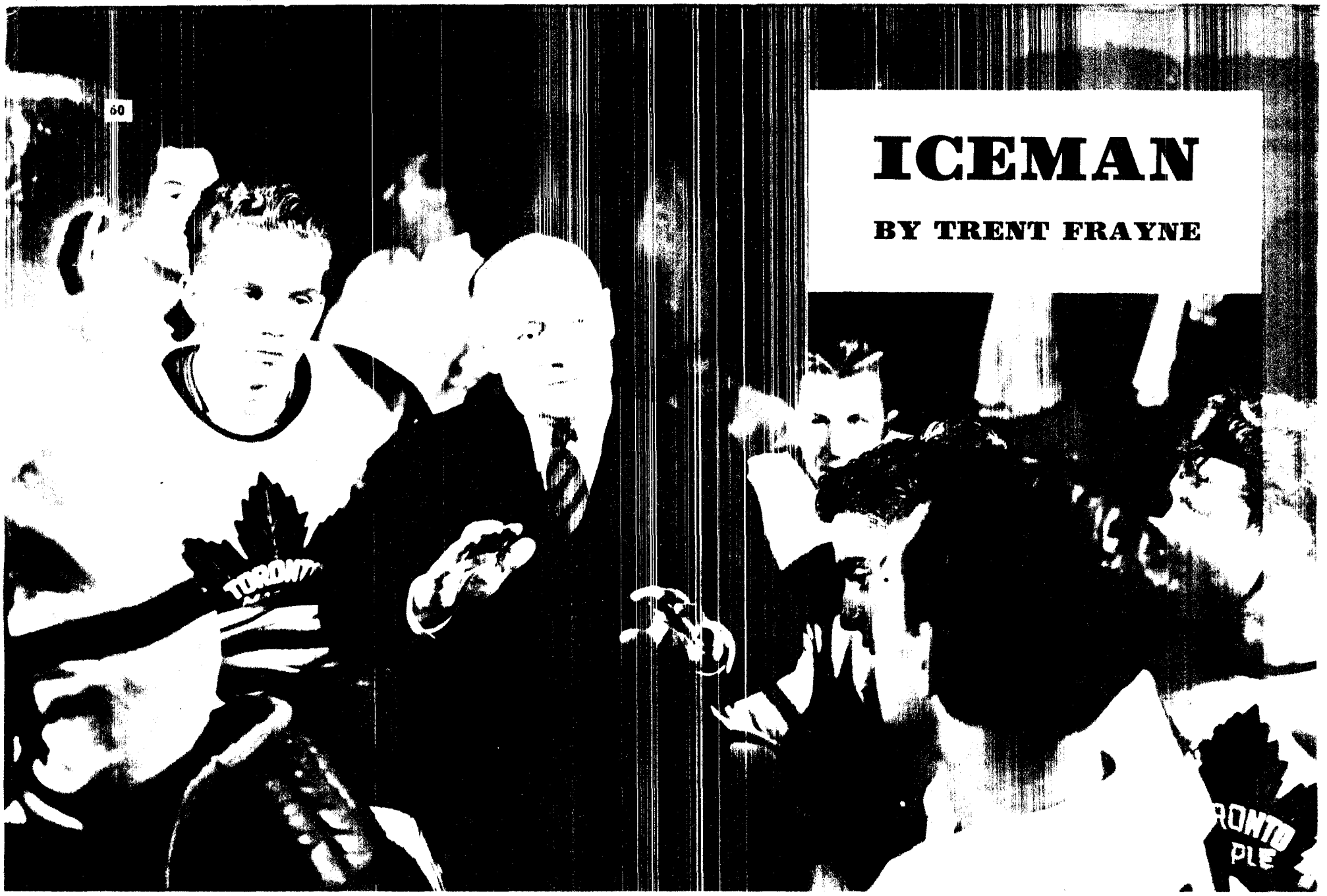

ICEMAN

BY TRENT FRAYNE

Manager Conn Smythe, pugnacious veteran of the ice-hockey wars, briefs his Toronto Maple Leaf players before a Ranger-Maple Leaf game. Toronto won, 4 to 1

With a fighting background of 30 years in hockey, Conn Smythe, manager of the champion Toronto Maple Leafs, has added plenty of youth to the game

LAST spring, Conn Smythe's Beardless Wonders, officially known as the Toronto Maple Leafs, became the youngest team in the history of hockey to win the championship Stanley Cup.

"I should have figured it out years ago," Smythe reports. "Youth is the answer in this game. Only the kids have the drive, the fire and the ambition. Put the kids in with a few old-pappy guys who still like to win and the combination is unbeatable."

It was, last year. Comparative gaffers like center Sylvanus Apps, thirty-one, winger Nick Metz, thirty-two, and goalie Turk Broda, thirty-two, formed a steadying backdrop for a squad of hell-for-leather kids, seven of whom were pea-green rookies. Big rugged children like Gus Mortson, twenty-one, Jimmy Thomson, twenty, Bill Barilko, nineteen, and Garth Boesch, virtually a creaking oldster at twenty-six, formed the all-rookie defense, and the ace scoring line was comprised of Ted Kennedy, twenty-one, Vic Lynn, twenty-one, and Howie Meeker, twenty-two. The team's average was twenty-four, and with the oldsters, Apps, Metz and Broda, out of there, the average sank to twenty-two years. No other hockey club could ever make that statement.

The team actually was a skating reflection of its fiery, stubborn, often-imperious general manager, Smythe, who has been the underdog as often as he has been on top; who has been involved in more brawls and brannigans than any other executive in the big leagues. Last spring Detroit was the enemy when the play-offs opened. The Red Wings completely mesmerized Smythe's stage-struck kids. They administered a 9-to-1 shellacking and this didn't bother Smythe nearly so much as the fact that their rock-ribbed defenseman, Jack Stewart, had swished a telegraphed left hook across Jimmy Thomson's chin and nobody slugged him back.

"Nobody pops anybody on this club without getting popped back," Smythe snarled at his charges. "I'm not interested in hockey players who don't play to win. You can take penalties but you gotta play to win."

Toronto swept the next four games. Thomson mixed with Stewart every time they came together.

Actually, Smythe didn't know how much dynamite he had on his hands when he assembled this aggregation, after scrapping the 1945-46 club, which ran fifth in the six-team league. When he brought his club out of its fall training quarters he announced, "We're two years away. We'll lose a lot of hockey games but we'll give a lot of action this year. I'm building."

He was none too popular with the customers then, either. He had traded away the people's choice, Babe Pratt, to the Boston Bruins and he had sent a marvelous little center, Billy Taylor, to the Detroit Red Wings. The customers said he'd rounded up a bunch of boy scouts. Well, the customers were wrong; if they'd looked back into history they'd have found that Smythe was a builder from way back.

In 1926, when the Rangers were preparing to make their advent into hockey's big time, their president, Colonel John Hammond, deputized Smythe, then a thirty-one-year-old amateur coach in Canada, to assemble and coach his team. He also commissioned him to engage players for the Ranger farm team at Springfield, Massachusetts, in the old International–American League. Smythe scoured western Canada's prairies and toured the eastern hinterlands and came up with such farm boys as Bill Cook, Frank Boucher, Bun Cook, Ching Johnson and Taffy Abel, youngsters who later grew into ice-game immortals. He recruited two entire teams for less than $30,000.

But one player he did not acquire was Babe Dye, then a star defenseman for the old Toronto St. Pat's. Hammond and Smythe engaged in a stiff verbal clash because Conn refused to bid for Dye and it culminated with Smythe out of a job.

In 1932, Smythe brought to the Ottawa Senators the inspired defenseman, King Clancy, and around Clancy he built a Stanley Cup champion that featured the famed Kid Line of Joe Primeau, Harvey (Busher) Jackson and Charlie Conacher.

He won his second championship in 1942 when, after dropping three straight games in the finals to Detroit, he benched four players, brought four kids up from his farm club at Pittsburgh and whirled through four straight victories to the crown.

But the war was into its third year for Canada then, and by the following fall many of his players were in uniform and Smythe, himself, had gone back to the wars. He formed an artillery battery in Toronto and, with the rank of major, led it to England. Gravely wounded in Normandy when a piece of shrapnel thudded into his back and partially paralyzed him, he came home on a hospital ship in 1945 and was bedridden for nearly a year. But, with the truly remarkable spirit that has characterized his entire life, he returned to the hockey wars.

Somehow, he has always managed to capitalize on adversity. Back in 1926, he had agreed verbally to a salary of $10,000 for forming and coaching the Rangers. When Hammond fired him he offered him $7,500 in

(Continued on page 73)

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY DAVID PESKIN

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A brand-new Beauty

with the "Golden Throat"

This 3-Way tone system, the finest in RCA Victor history, made *radio* history in thrilling tests of tonal fidelity — the "Golden Throat" Show. Read about it in a booklet, free, at your RCA Victor dealer's.

It sets a new high in performance ...quality...value

It's a great combination—this table model Victrola radio-phonograph! It's available in rich, selected walnut or lovely mahogany finish with all your radio controls outside where they're most convenient. You have *three*-point tone control for radio and records. There's a larger than usual speaker, far more than usual power. You *hear* the difference in the fuller, more resonant tone of the "Golden Throat."

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"Victrola"—T. M. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

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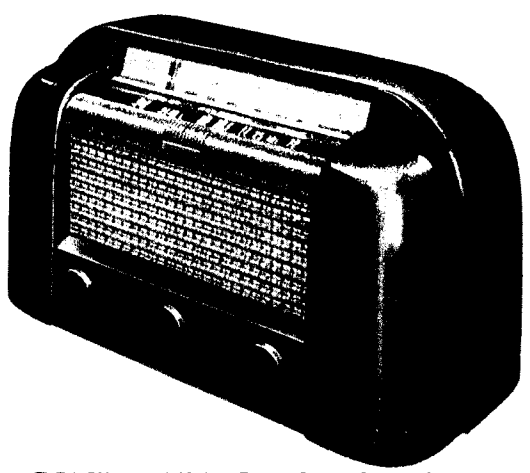

RCA Victor 66XI—Smooth, modern cabinet of walnut plastic *completely encloses* this powerful table radio. Standard and short-wave bands; hand-grip in cabinet top; spread-band dial: attachment for record player. Outstanding in style and performance, with the famous "Golden Throat" tone system.

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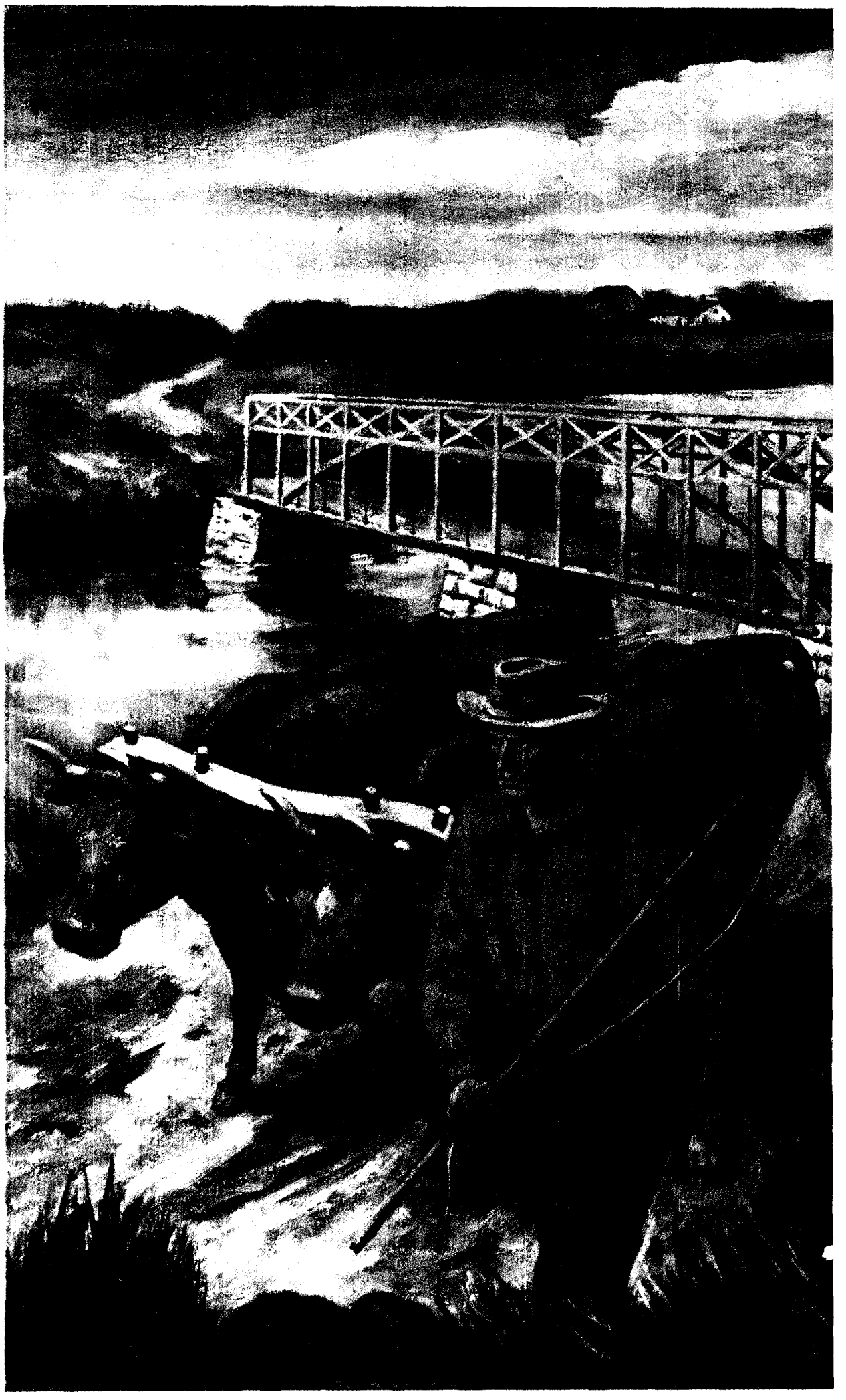
WESTWARD THE ROAD



FROM his own dooryard John Ballinger could see everything. This was an advantage he held over people from the village. They had driven two miles for the spectacle, and their horses and buggies lined both sides of the gravel road.

Two days of April rain had swelled Otter Creek into a torrent. The covered bridge had barely lasted through the night, and its end was expected any moment now. Nothing so exciting had happened since President Grant's election last autumn.

John's daughter Naomi shared a special recess with her pupils when she could no longer hold their attention in the near-by schoolhouse. They huddled about her in an awed little circle, watching the current leap about the shuddering stringers of the bridge.

The workmen who had tried since dawn to strengthen the abutments had given up hope and were leaning on their tools, when the whole structure suddenly folded in the middle with a groan.

People love a good calamity, however much they may protest, and flood can be more satisfactory even than fire. The school children raised a shout when the roof settled into the water with a tremendous splash. And their elders did not seem wholly sincere in exchanging conventional regrets.

Next, of course, came gloomy afterthoughts. Taxes were always the leading issue in county elections, and the expense of a new span had to be considered. It was during this moment of reflection that Matt Cameron spoke out of turn.

"Trouble was in the trusses," he remarked. "They weren't overlapped enough for strength. Besides, the timbers couldn't have been seasoned proper."

Bareheaded and wearing his red flannel shirt open at the neck, he grinned confidently as the wreckage swept downstream. "I can do a better job," he bragged.

A stranger might have mistaken this assurance for a cockerel's crowing, but Matt's neighbors knew better. They knew that at the age of twenty-two Matt had served his apprenticeship and was bidding for a place in the community. Everybody agreed that there was no better young craftsman with fieldstone and heavy timbers.

"I can do a better job," he repeated, and this time he looked straight at Naomi Ballinger. "I've waited a long time for my chance, and it's lucky I saved plenty of pine and white oak timbers, seasoned under cover."

As if the subject were closed, he spoke to his oxen, Bright and Star. There was a swagger in his gait and arrogance on his dark face as he shouted, "Haw, Bright! Haw, Star! . . . *Hoosh g'long!*"

From his dooryard John Ballinger looked on and frowned. Grave and bearded, like all his Civil War generation, he still had not forgotten a defeat of his own as a brash young man.

His elderly housekeeper was already watching with a gossip's sharp eye for Avery Warner's reactions. Mrs. Foley knew that the newly elected road commissioner had the planning of bridges, and that Matt should have let him speak first.

AVERY took offense. "These are wonderful times," he observed with seeming irrelevance. "Now that the Union Pacific is being completed, a person can travel by rail all the way to California next summer."

Everyone realized that this comment was only an introduction. Avery would come to the point in his own good time, and meanwhile, the people waited. Many a native York Stater had never set foot on Manhattan Island, but Avery visited the city every winter, taking in the new plays and the museums.

"It was a York City contractor," he went on, "who told me about the latest in bridge construction. The most progressive builders are using wrought iron. And instead of fieldstone abutments, they favor this new Portland cement."

It may have been only a coincidence that he paused to watch Matt and his oxen disappear over the hill. "There's no doubt," he added cheerfully, "that the old covered bridge is on the way out. Iron costs more at first, but it would last till the middle of the twentieth century."

This date was too remote for concern. Of more immediate fascination was Avery's departure on county business. He untied his team of matched carriage horses—sorrels with white feet. Holding the reins firmly, as if such skittish animals were not to be trusted, he sprang into his red-wheeled buggy. As he drove away, the road commissioner smiled

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BY LYNN MONTROSS

He decided he would cross the bridge when she came to it

JOHN ALAN MAXWELL

and nodded. But he tipped his hat to Naomi Ballinger, for he had been keeping company with her the last three months.

People said that there was no better catch than Avery. He was the community's first scientific farmer, putting into effect the theories he learned at the academy. More than one young thing had set her cap for him, dreaming of her own carriage and hired girl. But so far he had shown no interest in anyone except Naomi.

Matt Cameron had nothing to offer except the skill of his two hands. But he knew his trade, however weak he might be at spelling or grammar. And even the older men deferred to his judgment when it came to building a temporary log-and-plank bridge opposite the schoolhouse.

BY NOON the creek was receding, and all the farmers of the neighborhood took a hand with the bridge. Precious little studying was done by Naomi Ballinger's classes. Common-school geography books shielded pupils who stared out the window at Matt felling trees.

Almost desperately Naomi tried to interest her fifth-graders in their lessons. While they were reciting on Colorado, her eyes grew bright and adventurous. "How many of you," she asked, "have read in the newspapers about the gold rush to the Rockies?"

Several hands might have shot up, but at that moment Matt crossed the swollen stream on a raft. Colorado was forgotten while Matt secured his block and tackle to a stump on the opposite bank. When he returned, it was breath-taking to watch him maneuver Bright and Star until the first rock maple log had been swung over the water. Matt worked like his oxen, without wasting an effort, and soon the other stringers were laid parallel, their adze-hewn surfaces ready for the nailing of the planks.

It was no accident that Matt knocked off work just five minutes before school ended. Standing in the inner doorway, he towered over Naomi. "Now," he announced, "your over-brook pupils won't have to go home the long way." And he pointed out the window at a temporary span completed even to birch handrails and a detour cut through the alders.

"Could I speak to you alone, miss?" he asked, backing into the little hall which served as cloakroom. His voice gained in volume. "Today I've come into my trade. The new covered bridge ought to keep me busy till June, then I'll bid to cut cordwood for heating the courthouse."

It was plain that nobody had hinted to Matt about the threat of iron construction. York Staters were capable of making a vice out of minding their own business, especially if they thought that a young fellow was growing too big for his breeches.

"I'll be working in sight of your house for weeks," he went on. "This evening I'd like to call on you."

"This evening has been spoken for," said Naomi.

If Matt's eyes had wandered, he might have noticed the gay package on the shelf over Naomi's coat, a package with a red ribbon surmounting its crepe-paper ruffles. But Matt had never been invited to the box suppers of the young people in the valley. On Saturday nights his roan nag and sulky could be found at the liveliest barn dance or kitchen tonk in the hills. There were tales of drinking and cuddling at those affairs, and it was said that Matt never refused a challenge in the bare-knuckled bouts which ensued.

"I've been a little unsteady," he admitted, as if reading her thoughts, "but a man with a trade must settle down. And it's not just one evening I have in mind—I'd like to ask your father's permission to pay my attentions."

There was more to Naomi than a soft mouth and heart-shaped face—she also had a firm chin and candid gray eyes. In a generation when few women ever signed a pay check, she earned more money each month than a good farm hand could make by working twelve-hour days.

"My father is modern in his ideas," she said with pride. "He considers a girl old enough at nineteen to know her own mind."

"Then I'm asking you direct, Naomi."

She hesitated. "I've *(Continued on page 70)*

A lonely man can be dangerous—especially if he does not talk much. And Matt only nodded when he met Naomi, leaving the rest to her imagination

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Better Sit Up and Beg, Pal!
GOSH, JUDY, YOU SURE ARE SCRAPPY LATELY! I'VE BEEN SPENDING MORE TIME IN THE DOGHOUSE THAN FIDO! WHAT'S THE TROUBLE?
THE TROUBLE IS HOW TO TELL YOU, JIM! YOUR DENTIST CAN HANDLE A SUBJECT LIKE—LIKE BAD BREATH BETTER THAN I CAN!
DOGGONE IT!
TO COMBAT BAD BREATH, I RECOMMEND COLGATE DENTAL CREAM! FOR SCIENTIFIC TESTS PROVE THAT IN 7 OUT OF 10 CASES, COLGATE'S INSTANTLY STOPS BAD BREATH THAT ORIGINATES IN THE MOUTH!
COLGATE'S ACTIVE PENETRATING FOAM GETS INTO HIDDEN CREVICES BETWEEN TEETH—HELPS CLEAN OUT DECAYING FOOD PARTICLES—STOP STAGNANT SALIVA ODORS—REMOVE THE CAUSE OF MUCH BAD BREATH
LATER-Thanks to Colgate Dental Cream
JIM ISN'T IN THE DOGHOUSE NOW! AND THAT'S OKAY BY ME. BOW-WOW!
COLGATE DENTAL CREAM
Cleans Your Breath While It Cleans Your Teeth!
COLGATE
RIBBON DENTAL CREAM
Always use COLGATE DENTAL CREAM after you eat and before every date!

THE TOTO AND HIS TOE

Continued from page 59

he is doing well and his sixpence may even become a shilling. The toto wonders what kind of magic this is which makes him influence the flight of the ball which the white man is hitting.

The toto who is the fore-caddie has a lot to learn. The first time he performs, he probably pounces on the ball, picks it up and runs as fast as he can to return it to the white man, so that he shan't get out of step with his clock. The outburst of violent shouting soon tells him that he has guessed wrong.

The next thing he learns is that it is even worse than picking up the ball to allow the white man to lose it. That makes the white man so unhappy that he can't even shout. So when the toto sees the ball going off into the rough he runs as fast as he can so that he can find it before the white man comes up. It is not always easy, for the rough is tight and close; but even if he can't see it, the toto is adept at feeling for it with every one of his ten bare toes.

EVEN so, having found the ball before the white man comes up, he may still discover that things are not as they should be. The white man may scowl at the ball when he is shown where it is, and mutter angrily, "Gad, what a lie!" or words to that effect. The toto of course does not understand. He thinks that the magic that can make motorcars and railway trains is too strong to be intimidated by a few blades of grass. However, the next time he finds the ball in the rough and waits for the scowl to appear on the white man's face, he discovers to his surprise that the white man seems quite pleased. "H'm!" he says cheerfully. "Quite a good lie after all!" The toto, of course, is puzzled, but decides that he has been misinformed at Sunday school, where he is learning to be a Christian, and that there are good lies as well as bad lies. So the next time he finds the ball in the rough, if it is buried at all, he moves it gently with his big toe until it is nicely teed up. And once again the white man looks pleased when he sees it.

It takes the average toto about a week to learn this simple method of humoring the white man. And if some white man has conscience enough to wonder why he always has such good lies in the rough, the toto just looks as though butter wouldn't melt in his mouth and says that he hasn't touched it.

The average white man feels that, with that, he has done his duty nobly and produces an extra sixpence at the end of the round.

The championship at the Savannah Club is always held in November at the end of the rainy season. This year there were sixteen entrants which eliminated the need for any byes. There were also of course sixteen totos to carry the clubs, and another sixteen to mark the balls. And as every toto was aware that his appointment—with all its rewards—ended when *his* white man got beaten, there was a lot of secret but effective work with their big toes.

The manager of the Standard Bank was the favorite at first, but he got knocked out in the second round. The betting then was between the Attorney General, who was four handicap and the Bishop, who was six. They were in different halves of the draw and could not meet until the final round—where in due course they did.

Both of them had been playing good golf, and neither of them had had a score of worse than 80 during all the matches they had played.

While the betting was if anything on the side of the Attorney General, the more popular win would have been that of the Bishop, who was a fine-looking man of six foot two and compared favorably with the portly, undersized figure of the Attorney General.

There was also a considerable difference in their characters as well as in their appearance. The Bishop loved everybody, while the Attorney General loved nobody except perhaps the Attorney General. In the same way the Bishop suspected nobody's motives, while the Attorney General suspected everyone's—and on this occasion the Bishop's in particular.

Admittedly he had some reason for doing so. He had been playing directly behind the Bishop in all the previous rounds and had seen that at every single hole he sliced his drive into the rough. In spite of that, his ball was always lying well enough for him to put his second

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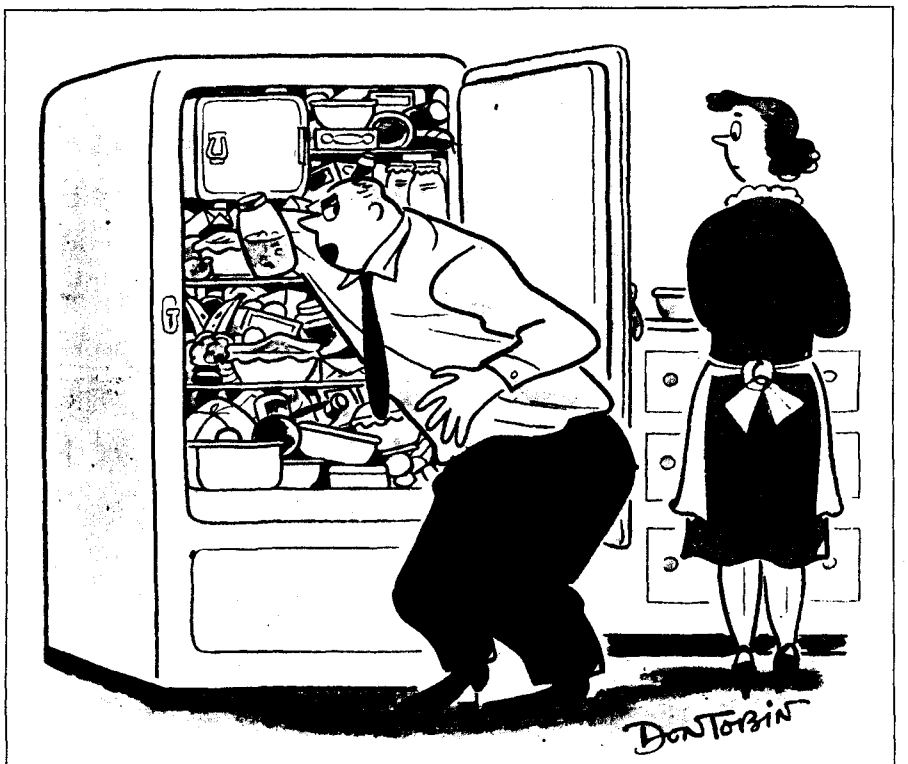

COLLIER'S "What does it feel like?" DON TOBIN

shot somewhere near the green; and as his short game was deadly he always got down in two more. All this would have been less infuriating if he had not also always said, "Bad luck!" when his opponent missed his putt.

When the final began, the Bishop as usual sliced his drive at the first hole. That would have meant an extra stroke in any normal circumstances. But somehow or other he was able to take a spoon for his second and put it a few yards from the green; he laid his run-up dead. He also said, "Bad luck!" as though he really meant it when the Attorney General missed a short putt for a five. From then on, the Attorney General was determined to have a showdown.

No jury was going to believe that you could always find a good lie in that thick rough. It was quite incredible. The only explanation was that there was collusion on the part of the toto, and condonation or even connivance on the part of the Bishop. These were ugly words to use against one who was head of the local church, but it was time somebody did it; and as he dropped another stroke on the second hole as well in the same way, the Attorney General decided that that person would be himself.

But then suddenly a change came over the game. The Bishop started driving down the fairway while the Attorney General began to visit the rough. He saw nothing odd in the fact that he got reasonably good lies when he did this. He had told his toto at the very beginning that he must never touch the ball, and he knew that the toto would never dare to disobey him. In any case he was able to make quite good recoveries; and as the Bishop suddenly lost his touch on the green, the Attorney General got the two strokes back. At the ninth he was one stroke up, and already picturing how handsome the silver cup would look on his dining table. The Bishop wanted the cup, too, but he was quite sincere as he remarked what a jolly game it was they were having.

But once more a change came over the game. They both began to slice. This gave the Attorney General the opportunity to see what much better lies the Bishop always had; and his worst suspicions were confirmed when the latter won three holes in succession, and the silver cup seemed on its way to the wrong dining-room table.

The crisis came at the fourteenth when the Bishop was still two strokes up. Both had sliced their drives again, and this time the Bishop's ball had not been found by the time the two players came up. Normally the Bishop's toto, whose name was Matthew, had plenty of time to push the ball with his big toe as the Bishop looked in the other direction. But this time he had very little, and it wasn't enough. The Attorney General was watching and saw him do it.

"I protest!" roared the Attorney General at once. "Your boy deliberately teed your ball up before he said he had found it. And I'll bet it's not the first time either!"

THE Bishop looked very upset as he stared first at the Attorney General and then at the toto.

"I really don't think—" he began.

"I tell you I saw him do it," the Attorney General insisted. "No wonder you always get out of the rough so well!"

The Bishop, more upset than ever, turned to the toto.

"Matthew!"

"Yes, *bwana*."

"You heard what the *bwana* said?"

"Yes, *bwana*."

"Did you move the ball with your toe?"

"Oh, no, *bwana*."

"Have you ever moved the ball with your toe at any other time?"

"Oh, no, *bwana*, no."

The Bishop still looked unhappy. The answer was just a little too glib even for his trusting nature.

"Listen, Matthew," he went on very gently. "You are coming to me to be confirmed next week?"

"Yes, *bwana*."

"You know that you can't be confirmed if you have a lie on your conscience?"

"Ye-es, *bwana*." (Matthew wanted very much to be confirmed.)

"Very well then. Did you move the ball with your toe?"

Matthew wriggled and said nothing, and the Bishop went on with a sinking heart:

"You won't be punished, Matthew, if you tell the truth. Did you move it with your toe?"

"Ye-es, *bwana*."

"Have you ever moved it with your toe before?"

"Yes, *bwana*."

"How often, Matthew?"

"Always, *bwana*."

The Bishop closed his eyes for a second, then he slowly put his driver back in his bag. "I am horrified," he

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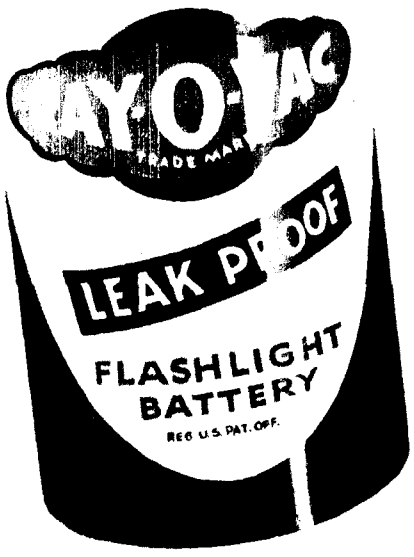

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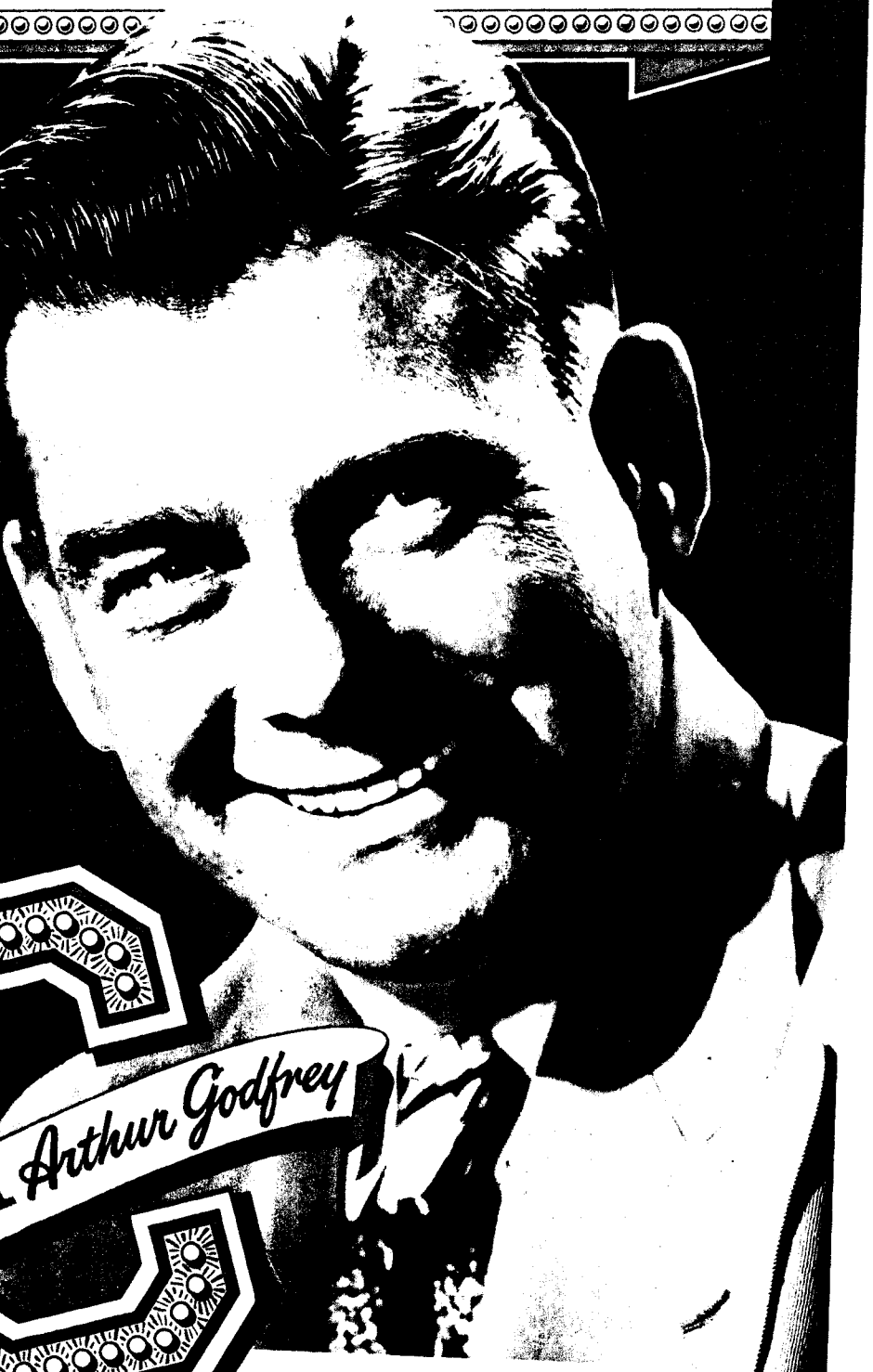
ARTHUR GODFREY

BEWITCHING Jo Stafford



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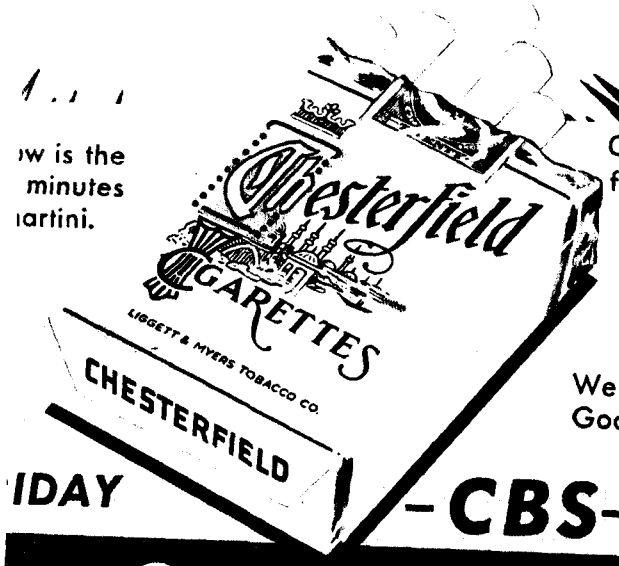

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THROAT SORE FROM A COLD?

Remember

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said miserably. "I retire from the competition." . . .

One of the defeated competitors, the Bank Manager, to be exact, had been watching the game through his field glasses. He had been puzzled at this long pause at the fourteenth; but when the Bishop—and the toto—began to walk in to the clubhouse as though they were marching to the gallows he made a very accurate guess as to what had happened. Instantly he called in to the clubroom from the veranda where he was standing, and before long, several members of the committee were by his side. They all had a look through the field glasses, and observed not only the gallows walk of the Bishop, but also a certain cockiness in the Attorney General's step, which they resented. They felt that he had no right to show up the poor old Bishop in that crude manner. Everybody knew that the totos teed the ball with their big toes. Nobody could stop them, and it was the same for all, even if the practice was not strictly in accordance with the Rules of Golf.

When the Bishop arrived, he announced that his caddie had been caught in a flagrant breach of the rules: He had therefore retired from the contest and begged to be excused from any further discussion that might follow. An emergency committee meeting was then summoned. In fact two committee meetings were summoned; for the totos held theirs under a mango tree just around the corner. And Matthew was absent from this latter meeting just as the Bishop was absent from the former. He did not want to do anything more to put his confirmation in jeopardy.

THE first meeting began soberly enough. The Attorney General described what had happened, and was gracious enough to add that he was quite certain that his opponent had no idea what had been going on. It had been going on all the same and it was time that they did something about it. If he might make the suggestion, a local rule was required to put the onus on the player to see that there was no infringement of the rules. As he was well versed in drafting such regulations, he would, if they agreed, frame the rule himself: And he proposed that the following should be adopted:

"A match should not be influenced under the Rules of Golf by anything an African caddie may do contrary to those rules."

So far the committee had been giving the Attorney General his head. He was technically in the right, and they were prepared to let him have anything he wanted—except the silver cup which was standing in the middle of the table. So they approved the wording of the local rule. The Attorney General thought it would be a mistake to prolong the discussion unnecessarily; so he then got up and said that it was a pity the championship had gone to him by default; but as it had, he supposed he had better take the cup home with him.

It was then that the shouting (for which the totos had been listening around the corner) really began in earnest. Somebody got up and said like hell he would! The Attorney General suggested that he should moderate his language, and the man repeated like hell he'd do that, too! When the immediate uproar subsided, the Bank Manager took charge. He observed acidly that of the two finalists they already knew that the Attorney General was the better lawyer, and also that the Bishop was the more Christian. What they didn't know was which was the better golfer, and that was just what they wanted to find out, wasn't it? More shouting and loud cheers followed this. Very well then, the Bank Manager went on, they would have a replay of the match the next day. *Without any totos.* That ought to satisfy everybody.

So the next day the totos were banished from the course and the match was replayed. It was really more like an old-fashioned duel than a game of golf, for each contestant had two seconds. The Bishop had the Chief Justice to carry his clubs and the Director of Surveys to mark his ball, while the Attorney General had the Secretary for Agriculture for the first purpose and the Chief Botanist for the second. The game that followed was a complete shambles. Not only did the Director of Surveys and the Chief Botanist not tee the balls in the rough; but very often they did not even find them. When the Bishop won on the last green, his approximate score for the eighteen holes was 91 to the Attorney General's 93—which, judging from their earlier averages, seemed to show that if a toto as fore-caddie was worth eleven strokes to the Bishop, he was worth at least thirteen to the Attorney General.

Anyway the Bishop won and Matthew was confirmed. The latter looked up most soulfully as the Bishop laid his hands on his head; and the Bishop, thinking of the silver cup on his dining-room table, firmly pressed the head down before he blessed him. He could not bear to see the butter melting in those big brown eyes.

THE END

COLLIER'S "This is the good part I was telling you about" ARTHUR E. CUMINGS

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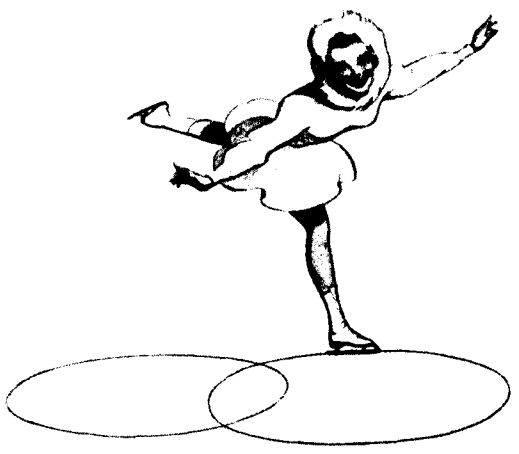

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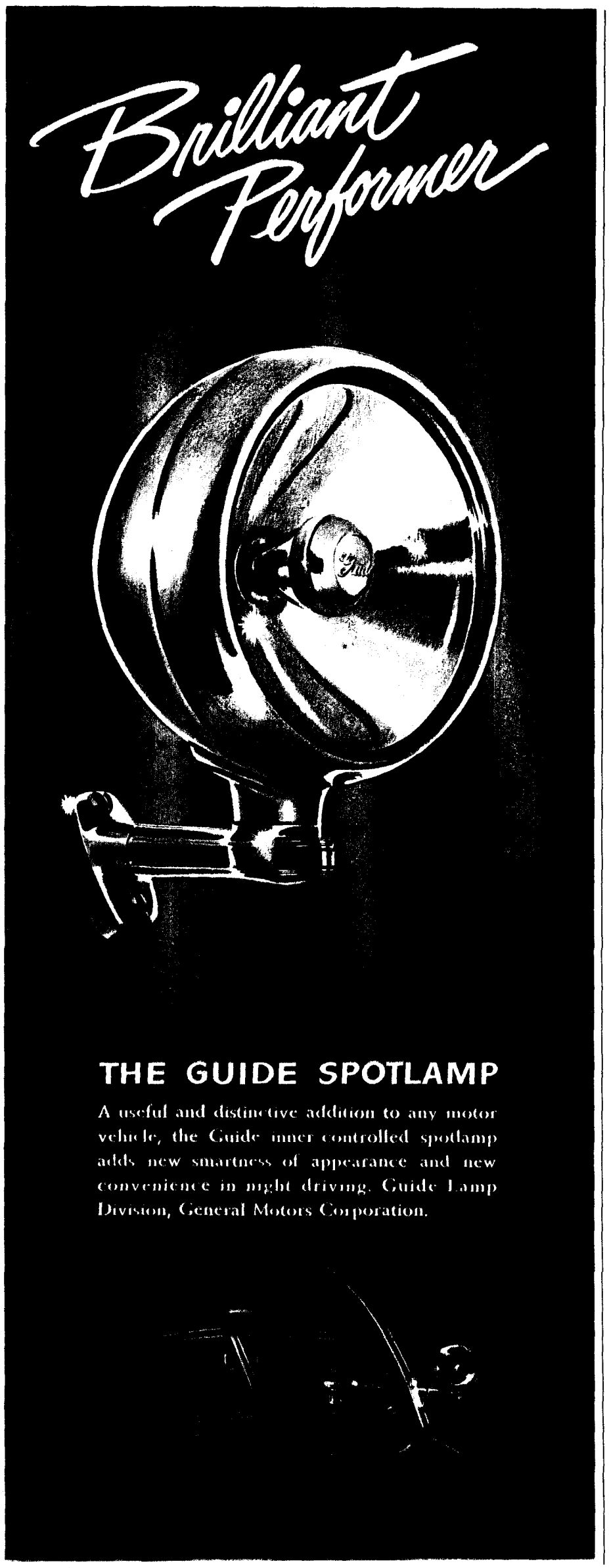
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WESTWARD THE ROAD

Continued from page 63

nothing against you, Matt," she said at last. "It's *just that—I'm promised.*"

"Oh." There was a long silence as the significance struck him like a blow. "I didn't know," he said, and all the confidence drained out of his voice.

After another awkward pause he muttered an excuse and left. But now he did not shout at his oxen as he drove off.

AT THE church supper that evening Avery Warner made an unopposed first bid of ten dollars for the box with the red ribbon. It was the highest tribute ever paid a pretty face on such an occasion, but nobody was surprised. Only one hour after school had been dismissed, Avery's engagement to Naomi was no longer secret, for a score of little eavesdroppers had told their mothers.

Before this news was cold, everybody also knew that Avery was planning a train trip to New York to invite bids from contractors. A public meeting of the commissioners had been announced for Saturday morning, and even the closest taxpayers took pride in the prospect of the county building one of the first iron bridges in the country.

Matt, of course, heard of Avery's plans. All week he cut prodigious quantities of cordwood, attacking each tree as if it were his foe. Then on Saturday morning his roan nag and sulky were early arrivals at the line of gnawed hitching posts outside the courthouse.

An angry young man can easily appear ridiculous, but Matt did not make the mistake of scowling or glaring. Two hundred pounds of bone and sinew have a dignity of their own, despite an ill-fitting serge coat worn only on trips to the village. And Matt walked quietly up the stone steps, tossing a curt greeting to loafers who saved their curious stares for the back of his neck.

Avery called the meeting to order, after arranging the exhibits he had brought back from the city. Even as a beginner, he showed abilities which would later take him to the senate in Albany. His confidential tone was persuasive in a day of swollen oratory—he spoke as if he were merely talking to neighbors over a stone fence.

"This," he said, sifting a mysterious gray powder through his fingers, "is the new Portland cement. You mix it with sand and water, let it set for a few days, and here's your result—"

He passed around a chunk that had hardened to resemble solid gray rock. Each farmer hefted it in turn, solemnly.

"First costs," Avery warned, "may seem a little high—we'll have to hire a contractor and crew from the city. But if we think in terms of final expense—"

Matt sprang to his feet. "Is everything all settled?" he demanded. "Or do you want to hear my bid?"

The interruption found Avery poised and ready. "After I've finished," he said, "we'll have an open discussion. Then everybody may speak his mind."

This was a polite invitation for Matt to sit down, but he ignored it. "I'm leaving York State," he said abruptly. He kept his voice under control, though his knuckles went white as he gripped the chair in front of him. "Before I go, I'd like to build at least one bridge. *And my bridge may not cost you a cent.*"

Even this challenge did not confuse Avery. "Progress is an impersonal sort of thing." He smiled. "Iron construction is bound to replace wood, just as steam cars replaced the stagecoach."

"I won't take a penny," Matt said, "unless my bridge outlasts every person in this room! Then the county can pay my heirs, if I've got any."

For the first time Avery showed some annoyance. "The county," he said, "cannot gamble on the future. You'll have to name your figure in a written bid."

Matt walked defiantly down the aisle. "My figure is a hundred dollars!" he said, pausing at the door. "And I'll put it in writing for you now."

That settled it. Every taxpayer knew that Matt had cut off his own nose—a hundred dollars wouldn't cover materials, let alone labor. Avery went on undismayed to praise the merits of iron and cement. But he knew that the commissioners had no choice. Times had been hard ever since Appomattox, and progress would have to wait on economy.

If an embittered young man chose to play the fool, it was scarcely the fault of the taxpayers. During the next few days, Matt carried out other reckless decisions. He sold everything he owned but his oxen, his wagon and his tools. Then after moving his trunk from the farmhouse where he boarded, he began hauling timbers for the new covered bridge. Piles of beams and planks, protected by tarpaulins, soon grew within view of the Ballinger dooryard.

COLLIER'S "Now don't expect too much of me for a few minutes. This is my first time on skates" J. S. MAC DONALD

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A forlorn lover can be a sympathetic figure, but Matt continued to keep everyone at a distance. On the road he spoke civilly enough to people, but discouraged questions. And instead of seeking a new boarding place, he rigged up a crude canvas shelter on the creek bank. Around him, as he cooked his supper over an outdoor fireplace, the piles of lumber had the grim aspect of a fortress.

The morning Matt walked into the yard, Naomi was wearing an apron and sunbonnet, churning butter on the back porch. "Tomorrow," he told her bluntly, "I start work on the new bridge. The day it's finished, Naomi, I aim to call again and ask you to go away with me."

"You've no right to talk to me alone!" she said, blushing. "My engagement has been announced—"

"I doubt that we're alone." Matt pointed to the half-open door. Mrs. Foley was a notorious gossip, and at this instant the housekeeper betrayed her presence in the kitchen with an indignant sniff. "Besides, women have been known to change their minds."

"Did they ever change," Naomi said coldly, "to please a man carrying a chip on his shoulder?" She turned to go into the house.

"Maybe a man carries a chip," Matt said, "because he hasn't much else to bring. I'm not handy with words. You've got pupils in pigtails who can write a better script. That's why I had to build the bridge—it's the only way I knew to pay my attentions. All the rest of your life it'll be your bridge, Naomi, whether or not you cross it with me."

After this long speech he drew breath, as if recovering from an effort. "I couldn't leave York State without being near you my last few weeks. I'd have bid ten dollars for the job."

BOTH of them paused to watch John Ballinger drive into the yard. Then Naomi changed the subject. "Where do you plan to go, Matt?" For the first time she smiled at him.

"Colorado."

John Ballinger drew rein with his harrow in time to hear the magic word. "Panning or prospecting?" His eyes lit.

"There are better ways to find gold," said Matt. "Around Blackhawk and Central City a man can cut mine props. And now his voice was edged with bitterness as he recalled the dark thoughts of wakeful nights. "Here I'm a Johnny-come-lately at my own trade, but in Colorado they pay well for a skilled worker with a good pair of cattle. That's why I'm going by wagon instead of railway."

At once the two men were down on their knees, tracing the route with a twig. They had forgotten Naomi, though she listened with the look her pupils knew in geography recitation. First, the twig led straight across York State to Buffalo. At this stage, said Matt, he would rest his oxen by taking a lake freighter to Toledo. Next, of course, came the long part of the journey, following the overland trail which the wagon trains had traveled before the new railway was completed.

Last of all, Matt drew wavy lines to indicate the Rockies. "I'll be there in time to build a snug cabin before winter," he said. Then he straightened up, throwing the twig away in sudden embarrassment. "But the new bridge comes first, and I'd best be getting on with my job."

With an abrupt nod he turned his back, avoiding Naomi's gaze. She watched him stride toward the creek, and once more her eyes were drawn to the lines sketched in the earth at her feet. . . .

Next morning Matt began the abutments, digging far back into each bank to allow for resistance. Measuring with a craftsman's squint, he selected rocks of the right heft and shape from the heaps of fieldstone on both sides of the creek. Every one had to be wedged into place, so that future floods would beat in vain against an interlocked bastion.

Mrs. Foley, who rose with the robins, saw the yellow gleam of Matt's lantern before she lighted the kitchen fire. Several times a day he crossed the temporary bridge as Naomi shelled peas on the back porch or worked in her garden. And usually at nine o'clock, when John Ballinger trudged upstairs for the night, Matt had only begun to cook supper over his outdoor fireplace.

Few details escaped the housekeeper, who kept the neighbors informed. Already, with only the stringers in position, people had begun to speak of "Naomi's bridge." The men of the community, though pretending to disdain such chatter, took advantage of an old masculine prerogative. Although Matt toiled in ankle-deep water, he seldom lacked for an audience of several critics inspecting every step of the construction.

ANY mystery gnawed at Mrs. Foley, and Matt had begun some unexplained project of a personal nature that troubled her. It was to be expected that he would cover the hoops of his wagon with new white canvas. But this was only a beginning. As the weeks went by, his lantern glowed each evening inside the wagon; and the muffled sound of hammer and saw could be heard until Mrs. Foley dropped off into fretful slumber.

When the suspense grew unbearable, she paid Matt a late visit with a strawberry shortcake just warm from the oven. Matt drew open the canvas flap and thanked her for the kindness. Then he waited in silence while Mrs. Foley's darting eyes spied out the dimly lighted interior. "Why, Matt!"

Every spare inch of space was filled with cleverly built compartments and drawers that would delight any woman. The wagon had become a compact little home on wheels. A small wood stove stood in one corner, and a folding table could be set up in the narrow aisle between the bunks. Every last thing had been planned for two people, Mrs. Foley told the neighbors, even to the new white-enameled cups and plates.

People said that Matt was taking a lot for granted, but the old housekeeper wondered. She knew that a stubborn and lonely man can be dangerous—especially if he does not talk much. Matt only nodded when he met Naomi, leaving the rest to her imagination.

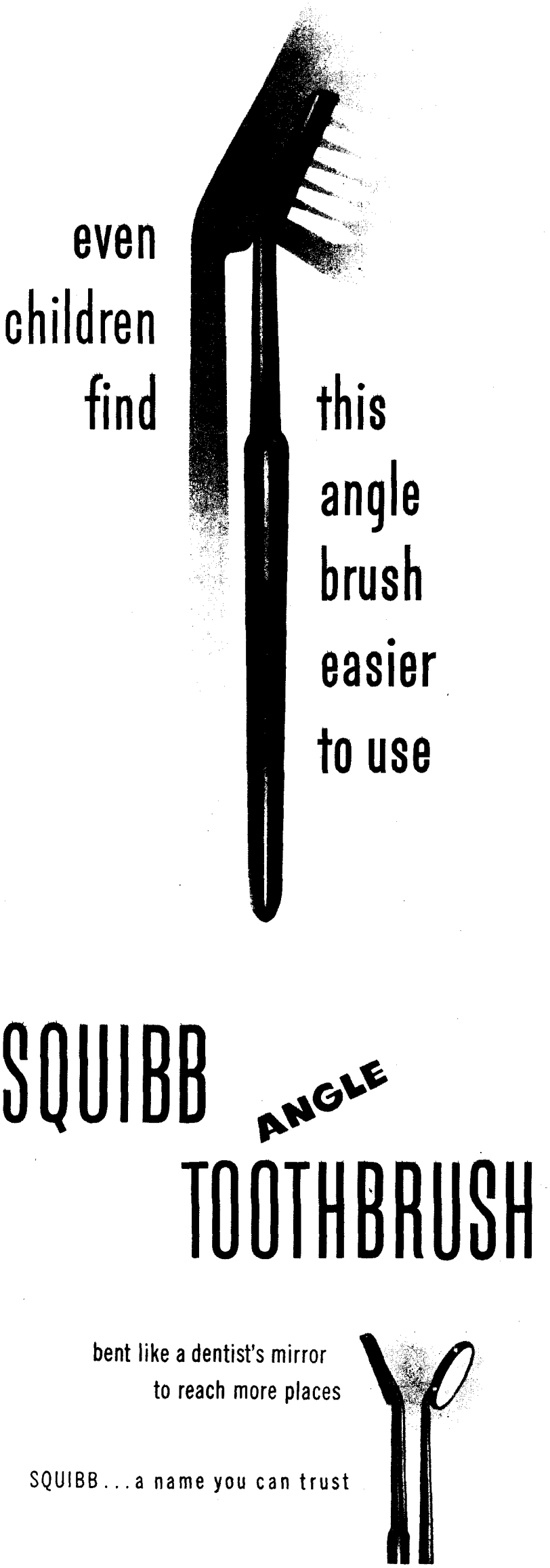
Yet Matt soon gave new proof of his devotion, and this time he told Avery Warner to his face. The road commissioner had the duty of inspecting the new bridge. It was reckoned tactful of him to show no haste, thus implying that Matt's craftsmanship was above suspicion. Besides, Avery had his time occupied. He escorted Naomi to every social or party these May evenings; and in the fashion of engaged couples, they went for sunset drives along country lanes.

The usual group of critics had gathered the morning Avery paid his official visit. He walked out on the newly laid planks and surveyed the skeleton of kingpost trusses. In this day of covered bridges, it never occurred to anyone to ask the reason for the roof. Every farm boy knew that the framework was strengthened when you carried it higher. The trusses were the ribs, attached to a double backbone of sills beneath the transverse beams overhead. The roof was hardly more than a structural afterthought, though it paid for itself by sheltering the timbers from rain and snow.

Avery asked no foolish questions. His eye took in all the fine points of construction, the joints and the braces, the slant of the trusses and the sweep of the overhang.

"It's a job, Matt," he said at last, and he did not spoil the understatement by adding another word.

Everybody agreed that he had been



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COLLIER'S GREGORY D'ALESSIO

generous. Matt waited, jack plane in hand, as the road commissioner climbed into his red-wheeled buggy. And then Avery thought to pay a parting compliment.

"No use turning around," he remarked, smiling. "I might as well drive back to town over the new bridge—"

"No you don't!" Matt barred the way. "There's only one person has the right to cross first—it's for *her* to decide."

Again Avery got the better of the exchange. He laughed indulgently, as if humoring the whims of an eccentric. "Have it your way," he murmured, backing his team in the narrow road.

But his face was white and set, and that evening Mrs. Foley had a new worry. Avery and Naomi took longer than usual for their drive. Later their low, tense voices could be heard until midnight on the porch. Finally Naomi ran up to her room. The next day Avery boarded the train to New York, and the Weekly Courier announced that he would be away a week on a business trip.

Avery still had not returned the morning Matt finished the new covered bridge. Bright cedar shingles gleamed on the roof, and diamond-shaped open windows had been cut in the pine boards enclosing each side. After putting away his tools, Matt fed the oxen and staked them out to graze. Then he shaved and washed in the brook, drew on a white linen shirt and started on foot for the village.

IT WAS not quite coincidence that Naomi's friends chose this June afternoon for the bridal shower. Mrs. Foley had seen to that. She also took good care to see that Naomi would be surprised in her prettiest summer frock.

The parlor had been aired and dusted for the event. Each album and tidy and antimacassar was in place, and the open organ suggested a daily preoccupation with music. Naomi answered the knock at the front door, with the housekeeper close behind her. But they were not greeted by a crowd of girls bearing gifts of doilies or towels or hand-embroidered pillow slips. Matt Cameron was alone. He looked uncomfortable in his coat and cravat, and he did not speak until it grew evident that Mrs. Foley intended to remain as chaperon.

"This is the day I leave, Naomi," he said. "I came to ask if you've changed your mind."

Up to this instant nobody in the neighborhood had ever supposed that Matt stood a chance—except Matt. Naomi was not a girl to break her engagement lightly either.

"Yes," she said. "Avery knows—I told him last week."

Matt pointed to the buggy waiting at the roadside. "I didn't mean to be forward. I brought the preacher in case—"

"I couldn't!" she said in sudden panic. "Not in my home—"

"No, you couldn't," he agreed gravely. "That's why I hoped we'd be married on your bridge."

For once in her life Mrs. Foley was speechless. If there had been an impassioned scene, instead of this restrained meeting, she might have understood. But before she could oppose the elopement with sane counsel, Naomi had made her choice.

"I'll go with you, Matt," she said, and they walked down the steps together.

The Reverend Timothy Fanning felt dubious when the two young people explained. He granted a certain poetic symbolism in the idea, but it was disconcerting to hear Mrs. Foley shrieking for the bride's father. The Reverend's bewilderment increased when a procession of buggies arrived carrying a score of excited girls. With unabashed curiosity the newcomers crowded about the Reverend Timothy Fanning.

"I think," he said unhappily, "that perhaps we'd better consider."

John Ballinger was the sort of man who could scramble over a stone fence with composure. He took his time about crossing the road, and without asking any questions he sized up the situation for himself.

After a glance at the oxen and loaded wagon, he searched Naomi's face before he made his decision.

"What are you waiting for, Parson?" he asked quietly.

It was dim and hushed inside the bridge, and there was the fragrance of new lumber—pine and cedar and freshly sawed oak. From the open windows the sunlight streamed down in dazzling white shafts. Naomi and Matt repeated the wedding vows in steady voices.

Not until afterward, when the murmur of the creek could be heard in the sudden stillness, did Naomi show any doubts. Then she saw her father standing alone at one side—a stooped, middle-aged widower in dusty shoes and working clothes.

"We don't have to leave today!" she consoled him, throwing her arms about his neck. "Matt's trip can wait—"

John Ballinger shook his head. "Back in forty-nine," he grumbled, "your mother and I delayed to visit with relatives. And we let ourselves be talked out of going to California." He gave Naomi an affectionate little shove. "Attend to your packing, girl!"

Anyone else might have thought John Ballinger an unfeeling parent as he smiled and turned away, but Naomi understood. She knew that old dreams die hard, and she knew that before another summer her father would be on the way to Colorado himself.

THE END

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ICEMAN

Continued from page 60

settlement. Smythe insisted that he had earned the full $10,000. He didn't get it so he went out of Hammond's office to watch the Rangers engage in their first league encounter in Madison Square Garden. They were playing the Montreal Maroons, then the world's champions, and before the game Smythe ran into the late Tex Rickard, the great fight promoter and the Garden's president.

"Well," asked Rickard, "do you think we'll hold 'em down to ten goals?"

"Hold 'em down," snorted Smythe. "You'll beat 'em."

The Rangers did just that, scoring a 1 to 0 victory and Rickard was elated, praised Smythe's acumen and declared that he ought to be a vice-president in charge of hockey at the Garden.

"I wouldn't work around here," growled Smythe. "You don't treat your employees right."

Rickard didn't like the crack so Smythe told him that Colonel Hammond owed him $2,500. Rickard escorted him to Hammond's office, listened to the details of the agreement and then told Colonel Hammond to write a check for $2,500.

A Couple of Wise Wagers

Smythe, with his new-found money, decided to parlay it. In Montreal, en route home, he wagered the bundle on the University of Toronto team to beat McGill University and when he reached Toronto he placed a good chunk of his winnings on the Toronto St. Pat's to triumph over the Ottawa Senators. Both bets paid off so that, indirectly, for assembling the Rangers, Smythe realized slightly more than $20,000.

Conn Smythe is a flinty mixture of heart and head, a man who likes his men mettlesome but loves to ride them to the curb. He is particularly unforgettable in Boston where for years he has feuded with Art Ross, the crusty boss of the Bruins. On the eve of a Boston-Toronto game in the Boston Garden he inserted a four-column advertisement in all Boston papers which was addressed to the fans. "If you're tired of what you've been looking at," the ad ran, "come out tonight and see a decent team play hockey."

The rink was packed and the gallery gods roared raucously at Smythe throughout the game. The Bruins pasted his Leafs 4 to 0 and Smythe was escorted from the rink by the gendarmes when he reached across the boards and attempted to grab the referee. He missed him, fell onto the ice, skidded to his feet and started to run across the pond, like Little Eva, in pursuit of the referee.

The incident created such a furor in the papers that the late Frederic McLaughlin, then owner of the Chicago Black Hawks, issued a statement denouncing such antics on the part of a hockey executive. There is no dignity in the game, was the gist of the McLaughlin statement. So the next time the Leafs paid a visit to Boston, the scene of his crimes, Smythe decked himself in top hat and tails and walked majestically around the corridors, tipping his hat and bowing every few steps.

It was in Boston on a December night in 1933 that Irvin (Ace) Bailey, Toronto right-winger, was tripped by Boston's boisterous defenseman, the great Eddie Shore. Bailey almost became the first fatally injured player in the league's history. When his feet were pushed from under him from behind, he went straight into the air and fell, back down, to the ice. The full force of the blow was taken by the back of his head, and his skull split at both temples. While he lay unconscious on the ice his teammate, defenseman Red Horner, sought out Shore, thudded him with a roundhouse right on the chin and when Shore fell, his head also hit the ice. He, too, was knocked out.

The Garden began to rock with a roaring cacophony. Smythe, leading the way while Toronto players carried Bailey to their dressing room, heard a fan scream, "Fake, fake! The bum's actin'." Smythe wheeled around and swung. He struck a bespectacled spectator who he believed had hollered. Blood spurted from the fan's face and once more the gendarmes took charge of Smythe.

He was escorted to the poky, closely followed by photographers who duly snapped his picture behind the bars. The fan charged assault and battery but, according to Smythe, Art Ross, who had

"Hey, Dobson—chocolate pudding—wanna lick the spoon?"

COLLIER'S BARNEY TOBEY

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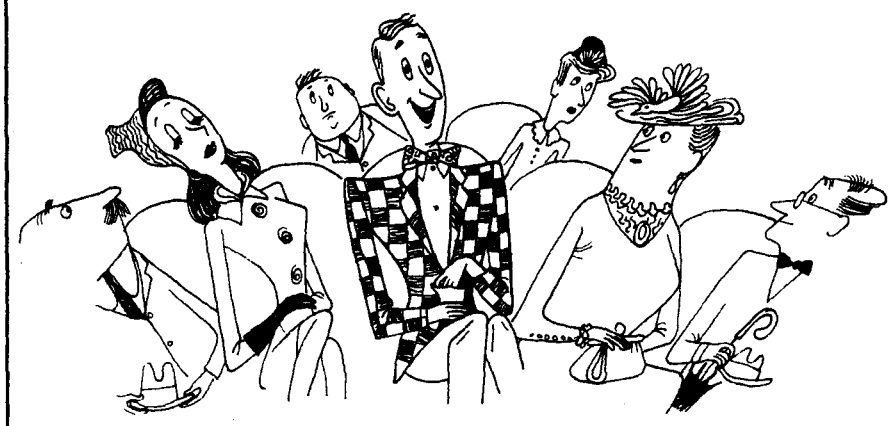
But don't have "Athletic Aroma"



It's WORSE in Winter! Avoid it with New Barbasol LOTION

For perspiration odor, the very *worst* time is winter. Everybody still perspires, but air can't get through heavy clothes. So "Athletic Aroma" gets heavy too. You can avoid it easily with a discovery by the Barbasol skin scientists — a new, different deodorant, created especially for men, in LOTION form! Clean, easy to use—no muss, no goo! Vanishes instantly yet banishes odor *at least* 24 hours. Costs little; only a few drops a day. *Absolutely harmless to skin and clothes.* Start using it today! Price: 39¢ plus tax.

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Barbasol LOTION Deodorant

Checks Perspiration • Stops Odor

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To make your throat feel as s-m-o-o-t-h as maple syrup .....
when it feels as raspy as a BUZZ-SAW...
Chew THE NEW!
Cough-lets
DOUBLE-ACTION
MEDICATION SOOTHES
CHEWING KEEPS THE THROAT MOIST
CHEWING GUM COUGH DROPS
10¢
DOUBLE-ACTION CHEWING GUM COUGH DROPS

YOU'LL GET LONGER-LASTING RELIEF OR DOUBLE YOUR MONEY BACK. Use at least half a box of Cough-lets. Then, if you don't agree they give you longer-lasting relief than ordinary cough drops, send us the box with the unused contents, and a letter stating your reasons. We'll cheerfully refund **double** your purchase price.

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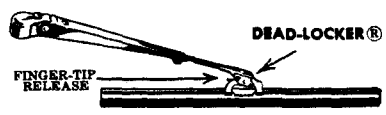

Don't Blame Your Gas-Pump Man!

Sure, he knows how dangerous it is for you to drive your car . . . in stormy weather . . . with dull old windshield wipers that *smear* and *SMEAR!*

He'll gladly put on for you—quickly—a pair of keen new ANCO RAIN-MASTER Blades—or Blades and Arms.

HE NEGLECTS YOU?

He has RAIN-MASTERS . . . But he forgets to remind you? Too busy?

After all it's *YOUR* car to protect. . . . So, *YOU* ask *HIM* for RAIN-MASTERS next time you buy gas. . . . Patented features. . . . Original equipment on DeLuxe Models of high-grade cars . . . because RAIN-MASTERS *Clean quicker—Clean cleaner—Last longer.*

Get yours—next time you buy gas. May save you a costly smashup!

Made by ANCO . . . makers of the new CLEAR-FLEX* Wiper Blade—the only Blade worth more than RAIN-MASTER. Costs More. Ask your good ANCO dealer to show you why.

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ESTABLISHED 1918 · GARY, INDIANA

originally instructed the fan to lay the charge, demanded that he withdraw it. Smythe was released from durance vile at 2 A.M.

Meanwhile, Bailey lay unconscious in a hospital and it wasn't until fifteen days and two delicate brain operations later that he regained consciousness. He was in Boston for six weeks, during which time Smythe never left the city. He arranged to send Bailey's wife and daughter to a Boston hotel and, when Bailey recovered sufficiently to return to Toronto, Smythe arranged a benefit game between an All-Star NHL team and the Leafs. A total of $20,911 was raised for Bailey who today still lives in Toronto, a sales supervisor for a brewing company. He never played hockey again.

Double Penalty—Plus a Brawl

In New York another night he was sitting in a box behind the penalty bench when the Leafs were engaging the now defunct New York Americans. The Leaf player, Red Horner, and the Amerks' Art Chapman drew a double penalty for high-sticking each other on the ice. When the two of them sat down on the penalty bench they began to mutter back and forth and then started to fight. A fan near Smythe jumped up and was aiming a blow at Horner's head when something stopped him and he fell over. The something was Smythe's fist which somehow had reached the fellow's chin before he reached Horner.

Smythe, now fifty-two, claims to have mellowed considerably in the past few years and he lays the explanation for this on the war. "I came back determined to stay out of trouble," he says, "because it's not so important any more." Still, it was only last spring that he became involved in a wild melee in Detroit when the Leafs were playing the Red Wing series. In this one, Toronto's young defenseman, Gus Mortson, and a former Leaf player, Billy Taylor, started to fight in the penalty box, and when a cop grabbed Mortson an unidentified fan saw fit to hurl a chair in the general direction of the scramble. The chair grazed Mortson and hit the policeman, and wild disorder ensued.

Smythe jumped out of his seat when fans on the other side of the penalty box left theirs to surround the players, and Smythe, despite the war wound which still makes him limp, got to the spectator who he claimed threw the chair. They were mixing somewhat merrily when, as the sports reporters say, cooler heads intervened.

It is typical of Smythe, the enigma, that despite all of his tempestuousness, he neither smokes nor drinks nor has much patience with those who do. Smythe has twice introduced his team's captain to a national radio audience as "Syl Apps, our captain, who does not smoke or drink."

Around Maple Leaf Gardens, Conn rules with an iron hand and his employees go about their work with a peculiar mixture of admiration and downright fear of their boss. Smythe's mood on any given day is inevitably the topic of conversation among them. "How's the old man today?" one of them will ask, looking covertly in the general direction of Smythe's office.

"Gee, he's okay," the greatly relieved reply might be. "He had a nice smile and said 'Good morning' when he came in."

Or it might be, "Look out today, brother. I heard him yelling on the phone."

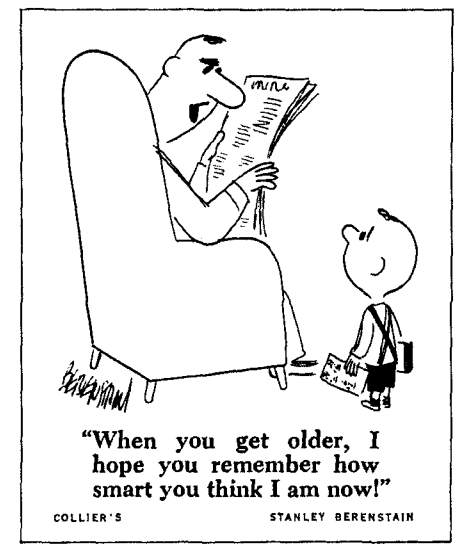
Actually Smythe's personality revolves entirely around his passion for hockey or, more particularly, his love of victory. Once a game begins he becomes a man apart and his desire to win transcends everything. Affable, jovial all summer, he is metamorphosed into a sharply defined world of skates and sticks and pucks in the winter.

Smythe, physically, is not a big man but the 167 pounds on his big-boned, five-foot-seven frame are deceivingly solid. Because he spends the off season on the golf course or at his summer home in northern Ontario and at least a month of the winter in Florida, he has a healthy, sun-kissed complexion. His thinning hair is sandy, combed flatly back, and his eyes are blue, arresting and calculating.

Smythe, born on February 1, 1895, a hundred yards from Maple Leaf Gardens, the shrine he later built, was, as he puts it, "sired by an Irishman and dammed by an Englishwoman; I've got my dad's fight and my mother's common sense." He was christened Constantine Falkland Kerrys Smythe but shortened it all up to Conn at an early age when, he says, he started getting beaten up.

His mother died when he was seven and he grew up in boarding schools, placed there by his father, a newspaperman. His father wanted Conn to be a lawyer and, because he was a student himself, he surrounded the youngster with books. But the confinement drove Conn outdoors and, although he weighed only 127 pounds, he played all sports in school and he captained the University of Toronto juniors to the Ontario Provincial hockey championship.

Smythe was a nineteen-year-old undergraduate when war was declared in 1914 and early the following year he went



"When you get older, I hope you remember how smart you think I am now!"

COLLIER'S STANLEY BERENSTAIN

overseas as an artilleryman. He won the Military Cross for bravery in 1916 and then transferred to the Royal Flying Corps where, as a reconnaissance pilot, he was "mentioned in dispatches." He crashed between the lines in 1917, was captured by the Germans and spent 14 months in prison camp. After the armistice, he got back to England late in December, but there were no officers to clear his group when they reached London. "I had a date in Manchester," he relates, "and there was a guy from the prairies with us who said he could drive an engine. So we swiped one in the yards. We reached Manchester at 2:30 A.M., in time to sit down to Christmas dinner.

He says he felt like an old man when he got back to Canada, an old man of twenty-four who had lost four years out of his life. He wanted to make money, to be independent. So he went back to the university and finished his civil engineering course.

"I was the worst engineer who ever graduated," he says, "and when the City of Toronto found its sewers running uphill, they agreed with me."

Misdirection wasn't alone responsible for his decision to forsake engineering. On every project he undertook, he found great difficulty in obtaining sand and gravel. So he left engineering and started on a shoestring in the sand and gravel business.

Today, with fifty trucks moving in and out of his pits on busy days, he is the boss of C. Smythe & Company, a tidy little enterprise worth a quarter of a million dollars.

But while the business was in diapers, Smythe took to hanging around the city's rinks, acting as timekeeper and goal judge for hockey games. Then he became coach of the University of Toronto hockey team which, in 1924, represented Canada at the Olympic Games at Antwerp and won the world's championship. The team later played intercollegiate games with Boston College, Harvard and Princeton in the old Boston Garden and it was because of his team's success, he believes, that Colonel Hammond offered him the job of assembling the New York Rangers. When Hammond fired him he returned to Toronto, and, together with two sportsmen, Peter Campbell and E. W. Bickle, bought the Toronto St. Pat's for $160,000.

That was 1927. With new blood, procured by Smythe, the team started to click. In 1928, fandom's interest had been fanned in a club, by now called the Maple Leafs and, after two good seasons, it became apparent that a new arena had to be built to hold the customers.

Maple Leaf Gardens, a successful enterprise from the night the doors first were opened, seats 12,500 for hockey and has had as many as 18,000 attend political rallies. Lesser crowds watch everything from three-ring circuses and flower shows to ice revues and wrestling, which, incidentally, has attracted slightly more than 285,000 people a year for the last seven years.

Smythe, a devoted family man, has a son, Stafford, with him in his sand business. Another son, Hugh, now is studying medicine at University of Toronto. There were two daughters but one of them, ten-year-old Patricia, died suddenly about two years ago. The other girl, Miriam, is married.

All Set for the Invasion

Successful in business and in sports, Smythe also proved he was a man in the army. His unit, the 30th Antiaircraft Battery, Royal Canadian Artillery, did not go into France on D-Day, but word was received from the High Command late in June, 1944, that the outfit would be moving out of England any day.

That evening, during a unit softball game in the south of England, Smythe was playing third base. With two out and a runner on second, Smythe moved back of third to catch a pop fly. Just as he reached for the ball, the runner from second crashed into him and Smythe fell to the ground. His side pained agonizingly and he realized some ribs were broken. Gritting his teeth against stabs of pain that twice rendered him unconscious, the major uttered only one sentence: "Any guy who peeps about this can expect a court-martial."

The boys, who always called Smythe "the Little Pistol," took him to a civilian doctor who refused to touch a military man until he was informed that all medical officers were away. He patched Smythe's side (there were four broken ribs) and four days later, his side tightly strapped, the Little Pistol led his men into France.

Scarcely a month later, a German reconnaissance aircraft flew over the battery headquarters, dropping flares. One of them became embedded in a tarpaulin covering an ammunition truck. Smythe, realizing that the "ammo" might go up at any moment, directed removal of the flare. But not in time. The stuff blew before anyone could get to it. Two men were killed and a chunk of shrapnel hit Smythe. It grazed his spine and missed paralyzing him permanently by a fraction of an inch.

"I'm all right," the Little Pistol, lying there, shouted, with the drive that had characterized his whole life. "Get those fires out!"

THE END

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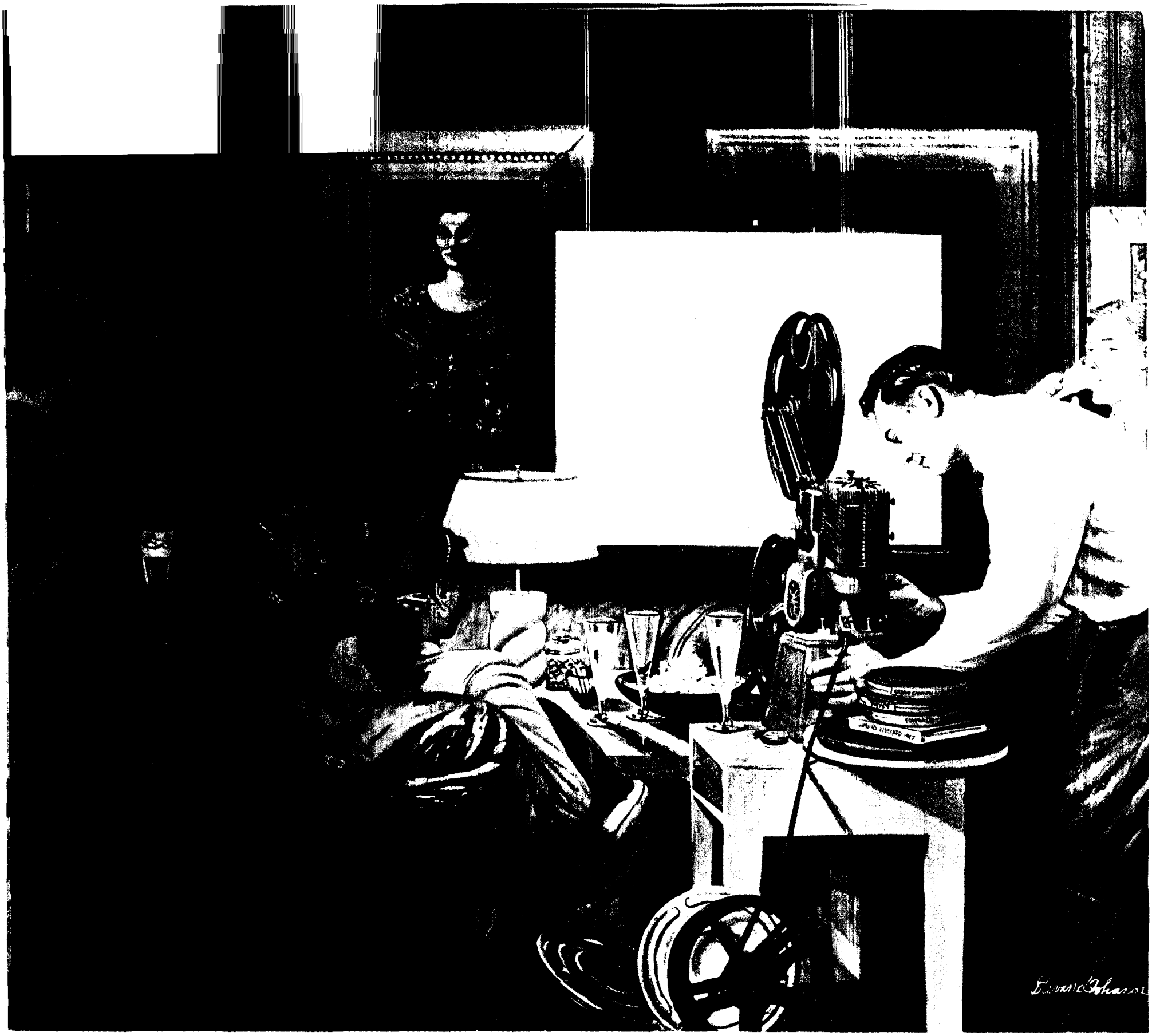

"HOME MOVIES," by Stevan Dohanos. Number 12 in the series "Home Life in America," by noted American illustrators.

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In this home-loving land of ours . . . in this America of kindliness, of friendship, of good-humored tolerance . . . perhaps no beverages are more "at home" on more occasions than good American beer and ale.

For beer is the kind of beverage Americans like. It belongs—to pleasant living, to good fellowship, to sensible moderation. And our right to enjoy it, this too, belongs—to our own American heritage of personal freedom.

AMERICA'S BEVERAGE OF MODERATION

UNITED STATES BREWERS FOUNDATION 1862

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THE HIPPOPOTAMUS AND A GIRL NAMED SHEILAGH

Continued from page 12

As assurance Al added, "Remember, this hippo's supposed to be housebroken."

A large cage was procured, and one end of the crate was pried off. Workmen quickly shoved the cage up against the opening. Only the two writers ran as the crate was opened. Al just stood still, and when nothing happened he went to the cage and looked through it into the box. In one dark corner cowered a wretched and rather small creature, obviously more frightened than even the writers.

The only sound was a roar, and that came from Al. "Hippo? It's only a mouse!" Then he spoke to the animal. "Come out, come right out!" When nothing happened he turned to the writers. "Can't you guys think of some way to get a hippo out of a box? What are you being paid for anyway?" Then to the men around he said, "Put some food and water in the cage and maybe he'll come out." And he walked away, back to his office.

The writers followed behind. "It's a letdown," Al said, "and I won't argue it. I hoped for something spectacular and what does the New York office send me? Pernicious anemia on four legs!" He shook his head. "We'll have to fatten him up—and then we have to find some way to make him glamorous."

Nursing his disappointment, he telephoned the talent office. Bunny Foster answered his call.

"Bunny? You've heard about the hippopotamus we just got for Bullman? Photogenic as hell and a sensation, but we got to give him an upbeat in publicity. I want a girl, a pretty one, to be photographed with the hippo, every possible pose, sort of a hippopotamus girl, and I want pictures in the papers from coast to coast. You got any girl in mind?"

"I know just the one," Bunny said so quickly that he could not have done much considering. "She's not doing much and she's a knockout."

"Oke," said Al. "Start shooting press pictures in a couple of days, after the hippo's had a chance to get used to California."

WHEN Sheilagh came to the studio the next morning she was still angry at Bunny. Louses came in all sizes in Hollywood, but only a supermonster one would fail to recommend her for the part she wanted. However, when a clerk in the talent office said, "Bill Kelly wants you at once," Sheilagh's anger vanished. Bill Kelly was head of the office. With sudden fresh radiance on her face Sheilagh ran down the corridor to his office.

"You want to see me, Mr. Kelly?" Sheilagh asked tremulously. "Is it about Love's Embers? I know I could play that part well because I know that part well and if you'll just give me a chance at it—"

Kelly shook his head. "It's a very special posing assignment."

"Posing?" Sheilagh repeated piteously.

"We want the prettiest girl on the lot and it'll be fine publicity for you, Sheilagh. Run in all the papers." Kelly hesitated for a moment, then looked away. "You see, we just got a hippopotamus, a tame one—"

Two minutes later Sheilagh, her face pale and her lips trembling, asked, "Whose idea was this, Mr. Kelly?"

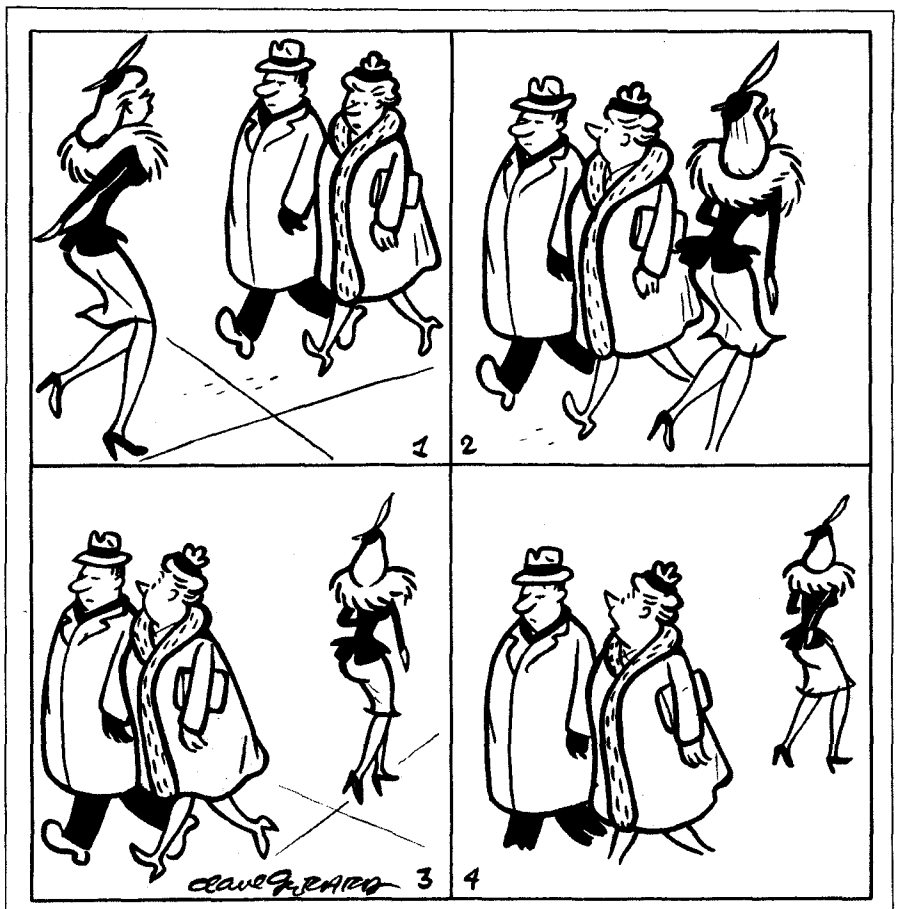
"Al Morse's idea. Al thought it up himself."

"But he doesn't even know me."

"Maybe not," Kelly said uneasily, "but he asked for the prettiest girl on the lot."

As Sheilagh left Kelly's office her soft hands turned to little fists and the color came back to her cheeks. "I'll show them," she said to herself; "and I'll show him. They're all hippopotamuses!"

Two weeks later three weary still-photographers were grouped around the hippo on the back lot, trying to think of one more pose. In a slip of a bathing suit Sheilagh stood near by, weary and disgusted. She had been photographed in every sort of revealing pseudo jungle attire, against plaster of Paris palms, hand-painted ferns, and homemade water holes. The hippopotamus, on the other hand, seemed quite happy. His small tail waggled and the pink of his broad lips was rosy and moist. He was fat and comfortable. A trainer hired from Central Casting stood near by, a soured individual named Schmidt who specialized in meat eaters and felt that a hay eater was a professional come-down.



"George, I think you do need glasses!"

COLLIER'S

DAVE GERARD

"Here, miss," a cameraman said, "give him a couple of carrots and let's go, with you stroking his head."

"Why don't you get a shot with him riding on my back?" Playing Juliet to a fattening hippo had worn Sheilagh sharp. Diffidently she handed the hippo a carrot.

"He likes you," Schmidt said.

"Only friend I have on the lot."

Just at that moment Bunny Foster came strolling along. The smile on his face made Sheilagh even hotter. "How's it going?"

"You should know," she snapped.

"All the pictures I've seen are swell. You've got some figure."

"What about the hippo's figure?"

Bunny grunted and went his way. A large truck came up. They were going to move the hippo to Stage Nine to test him in Technicolor for his part—which meant that Sheilagh was through for the day; she walked away. Hippopotamuses could get tested for parts—but not hopeful and desperate ingénues. No longer was she mincing past an imaginary camera. Life is real, she thought, as she scuffed along. Life is cruel. Brooding, she passed along Producers' Row. Once she had been sure that they would one day be talking about her in those cottages—wondering how they had ever managed to overlook her for so long. Now she knew there was no way to attract their attention. They were only interested in hippos or freaks. At this moment, she was sure, they were in conference on the right kind of make-up to use on hippo hide.

At that moment, Al Morse was talking to a director and another producer in his office. One of the studio's stars, Jean Jordan, had just left the lot in a huff, turning down a chance to play second lead in Al's new picture. She was going East to do a play. "What I want to know," said Al, "is how will they ever keep her on her feet for as long as three acts. We never could. But she does leave us stuck. She thinks she's got us, but I'm going to fool her."

"How?" the director asked.

"How? How should I know?" He began to walk up and down the room. "I'll think of something. Making pictures would be fun if you didn't have to use people." Then he started to think and the room was quiet. "We could get an unknown, some talented kid, and build her up, that's how. The part's a cinch—anyone can do it if they got the right kind of face."

The director agreed. "But where do we find the right kid?"

"We'll search America," Al answered. "I'll get wires off to New York and Chicago, even to London."

"Why don't we get somebody on our lot?"

Al looked disgusted. "That's what I always hear. Who've we got around here? Tell me that! I haven't seen a new face for months." He shook his head. "The kind of kid we want is pretty, with a face that's half Madonna, half spitfire. I mean, sort of a cultured spitfire. You see anyone like that around?" When there was no answer Al called his secretary and dictated his thoughts into a memo. . . .

When Sheilagh came home that night her discontent was a hard lump in her throat. In movies and plays an ingénue in such moments could get off for a quiet cry, but in real life she had to get dinner ready. When Don came home he saw how unhappy she was and tried to help and that only made Sheilagh angrier. He asked pleasantly, "How were things today?" When she only grunted he asked, "Isn't there anything I can do?"

"Do? Just eat your dinner!" The housebroken hippo had even spoiled things between herself and Don. For the first time Sheilagh understood, as she had never understood before, how a girl could be provoked by life into hurting someone she loved.

At that moment Al Morse was ready to leave the studio. "What's with that hippo test?" he asked his secretary.

The secretary called to find out and reported, "They haven't finished it yet."

"Not finished? How long does it take to run a couple hundred feet of film through a camera? They've been at it four hours at how many thousand dollars an hour?" Spouting like a disturbed water buffalo, Al went off to Stage Nine to see for himself.

ON THE set, twenty men—cameramen, electricians, grips, soundmen—were perspiring beneath a circle of hot lights. The camera stood silent, focused on the small hippo, who looked particularly dwarfed against a jungle backdrop. He was standing with his small wagging tail turned to the camera.

The director, a weary-looking man named Rollins explained the difficulty. "Al, we can't get the hippo to face the camera."

Al swung around to Schmidt, the trainer. "Can't you do anything?"

"Not me, mister," Schmidt said. "I can make lions eat out of your mouth but I don't know nothing about these zoo cows."

"Twenty grown men can't turn one animal around?" Al's anger always lay close to his larynx. "Sound men! What are they doing here?"

Rollins explained, "To test his breathing, Al. You wouldn't want a love scene gummed up by a hippo with adenoids, would you?"

That was a good idea, Al agreed. Feeling it was up to him to take over, he strode toward the animal, ready to help with a well-placed boot.

"I wouldn't do that, Al," Rollins said. "We tried that and he backed up and upset the camera."

"Then get a stick and whack him."

"We tried that and he went through the backdrop."

"How about poking him?"

"That made him sit down on his rear end."

This was a major situation and Al knew it. "Maybe you've been too rough." From years of handling sensitive temperaments, Al knew how to treat them—beat them, then pet them. "Maybe he's just the high-strung sort." Al patted the hippo on the head. "Come on, now," he said gently, "turn around." The hippo's head and tail wagged in a slow, friendly rhythm. "There!" Al said triumphantly. "He only wanted to be handled by an expert." To the cameramen he said, "Get ready to take this. Now, baby, turn around!"

The hippo's tail wagged faster. He moved one ear and raised a hind leg. The hide on his back twitched to throw off some irksome insect. His head nodded once. Then, very slowly, he sank to his knees.

Al turned angrily on Rollins. "You should have arranged this differently. It's your fault."

Rollins had nothing to say and looked helpless. But Schmidt, the trainer, who was tired of the whole thing, stepped up to Al. "Mister, I got an idea—". . .

At that moment Sheilagh and her hus-

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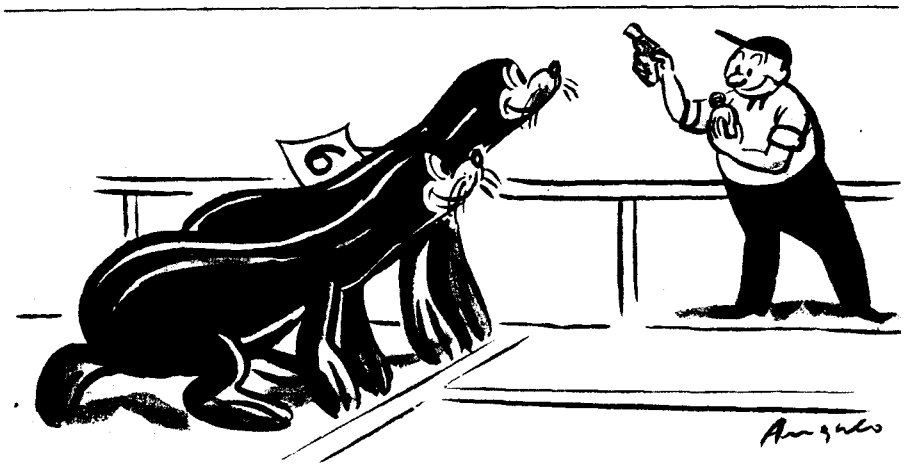

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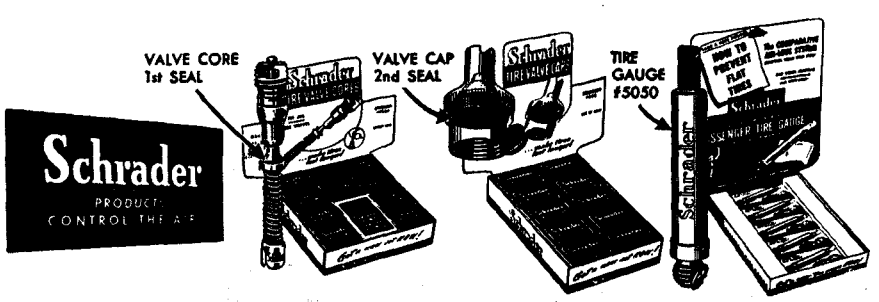

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band came into their small living room, the dinner dishes finished. "Would you like to go see a movie?" asked Don.

"To watch other people act? No, thanks!" She settled down to stare at the walls.

Don took the evening paper and hid behind it. Something in it startled him into laughter. "Hey, look at this!"

Sheilagh looked and saw a picture of herself, cool, bored, angry and pretty, all at the same time, standing by the hippopotamus. Over the picture was the title, "The Hippopotamus Has a Girl Named Sheilagh."

"What's funny?" she yelled. "Having a hundred million people laughing at a picture of your wife? Miss Hippopotamus of 1948! Don't you know what that'll do to my career?" She pulled the paper to the floor. "I'm through with everything, studio, career! Yes, and you!" And while Don stared at her, speechless, she raced to the door. As she opened it the phone rang. In Hollywood, any phone call may be *the* phone call. Just as fast as she had moved to the door, now she went back to the phone.

"This is Al Morse's secretary," a woman's voice said. "He wants you on Stage Nine at once."

"Al Morse, himself?"

"Yes, himself."

Sheilagh slammed the phone down, mumbled something about "work" and she was out the door, leaving Don sitting limply in his chair.

ON STAGE NINE, Al was pacing up and down impatiently when his secretary called him back to the office to see an agent. "He's here with a girl who he says is the red-hot Madonna you wanted."

"I'll be right over." As Al went out one door Sheilagh hurried in through another one.

By this time word of what was happening on Stage Nine had gotten around the lot and everyone who was staying late had drifted over to see what was going on. Sheilagh pushed her way through the crowd of people at the circle of light. Rollins smiled in relief when he saw her. "We're glad you're here, Miss Orton. We're having some trouble with your friend, the hippo."

Sheilagh cut him off. "Where is Mr. Morse?"

"He had to go back to his office," Rollins explained. "We'd like you to help us. You see—"

Sheilagh heard little of what he said. Once again the studio had dangled parts, producers, in front of her, only to let her come smack up against the hippopotamus. It was enough to make anyone hysterical. Yet, as she noticed vaguely the interested faces round her, she was conscious that in some way this could be a moment of triumph over the whole studio. Here was one last big scene, a scene of renunciation such as few actresses had ever had and she knew it.

She walked slowly toward the prostrate hippo. "All you men couldn't handle this one small animal?"

When no one answered her she went to him and patted him. He promptly got to his feet.

The cameraman whispered to his assistant. "Maybe she'll do it. Take it anyway." The camera began to turn.

Sheilagh stood behind the animal for a moment, poised in cold anger. "Turn around, I said, you!" The hippo moved a front foot but that was all. "Come on, move!" Nothing happened and someone watching laughed. Sheilagh looked up. There was Bunny, without a dinner date and attracted by the excitement, grinning at her. She looked again and she forgot about acting. With the memory of Bunny, of her misery, of her splintered hopes, Bunny, studio and hippo became one.

"Sure," she said, her voice vibrant and rising, the lights doing tricks in her hair, "just one more favor! Come on, turn around, I said. I'll show you how the talent office handles people. Turn around! Don't you care how you break a person's spirit, you! Come on, move. Maybe you'll meet a producer. Do as I say, now! Don't you want a chance in pictures?" She swatted the hippo on his rump. "Come to dinner and I'll give you a few tips. Right now!" Her voice was almost shrill. "Turn around or they won't pick up your option! Turn around, quick,

COLLIER'S "Now please don't tell me what happens" JACK MARKOW

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because right now"—her voice broke—"I'm quitting!"

At the strange sound the hippo looked around shyly, looked away, looked again. Then he turned and came slowly toward the camera. Sheilagh, with the live anger red on her face, walked quickly from the circle of light.

"Cut," said the cameraman.

"Who the hell was the dame talking to?" his assistant asked. "That was a hell of a way to talk to a dumb animal!"...

Al Morse ran the test in his projection room the next morning. With lots of things on his mind he scarcely noticed the first few feet. Then he sat up, stared and leaped from his chair. He had the test run again. Then he jumped to the phone and called Bunny.

Bunny had been waiting for that call. He had spent the night uneasily, wondering what would happen when Al heard the sound track on that test. He even called a few friends at other studios to put in feelers for jobs. "Hiya, Al," Bunny said. "How's the hippo?"

"Hippo?" Al roared. "Oh, yeah, that! Listen, you useless idiot—"

"Al, the things the girl said on that test just aren't so."

"What are you babbling about?" Al's voice rattled the phone. "Who is that girl? Where do we find her? Why didn't you tell me about her sooner? Don't you know she's the type I've been hunting for weeks? I never saw such a baby-face get so steamed up, like an angel-face spitting fire, and no one tells me. Bring her here at once."

"She quit last night, Al," Bunny said nervously. "She walked off the lot."

"Find her," Al snapped, "or find another job."...

The next day at the center table in the producers' dining room upstairs in the commissary building Al Morse was having lunch with his newest discovery, Sheilagh Orton. The triumph in the beauty of her face was something to see. She and Al were already great friends. Something she said to him at the end of the lunch made him laugh, then ask for a phone. He called Bunny.

He told Bunny how pleased he was with the girl. Then he said, "She just gave me a great idea and it's right down your alley. I've been wondering what to do with that hippo when his picture's finished. You know what she suggested? Treat him as a new starlet, give him the regular starlet build-up now, take him out to dinner with you—then when his picture's done, a personal appearance tour from coast to coast. Set that up, Bunny, and plan to go along."

"He'll love it," Sheilagh said sweetly. "Bunny's just like a father to starlets."

THE END

THIS WILL TAX YOUR CREDULITY

Continued from page 19

The ironical thing about most of these excise taxes, which now yield $7,000,000,000 annually, is that they were added in order to dampen demand for the products during the war. I ought to know. As Director of Civilian Supply, I recommended them myself. The new excise taxes were thought of as the poor-man's excess profits tax. They were supposed to be removed at the end of the war, but they are still here.

It's unique for a business outfit to be asking that all excise taxes, except those on tobacco, alcoholic beverages and gasoline, be removed. Members of the CED think this would be better business than raising tax exemptions for dependents, which is so often urged. More purchasing power to the low-income family units would be right in line with the CED philosophy of choosing a tax policy which would add to the steadily rising demand for goods and services. It shouldn't seem out-of-the-ordinary for a businessman to be considering his customer's pocketbook. But it is, believe it or not.

By way of contrast another group of tax theorists, the Magill Committee, unveiled its proposals a few weeks earlier than the CED. This committee thinks highly of excise taxes. It likes them so well that it talks of "strengthening the excise tax structure so that, in less prosperous times, the federal government will still have adequate sources of revenue." In that sentence is the nub of the difference in philosophy between the CED and the tax-thinkers from the property-minded side. The Magill boys don't seem to care if the buying of low-income groups is cut down.

The CED doesn't want the government to take in "adequate" revenue, in the Magill sense, when unemployment is increasing. Nor, comes the depression, does it want shrinking incomes to be further shrunk with taxes on consumption. Just the reverse. The CED wants to fix things so that automatically there is more money left at home when business tapers off. And it doesn't want the effectiveness of unemployment compensation to be shrunken by sales taxes on what the unemployed buy with it.

If you peek even a little bit intently into the CED plan you can see that the drafters would like to have the government begin to run a deficit when unemployment rises to 4 or 4.5 million. They don't use that horrible, nasty word "deficit," but the idea is there just the same. The point is that they also expect the government to run a surplus in good times.

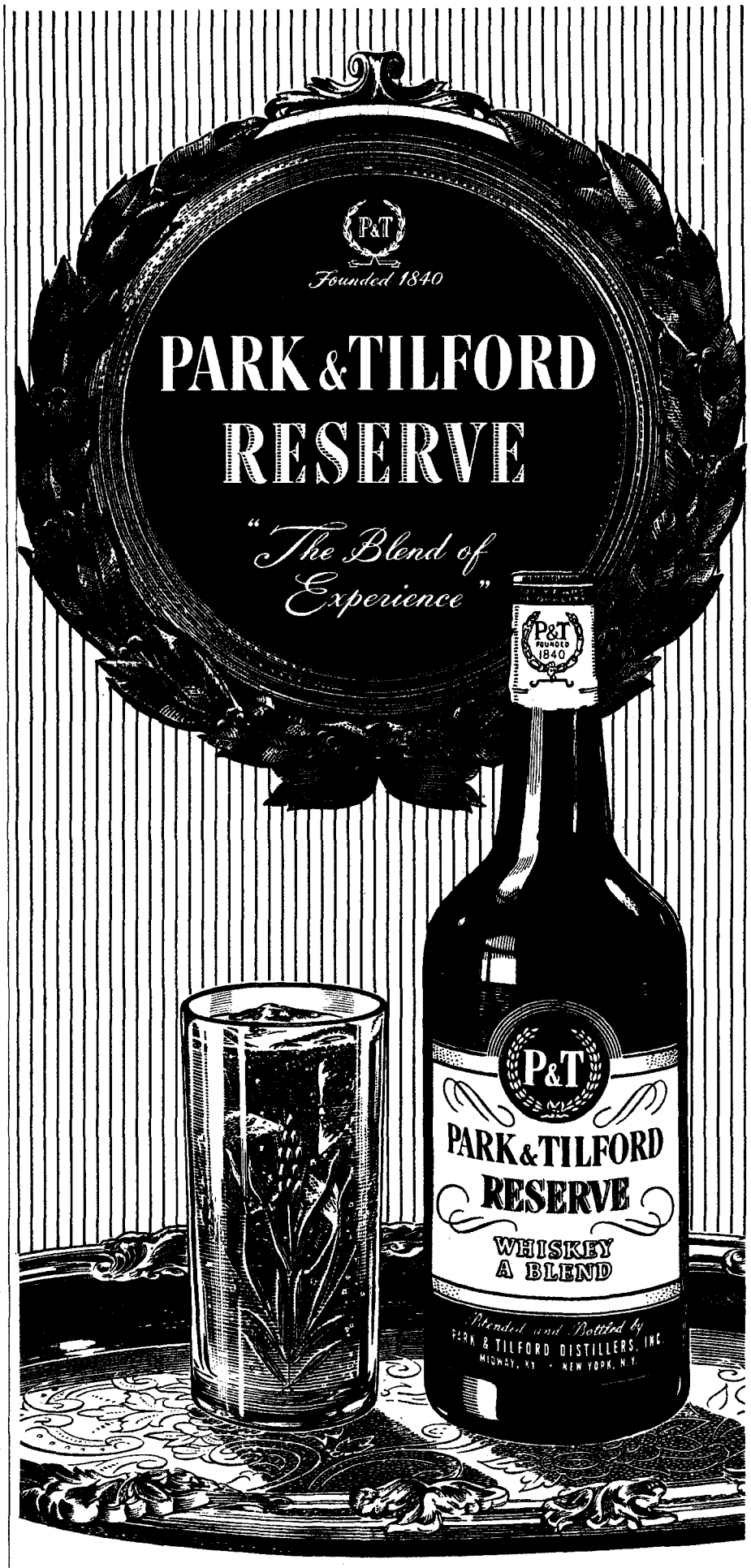
The CED plan contains some fresh reasoning about income taxes, and such plain speaking requires high courage. Usually the proposals by the better-to-do and the well-to-do groups would juggle the personal-income rate structure, or follow the pattern used by the Magill Committee which, according to the Woll minority report, had 33 jokers to scale down the high surtaxes.

The CED wants to raise 50 per cent of government revenue through a graduated personal income tax. Personal income taxes bear about 45 per cent of the burden now. As incomes go up, the percentage taken by the government would go up. This system of progression is in use now, and the rates, only slightly modified since V-J Day, were chosen to get the most wartime income, as well as to partially equalize burdens. In 1939 only about 4,000,000 persons paid individual income tax. Now there are 50,000,000.

With a $33.000,000,000 budget in sight, there is no prospect of going back to the good old days. But the present tax structure, at present employment, yields at least $12,000,000,000 more. A typical attitude might be said to be this: Somebody is going to get it, it might as well be me. The scramble for tax reduction is likely to develop into tests of political strengths soon, with science and research going out the window.

The CED will be in there pitching with its research ideas just the same. It would like to use income tax reduction to stimulate investment. There is nothing novel in that. But something new has been added. Remember how we used to get "A" for effort? Well, CED hopes to reward effort by letting professional workers and salaried executives, the managers of our magnificent productive system, keep a larger part of what they make than is possible under present laws. Effort is the key.

Now, the plan doesn't contemplate a joker amendment which says either that high professional talent is to get discriminatory low rates, or that executives



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of corporations are to get an exclusive incentive. The CED schedule would call for substantial taxes on medium and large incomes—at $20,000 the surtax net income bracket would be 38 per cent. So the secret isn't low rates.

The proposition would be open to all because it simply arranges that not until a person's taxable income reaches $100,000 would the government take more than half of anything additional he makes. At present a man with a net taxable income of $18,000, who makes an additional $1,000, pays $503.50, or 50.35 per cent of this $1,000 to his government, and the rates increase steeply from there on. He's a junior partner in anything extra he makes.

Less Incentive to Take Risks

The CED says that this cuts down a man's incentive to take more risks, and we can't grow in production at the rate of two per cent a year unless there is risk-taking. That makes sense to me.

It's not easy to make a big fortune these days. The CED is not talking about big fortunes, and, for that matter, about the big incomes either. It risks the scowls of the big-property holders by courageously suggesting that the brackets scale up to 82 per cent for over a million dollars of taxable income. Most property-minded tax theorists suggest that 50 per cent be the highest rate.

These CED folks are thinking about how to get America's most dynamic professional people and business leaders to take chances with their own money.

Here's how I see it. The managers of big American industry are seldom the large owners. For the most part, they are men of the executive type who have moved up the ladder of promotion by their ability to organize the factors of production—men, materials and machinery. A lot of them run their own businesses, but a still larger group of the real stem-winders are the hired hands of big corporations. They get good pay, but they are still hired men in the sense that others own the businesses.

I've had a better-than-average chance to see the men in the upper salary and income levels at work. Remember, I was in NRA, SEC, WPB and OPA. Some of them get to be as bureaucratic as their counterparts, the chairwarmers in government jobs. Some of them get more property-minded than the owners for whom they work. But this relatively small group contains most of the people to whom we have to look when that rare talent of business organization is needed.

That was true of new small businesses, of production crises in the war. It will be true particularly when the backlog of demand for established products has been filled, and we must find organizing ability to use our new technologies in new products.

The big corporation, particularly if it's one of a few firms in a concentrated industry, moves very cautiously in expansion, I've found. There's more percentage in not making a mistake, so survival and security are the main tests used by the officials. And how could it be expected to be otherwise?

How many times in recent years have top executives of big corporations broken off to start new businesses as competitors, as once was the practice? Very few, even though the demand for products is 40 to 50 per cent higher than before the war. The record of new entrants into big industries is short—a new steel company, one or two new auto companies, two new aluminum companies, are the conspicuous examples.

I expect to see new companies formed to take the chances in producing special items such as, say, in the electrical appliance field, but I don't expect to see a rival to G.E. The capital requirements alone would bar the venture.

Where can the capital for new risk-taking enterprise be obtained? The savings of folks with incomes at the low end of the scale, while they are substantial in the aggregate, are so small in individual amounts that they usually go into safe securities or to institutions like savings banks which invest their money safely. At the other and wealthy extreme, the high tax rate on income tends to direct investment into tax-exempt securities, high-grade investments, and some into attempts to make capital gains, on which the tax is less.

The CED tells us that if we want to get men of professional, managerial and executive capacity to take chances with their own money we'll have to let them keep a larger portion of what they make. But they say, too, that here's where the great leverage on new production lies. This country has relied upon the incentive of money-making for chance taking, and the results and the rewards have both been great. We have found, through the SEC, how to protect other people's money from the worst of frauds, but we don't seem likely to invent a better reward for risk-taking than money. Our system is geared to it.

Whether or not the existing tax structure has dampened the old fierce energy that used to exist in owner-operated ventures, it is clear that it leaves the middle-income fellow with less money, above his cost of living, for independent investment. In the smaller towns most of the well-to-do were usually putting money into four or five new ventures, with the knowledge that in the following year additional funds could be put into that venture which showed greatest signs of paying off. That day has gone. The CED hopes it is not gone forever.

This businessmen's committee would naturally be expected to have ideas about taxing of corporations. It does. Among other reforms, it asks for elimination of double taxation on the portion of a stockholder's income which is distributed. This means that the recipients of dividends already taxed as corporate profits would receive a credit against their income tax payments for the amount paid by the corporation.

Not Feasible to Reduce Tax Now

It does not suggest that the corporate tax carry any lower percentage of the total tax load now, but it would establish it as having first priority for further reduction when revenue permits. Eventually it wants to get the tariff down from its recommended rate of 30 per cent to that of the lowest individual income tax.

CED ideas on corporate taxation are a bit tantalizing. It is well recognized that high rates have caused many businesses to make decisions with the tax feature in the foreground of their figuring. Unless the prospects of quick and high profits were good the company would not take a chance on expansion.

It's my own guess that a large part of taxes on corporations are passed along in higher prices to the consumer. For that reason I have advocated almost complete elimination of the corporate tax. But I have coupled this with a proposal to tax the undistributed earnings of the corporation as individual income of the stockholders. The CED, of which I am not a member, has not faced up to the question of taxing undistributed earnings, but it has made all the arguments if it ever wishes to put them together.

In its specific proposals for taxing corporations, the CED is asking for tax reform. It wants reform that will make the corporate form a stronger, more flexible instrument for keeping business activity at a high level. It suggests a revision of carry-back and carry-forward provisions of the present law to include non-corporate businesses and extend the overall period for computation. The present law permits a net operating loss for a given year to be used by corporations

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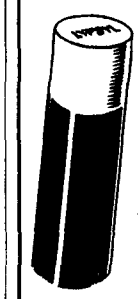

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for purposes of reducing taxes for any or all of the two preceding and two succeeding years. The CED would change that to a carry-back to the previous year and a carry-forward to the succeeding five years. This should make for stability, and help new corporations in particular. The CED wants to give the corporation the right to handle depreciation as it sees fit, with full disclosure to stockholders.

Here, and elsewhere, the CED is really arguing for decentralized decisions, with the greatest range for individual choice. At the national level, it argues for broad, impersonal planning, through the medium of fixed tax rates which will automatically produce changes in government revenue and government spending to compensate for the ups and downs of business activity. This "planning" feature is never called planning by the CED, but that's what it is. But it is programming without direct controls over what the individual may make, where he may work, and the price at which he may sell his products or services.

In recent years there has been an uneasiness about planning, lest even the very mention of the word lead to regimentation. It's a healthy thing to have a business group recognizing that national policies must be chosen to meet and match the vagaries of the booms and busts.

It's refreshing, too, to find a set of prominent industrial leaders who are not scared to death about the public debt. When the debt was much lower the politician hollered continuously that it would ruin us, our children, and our children's children unto the fourth generation. The CED sets its sights to produce cash surpluses in good times, and tells us it will make a special study of the federal debt, upon which interest is $5,000,000,000 annually. It would not surprise me if they turned up some good ideas of how to reduce this cost, and thus reduce the tax burden.

The CED is looking for a tax cut like everyone else. And it has some concrete suggestions about this year's tax bill. But it is considerably more statesmanlike than the politicians who have been making the tax cut a first order of business with an eye to the elections next November. The CED fellows are willing to wait until they see how much the Marshall Plan costs, whether it will be financed completely from taxes, or whether, for example, bonds might be sold for part of it to individual investors.

The CED is cautious about Congress. It doesn't say so outright because it is too politic. It asks that the philosophy of a stabilized budget policy be accepted, and then a lot of decisions are resolved, particularly as to how much the Consolidated Cash Budget will be. And it asks that any tax changes effected in 1948 be made in the direction of tax reform designed to keep productive employment high.

Your guess is as good as mine as to whether Congress will adopt the plan. My guess is that the reasoning of these businessmen will influence budget and fiscal policy from now on. The report cannot be ignored. Either it, or its shadow, or its unborn successor will sit at every table where tax policy is made.

Those Who "View with Suspicion"

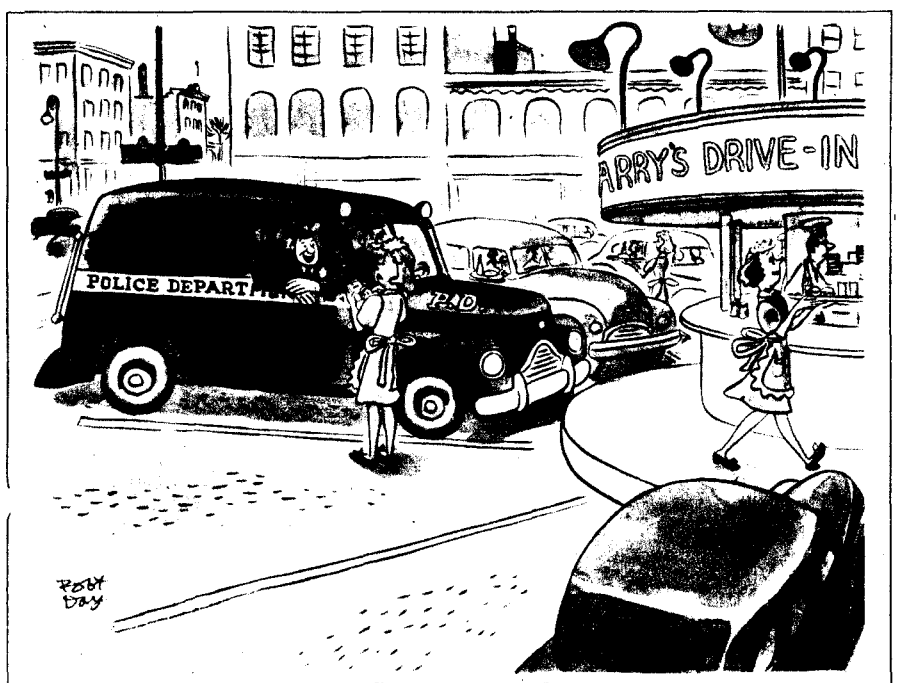
Will there be opposition? Sure. This plan would have to do with the power of the Tax and Appropriation Committees. So Congress will be wary of any trace of new procedure, even if it derives from the business community. The Treasury for many years has viewed with jaundiced eye proposals such as the CED puts forth for giving business discretion in figuring depreciation deduction.

The CED says it is not possible to predict accurately booms and busts, so the government can't construct a budget based on guesses. But Administrations have been making guesses for a long, long time. This habit will not be easily changed.

The powerful labor unions have a vested interest in raising exemptions as a way of taking tax reductions. At present a married man who has three children and who earns $2,500 does not pay a personal income tax. If the dependency exemption were raised from $500 to $700 more workers would be put in the exempt class. If labor leadership could claim credit for such a move, the appeal would be greater to union members. More so, of course, than if hidden sales and excise taxes, which would benefit the low-income families most, were abandoned.

The CED plan does not suggest as sharp a rate step-up for the personal income range of from $10,000 to $150,000 as did the wartime schedule. The easier progression is designed as a deliberate policy to provide incentives to risk taking for the managerial and professional classes. This will be attacked as a special pleading for a group whose income is considered high. Which is to be expected. But if the CED proposal in this respect is followed the resulting improvement in the nation's business health, leading to wider horizons for everyone, should make the whole CED argument most persuasive.

THE END



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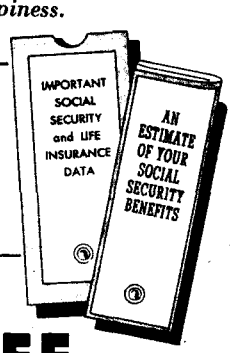

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LUCK TO THE HOLY LAND

WHEN the United Nations General Assembly finally voted for partition of Palestine into a Jewish and an Arab state and a U.N.-trusteed Jerusalem, it made the U.N.'s most important contribution to world history to date.

The expected disorders exploded as soon as the decision was announced. During the period of transition from the British mandate to the two new governments, there may be considerable friction.

In the long run, however, we're hoping that the partition will be all for the best from every point of view—best for the Jews, best for the Arabs, and best for the civilized world, which has long had Palestine on its conscience and its nerves.

The Jews worked wonders in Palestine, even under the handicaps of the mandate. Jewish colonists and pioneers turned large desert areas into farms and gardens, built the model city of Tel Aviv, and raised living standards for the Arabs as well as for themselves.

It seems logical to expect that, if the Palestine Arabs will be halfway reasonable and if the neighboring Arab states will give the new setup a chance, all three parts of the Holy Land can enter into a long period of peace and increasing prosperity.

Certainly we hope so. Here's all the luck in the world to both of the new nations.

●

THE CAMPUS COMMIES: It's a healthy thing, we'd say, that the impulse to suppress Communist-front organizations in the colleges is being restrained practically all over the country.

New York's Board of Higher Education turned down such a plan several weeks ago; the recent Inter-Fraternity Conference contented itself with adopting a resolution suggesting merely that undergraduate fraternity members combat these Red-front groups, not try to have them outlawed; and so on.

For one thing, there are few Communists among American college students, as reported by Dickson Hartwell, after a careful survey, in his recent Collier's article, Politics on the Campus.

For another, if the colleges should attempt to rule out such Red fronts as American Youth for Democracy, they would only make martyrs of them and stir up student interest in them.

The better way to serve democracy is to let these lads yap their heads off all over the lot, function completely in the open and make any converts they can. Thus the students will learn a good deal about the nature of the Marxist swindle and how to contain and counteract it.

College authorities and student publications, however, will be neglecting their plain duty if they fail to point out, loudly and persistently, that such and such an outfit is a Red front, hooked up with the Communist conspiracy against this country's government, and that anybody who joins it runs a risk of bumping into some very toothy laws concerning treason, sedition and the like.

But as for banning these organizations in the colleges, that's Russian stuff, and we shouldn't go in for it so long as we're at peace with Russia.

●

RED FACES FOR PALEFACES: Just as the debate on the Marshall Plan for some 20 billions' worth of aid to Europe was getting hot, the news broke that 60,000 Navajo Indians in New Mexico and Arizona could use some aid, too.

Large pieces of the Navajo Reservation have gone to the dogs. A House Indian Affairs subcommittee reports that it has "never seen a more badly eroded area or one that shows more signs of overgrazing than this tract which has been under government management since 1868." The whole reservation, adds the subcommittee, is "a sad example of poor management of the range by a government bureau."

Howard G. Taylor, Jr., after a personal investigation for the American Friends (Quakers) Service Committee, reported that 3,800 of these Indians are completely destitute; that more than 80 per cent of them are illiterate; that "there are 16,000 children who have no school facilities, despite a treaty with the federal government that promises them teachers"; that the average Navajo income is $81.89 a year, repeat "year"; and that they are badly short of hospital accommodations.

The whole story is enough to give any American paleface a heap big case of red-face. As our Indian friends say: Ugh.

Can't we get this dirty business cleaned up in a hurry, spending any amount of money that may be necessary to do a complete job? And mightn't it be a pious idea for Congress, busy though it is with plans for world rehabilitation, to make some loud and searching inquiries into what kind of treatment all the Indians are getting on all the reservations?

●

WHAT'S YOUR HEART WORTH? Your heart is worth your life, of course. Yet heart trouble is the heavyweight champion of all disease killers of men, women and children in the United States.

If heart trouble is ever to be cut down from this gruesome eminence, a great deal of research must be performed in this whole large category of human afflictions. Yet for every American who dies of heart disease, only 17 cents is raised and spent for research—quite a contrast to the $525 which Americans put up for infantile-paralysis research per fatality per year.

You can help remedy the situation by sending a contribution, large or small, to American Heart Association, 1790 Broadway, New York 19, N. Y. Whatever money you contribute will be spent to the best possible advantage. You can depend on that.

●

THIS MAY HURT A LITTLE: Well, for 40 or more years an intensive propaganda has been and is being carried on in the United States, from many angles, for proper care of the teeth. Dentifrice and toothbrush manufacturers hammer on the proposition that you should use their products night and morning and see your dentist twice a year. Dental-care programs are set up in public schools. And so on.

So what happens?

Well, this may hurt a little, as the dentist sometimes says; but the score, as estimated by researchers and statisticians, is that not more than 25 per cent of Americans will receive regular dental care in this year of 1948. The other 75 per cent will range from occasional emergency dental service—the yanking of an aching tooth, usually—to no dental service at all.

In the late war, the teeth of so many draftees were so bad that the Army had to lower its dental-admission standards in order to round up the needed man power, and do rush repair jobs on hordes of tusks after the men were inducted. In 1942 and '43, for illustration, the Army's Dental Corps handled a total of 14,600,000 cases, and inserted 31,000,000 fillings.

It is estimated that the American people today are about a half-billion fillings behind on the dental work which they need. Reasons for this neglect by about 75 per cent of us: fear of the dentist, ignorance of the need of caring for the teeth and lack of money to buy adequate dental service.

So the tooth-care crusade had better just get its second wind and go to it with renewed energy. This is a battle that has been only well begun, and still is a long way from being half done.

WASHINGTON PARTY LINE

JUSTICE DEPARTMENT insiders are privately offering bets that Attorney General Tom Clark's big hoopla antitrust suit against the top 18 investment bankers will never come to trial. The inside word is that Clark and the bankers will get together on a consent decree compromise—that will save face for both sides. The bankers won't be hurt and Clark will be able to claim a big (although empty) victory.

GENERAL EISENHOWER may be willing to trade his chances to be President for a sure promise for Secretary of State. At least that's what he has told an old friend.

Recently they spent an evening together and Eisenhower talked very frankly. He made clear that he considers himself a Republican and any running he does will be as a Republican. Also, that furthering the cause of peace is uppermost in his mind.

"If I could get assurance from Taft, Dewey, Stassen and the other avowed Republican candidates that they would make me Secretary of State," Eisenhower said, "I'd take myself out of the Presidential picture completely. I'd be perfectly content to be Secretary of State. That's what I really want to do.

"As Secretary of State, I could concentrate on working for world peace in a way I couldn't do if I were President. A President has to deal with a great many problems. But the Secretary of State is concerned only with one problem—foreign affairs. And if I were Secretary of State, I'd make peace my primary concern."

ONE of the most significant and potentially potent combines in the Republican Presidential race is quietly in the making. It's between California's big, handsome Governor Earl Warren and Pennsylvania's big, handsome Governor James Duff. Close personal friends, they are cementing an alliance for a Warren-Duff ticket at the Philadelphia convention.

From scratch, the combination starts with 170 votes. Warren 100; Duff 70. And working together, they should be able to pick up another 50 to 100 votes by June. Both personally and geographically, this East-West line-up will have a lot of appeal to Republican leaders. It's an alliance to watch. It has a lot behind it—including big money.

HENRY WALLACE is getting a wry satisfaction out of being "poison" to Democratic politicos. Says Wallace, "The railroads ought to give me a commission on the business I'm creating for them. Every time I come to a town to make a speech, the local Democratic leaders take the first train out for somewhere else."

IF HE keeps on at his present pace, President Truman may soon achieve a unique distinction. He will be the biggest joiner in the U.S. Already, he is a member of over 100 organizations, and has invitations to join twice as many more.

ST. LOUIS' Republican Representative Walter Ploeser's farm co-op probe is in hot water in inner G.O.P. circles. Representative Clifford Hope, Kansas Republican chairman of the House Agriculture Committee, is demanding unequivocal party disavowal of Ploeser's investigation. Hope has told party chiefs that unless this is done, it may cost the Republicans heavy farmer losses in this year's elections.

Ploeser started his co-op probe last year with the idea of using it to wipe out co-op tax exemptions this session. But the investigation has backfired in the Middle West. The powerful farm co-ops are up in arms, and blaming the G.O.P. for the probe. Hope, responsible for Republican farm policy in the House, has been getting the brunt of these squawks and is very fearful about their political repercussions. He is advising his fellow G.O.P. leaders to get off this limb—and fast . . .

ROBERT S. ALLEN

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